

PA M E L A



• BY SAMUEL RICHARDSON •

SETS OF NOVELS AND STANDARD WORKS.

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
AINSWORTH'S (W. H.), in 8 vols., fcap. 8vo, half roan . . .	1	5	0
————— in 17 vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth	1	5	6
AUSTEN'S (JANE), in 5 vols., fine edition, with plates, fcap. 8vo, cloth	0	10	0
		in a box	0
BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF UNITED STATES, 7 vols., hf. rn.	0	18	0
BARNES'S NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT, 6 vols., hf. rn.	1	10	0
COOPER'S (J. F.), in 18 vols., fcap. 8vo, with steel plates, bound in cloth	2	5	0
————— in 7 vols., double columns, half roan . . .	1	1	0
————— in 7 vols., double columns, cloth . . .	0	17	6
DUMAS (ALEXANDRE), in 10 vols., fcap. 8vo, half roan	1	10	0
EDGEWORTH'S TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE, 4 vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth	0	8	0
FIELDING (HENRY), in 3 vols., fcap. 8vo, hf. roan, in a box	0	7	6
GRANT'S (JAMES), in 26 vols., fcap. 8vo, half roan . . .	3	5	0
HALL'S (REV. ROBERT), WORKS, 6 vols., fcap. 8vo, cloth . . .	0	15	0
LOVER'S (SAMUEL), in 4 vols., half roan . . . in a box	0	10	0
LYTTON'S (LORD), in 22 vols., crown 8vo, well illustrated, bound in glazed cloth	4	10	0
————— in 11 vols., cr. 8vo, well illust., hf. roan	4	3	0
————— in 22 vols., fcap. 8vo, with plates, brown cl.	2	15	0
MARRYAT'S (CAPTAIN), in 13 vols., with steel plates, blue cl.	1	2	6
————— in 8 vols., illustrated, half roan . . .	1	5	0
————— in 16 vols., bound in cloth . . .	1	4	0
MOTLEY'S RISE AND FALL OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC, 3 vols., cloth . . .	0	18	0
PRESCOTT'S WORKS, Cabinet Edition, 14 vols., cloth . . .	3	10	0
————— One Volume Edition, 5 vols., cloth	1	5	0
SMEDLEY'S (FRANK), in 4 vols., bound in cloth . . . in a box	0	14	0
SMOLLETT'S (TOBIAS), in 3 vols., half roan . . . in a box	0	7	6
WAVERLEY NOVELS, 3 vols., half roan . . .	0	10	6
WETHERELL'S (MISS), in 6 vols., illustrated, cl. gilt, in a box	0	15	0
OLD DRAMATISTS: including Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Wycherley, Congreve, and others, complete in 9 vols., cloth	6	12	0
OLD POETS: including Spenser, Chaucer, Dryden, and Pope, 4 vols., cloth	2	2	0

LONDON : GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

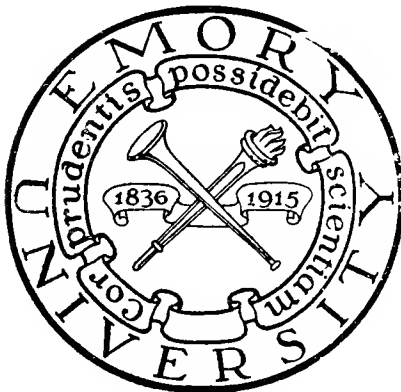
ROUTLEDGE'S POPULAR NOVEL

Well bound in cloth, full gilt back, black printing on side, cut edges.
Price 1s. 6d. each.

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 Peter Simple. | 7 Jacob Faithful. | 12 Percival Keene. |
| 2 The King's Own. | 8 The Dog-Fiend. | 13 Valerie. |
| 3 Midshipman Easy. | 9 Japhet in Search of a | 14 Frank Mildmay. |
| | | 15 Olla Podrida. |
| | | 16 Monsieur Violet. |

ROBERT W WOODRUFF LIBRARY



o.

ORTH.

- | | |
|-----|--------------------|
| | 29 Ovingdean Grang |
| | 30 St. James's. |
| | 31 Auriol. |
| | 32 Rookwood. |
| is. | 33 Jack Sheppard. |

COOPER.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------|
| | 45 Ned Myers. |
| | 46 The Last of the
Hickans. |
| | 47 The Spy. |

DUMAS.

- | | |
|-----|---|
| ck- | 60, 61 The Taking of
Bastille, 2 vols. |
| iy. | 62 Chicot the Jester. |
| to, | 63 The Conspirators. |
| | 64 Ascanio. |
| | 65 The Three Musketeers |
| | 66 Twenty Years After |

LEN.

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| | 71 Pride and Prejudice |
|--|------------------------|

HORS.

- | | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 72 Joe Wilson's Ghost. | 79 Respectable Sinners. | 86 The Ambassador's
Wife. |
| 73 Cinq Mars. | 80 Moods. | 87 The House of
Seven Gables. |
| 74 My Brother's Keeper. | 81 Land and Sea Tales. | 88 The Pride of the Moor |
| 75 Henpecked Husband. | 82 The Duke. | 89 Stories of Waterloo |
| 76 Family Feud. | 83 The Warlock. | 90 Kindness in Women |
| 77 Nothing but Money. | 84 The Celebrated Jump-
ing Frog. | |
| 78 Letter Bag of the
Great Western. | 85 The Royal Favourite. | |

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.

ROUTLEDGE'S OCTAVO NOVELS,

HANDSOMELY BOUND, IN CLOTH.

Under this title, Messrs. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS are about to issue, in Monthly Volumes, a Series of the Best Novels by W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, FRANK SMEDLEY, SAMUEL LOVER, ANTHONY TROLLOPE, CHARLES LEVER, ALEXANDRE DUMAS, and other Authors, each Illustrated by the original Steel Plates and Woodcuts of CRUIKSHANK, PHIZ, MILLAIS, and other eminent Artists.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.	{ The Count of Monte Cristo. <i>With Twenty full-page Illustrations and a Portrait of the Author.</i>	21 ILLUSTRATIONS.
W. H. AINSWORTH.	{ The Tower of London : A HISTORICAL ROMANCE. <i>40 Illustrations on Steel and numerous Woodcuts by George Cruikshank.</i>	40 ILLUSTRATIONS.
CHARLES LEVER.	{ Charles O'Malley. THE IRISH DRAGOON. <i>44 Illustrations on Steel by "Phiz."</i>	44 ILLUSTRATIONS.
CHARLES LEVER.	{ Jack Hinton, the Guardsman. <i>36 Illustrations on Steel by "Phiz."</i>	36 ILLUSTRATIONS.
FRANK SMEDLEY.	{ Harry Coverdale's Courtship, AND WHAT CAME OF IT. <i>30 Illustrations on Steel by "Phiz."</i>	30 ILLUSTRATIONS.
W. H. AINSWORTH.	{ Old St. Paul's : A TALE OF THE PLAGUE & THE FIRE. <i>With 20 Illustrations on Steel by J. Franklin and H. K. Browne.</i>	20 ILLUSTRATIONS.
CHARLES LEVER.	{ Confessions of Con Oregan, THE IRISH GIL BLAS. <i>With Illustrations on Steel and numerous Woodcuts by "Phiz."</i>	24 ILLUSTRATIONS.
FRANK SMEDLEY.	{ Frank Fairleigh ; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL. <i>With Thirty Illustrations on Steel by George Cruikshank.</i>	30 ILLUSTRATIONS.
CHARLES LEVER.	{ Harry Lorrequer's Confessions. <i>22 Illustrations on Steel by "Phiz."</i>	22 ILLUSTRATIONS.
ANTHONY TROLLOPE.	{ Orley Farm. <i>With 39 Illustrations by J. E. Millais.</i>	39 ILLUSTRATIONS.
CHARLES LEVER.	{ Tom Burke of "Ours." <i>44 Illustrations on Steel by "Phiz."</i>	44 ILLUSTRATIONS.
ANTHONY TROLLOPE.	{ Can You Forgive Her ? <i>With Forty Illustrations.</i>	40 ILLUSTRATIONS.
CHARLES LEVER.	{ Luttrell of Arran. <i>44 Illustrations on Steel by "Phiz."</i>	44 ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON : GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,

P A M E L A

OR

V I R T U E R E W A R D E D

BY

SAMUEL RICHARDSON

LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE

NEW YORK: 416 BROOME STREET

P R E F A C E.

STUDENTS of English Literature may well regard the "Pamela" of SAMUEL RICHARDSON as one of the most illustrative books of the last century. It marks a period during which the style and character of works of fiction underwent a remarkable change, and itself contributed not a little to the reformation which introduced stories of modern life and society to take the place of monstrous and inflated romances.

From Richardson's own statement, it would appear that the outlines of the plot of this, his first novel, were related to him as those of an actual narrative of events, which had taken place some years before. In his first preface he says, "I thought if written in an easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it; it might possibly turn young people into a course of reading different from the pomp and parade of romance-writing, and, dismissing the improbable and marvellous, with which novels generally abound, might tend to promote the cause of religion and virtue."

Although "Pamela" was Richardson's first work, and is generally ranked below "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Clarissa Harlowe," it may be doubted whether it does not exceed both these, in the subtle ability and simplicity with which the author assumes the phraseology and even the mode of thought of the characters he introduces into the tale.

To sustain so much interest in a long autobiography, which is intended to develop an entire individual history, by means of a supposed interchange of letters, surely requires rare art, and the success with which this object is achieved, is scarcely less surprising than the delicacy with which a story professing to deal with such an experience as that of Pamela, is for the most part distinguished.

It is of course improbable that any such sympathy can now be

excited by the trials of the heroine, as that which moved the readers of the book a hundred and thirty years ago, when it was still to some extent a picture of the manners of the time.

There is a story that in a remote country village where the Farrier read this affecting history of virtue rewarded to a select audience, which assembled each evening at the Smithy, the ultimate triumph of the heroine was celebrated by a select body of male listeners going off at once to the steeple and ringing a peal on the church bells. Whether this anecdote be true or not, it is certain that "Pamela" was regarded as a successful vindication of piety and virtue, even though it may contain passages which sometimes surprise if they do not shock modern sensibilities. We should, however, be careful how we profess to see indecency in the pages of "Pamela"—a book written by one of the most refined and pure-minded men of his time—while we receive with little question so many of our most successful modern novels which are sent out in shoals from circulating libraries for the select entertainment of young ladies who freely discuss their demerits, or admire their sensational peculiarities.

It is necessary to say of the present Edition of "Pamela" that though some passages that were tediously unnecessary, or were likely to be offensive to modern taste, have been omitted, and a very few unimportant details have been expunged for a similar reason, the volume is in no sense an "abbreviation"—scarcely even a revision of the original work. Not a single word has been added to or altered from the text; and a comparison with the original would show that the author's rights have been rigidly respected.

THOMAS ARCHER.

PAMELA;

OR,

VIRTUE REWARDED.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—I have great trouble, and some comfort, to acquaint you with. The trouble is, that my good lady died of the illness I mention'd to you, and left us all much griev'd for the loss of her; for she was a dear good lady, and kind to all us her servants. Much I fear'd, that as I was taken by her ladyship to wait upon her person, I should be quite destitute again, and forc'd to return to you and my poor mother, who have enough to do to maintain yourselves; and, as my lady's goodness had put me to write and cast accounts, and made me a little expert at my needle, and otherwise qualify'd above my degree, it was not every family that could have found a place that your poor Pamela was fit for: But God, whose graciousness to us we have so often experienc'd, put it into my good lady's heart, on her death-bed, just an hour before she expir'd, to recommend to my young master all her servants, one by one; and when it came to my turn to be recommended (for I was sobbing and crying at her pillow) she could only say—My dear son! and so broke off a little; and then recovering—Remember my poor Pamela! And those were some of her last words! O how my eyes overflow! Don't wonder to see the paper so blotted!

Well, but God's will must be done! and so comes the comfort, that I shall not be obliged to return back to be a burden to my dear parents! For my master said—I will take care of you all, my good maidens; and for you, Pamela, (and took me by the hand; yes, he took my hand before them all) for my dear mother's sake, I will be a friend to you, and you shall take care of my linen. God bless him! and pray with me, my dear father and mother, for a blessing upon him: For he has given mourning and a year's wages to all my lady's servants; and I, having no wages as yet, my lady having said she would do for me as I deserv'd, ordered the housekeeper to give me mourning with the rest, and gave me with his own hand four guineas, and some silver, which were in my lady's pocket when she dy'd; and said, if I was a good girl, and faithful and diligent, he would be a friend to me, for his mother's sake. And so I send you these four guineas for your comfort. I formerly sent you such little matters as arose from my lady's bounty, loth as you was always to take any thing from me; But Providence will not let me want; and I have made, in case of sudden occasions, a little reserve (besides the silver now given me) that I may not be obliged to borrow, and look little in

the eyes of my fellow-servants : And so you may pay some old debt with part ; and keep the other part to comfort you both. If I get more, I am sure it is my duty, and it shall be my care, to love and cherish you both ; for you have lov'd and cherish'd me, when I could do nothing for myself. I send them by John our footman, who goes your way ; but he does not know what he carries ; because I seal them up in one of the little pill-boxes, which my lady had, wrapp'd close in paper, that they may not think ; and be sure don't open it before him.

I know, my dear father and mother, I must give you both grief and pleasure ; and so I will only say, pray for your Pamela ; who will ever be

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

I have been scared out of my senses ; for just now, as I was folding up this letter, in my late lady's dressing room, in comes my young master ! Good sirs ! how I was frightened ! I went to hide the letter in my bosom, and he, seeing me tremble, said smiling—To whom have you been writing, Pamela ?—I said, in my confusion—Pray, your honour, forgive me ! Only to my father and mother.—Well, then, let me see what a hand you write.—He took it without saying more, and read it quite through, and then gave it me again ; and I said—Pray your honour, forgive me !—Yet I know not for what : For he was not undutiful to *his* parents ; and why should he be angry that I was dutiful to *mine* ! And indeed he was not angry ; for he took me by the hand, and said—You are a good girl, to be kind to your aged father and mother. I am not angry with you for writing such innocent matters as these ; *tho' you ought to be wary what tales you send out of a family.* Be faithful and diligent ; and do as you should do, and I like you the better for this. And then he said—Why, Pamela, you write a pretty hand, and *spell* very well too. You may look into any of my mother's books to improve yourself, so you take care of them.

To be sure I did nothing but curt'sy and cry, and was all in confusion, at his goodness. Indeed, he was once thought to be wildish ; but he is now the best of gentlemen, I think !

But I am making another long letter : So will only add to it, that I shall ever be Your dutiful Daughter,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

LETTER II.—HER FATHER IN ANSWER.

MY DEAR CHILD,—Your letter was indeed a great trouble, and some comfort, to me, and to your poor mother. We are troubled, to be sure, for your good lady's death, who took such care of you, and gave you learning, and for three or four years past has always been giving you clothes and linen, and every thing that a gentlewoman need not be ashamed to appear in. But our chief trouble is, and indeed a very great one, for fear you should be brought to any thing dishonest or wicked, *by being set so above yourself.* Every body talks how you are come on, and what a genteel girl you are ; and some say you are very pretty ; and, indeed, when I saw you last, which is about six months ago, I should have thought so myself, if you was not our child. But what avails all this, if you are to be ruin'd and undone ! Indeed, my dear Pamela, we begin to be in great fear for you ; for what signify all the riches in the world, with a bad conscience, and to be dishonest ? We are, it is true, very

poor, and find it hard enough to live; *tho' once*, as you know, *it was better with us*. But we would sooner live upon the water, and, if possible, the clay of the ditches I contentedly dig, than live better at the price of our dear child's ruin.

I hope the good 'squire has no design; but, as he was once, as you own, a little wildish, and as he has given you so much money, and speaks so kindly to you, and praises your coming on; and, oh! that frightful word, that he would be kind to you, if you would do as *you should do*; these things make us very fearful for your virtue.

I have spoken to good old widow Mumford about it, who, you know, has formerly lived in good families; and she gives us some comfort: for she says it is not unusual when a lady dies, to give what she has about her person to her waiting-maid, and to such as sit up with her in her illness. But then, *why should he smile so kindly upon you?* Why should he take such a poor girl as you by the hand, as your letter says he has done twice? Why should he deign to read your letter written to us, and commend your writing and spelling? Indeed, indeed, my dearest child, our hearts ache for you; and then you seem so full of *joy* at his goodness, so *taken* with his kind expressions (which, truly, are very great favours, if he means well) that we *fear*—Yes, my dear child, we *fear*—you should be *too* grateful, and reward him with that jewel, your virtue, which no riches, nor favour, nor any thing in this life, can make up to you.

I, too, have written a long letter; but will say one thing more; and that is, that in the midst of our poverty and misfortunes we have trusted in God's goodness, and been honest, and doubt not to be happy hereafter, if we continue to be good, tho' our lot is hard here: But the loss of our dear child's virtue would be a grief that we could not bear, and would very soon bring our grey hairs to the grave.

If, then, you love *us*, if you wish for *God's* blessing, and *your own* future happiness, we charge you to stand upon your guard; and, if you find the least thing that looks like a design upon your virtue, be sure you leave every thing behind you, and come away to us! for we had rather see you all cover'd with rags, and even follow you to the church yard, than have it said a child of ours preferr'd any worldly conveniences to her virtue.

We accept kindly of your dutiful present; but till we are out of our pain, cannot make use of it, for fear we should partake of the price of our poor daughter's shame: So have laid it up in a rag among the thatch, over the window, for a while, lest we should be robbed.

With our blessings, and our hearty prayers for you, we remain, Your careful, but loving Father and Mother,

JOHN and ELIZ. ANDREWS.

LETTER III.

I MUST needs say, my dear father, that your letter has filled me with trouble: for it has made my heart, which was overflowing with gratitude for my master's goodness, suspicious and fearful; and yet, I hope I shall never find him to act unworthy of his character; for what could he get by ruining such a poor young creature as me? But that which gives me most trouble is, that you seem to mistrust the honesty of your child. No, my dear father and mother, be assured, that, by God's grace, I never will do any thing that shall bring your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. I will die a thousand deaths, rather than be dishonest any way. Of that be assured, and set your hearts at rest; for altho' I have lived above myself

for some time past, yet I can be content with rags and poverty, and bread and water, and will embrace them, rather than forfeit my good name, let who will be the tempter. And of this, pray rest satisfy'd, and think better of

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

My master continues to be very affable to me. As yet I see no cause to fear anything. Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, too, is very civil to me, and I have the love of everybody. Sure they can't *all* have designs against me because they are civil! I hope I shall always behave so as to be respected by every one; and that nobody would do me more hurt than I am sure I would do them.

Our John so often goes your way that I will always get him to call, that you may hear from me, either by writing (for it keeps my hand in) or by word of mouth.

LETTER IV.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—As my last was to my father, in answer to his letter, I will now write to you; tho' I have nothing to say but what will make me look more like a vain hussy, than any thing else: however, I hope I shan't be so proud as to forget myself. Yet there is a secret pleasure one has to hear one's self prais'd. You must know, then, that my Lady Davers, who, I need not tell you, is my master's sister, has been a month at our house, and has taken great notice of me, and given me good advice to keep myself to myself. She told me I was a very pretty wench, and that every body gave me a very good character, and lov'd me; and bid me take care to keep the fellows at a distance; and said, *that* I might do, and be more valued for it, even by themselves.

But what pleas'd me much, was what I am going to tell you; for at table, as our butler Jonathan told Mrs. Jervis, and she me, my master and her ladyship talking of me, she told him she thought me the prettiest wench she ever saw in her life; and that I was too pretty to live in a bachelor's house; since no lady he might marry, would care to continue me with her. He said, I was vastly improv'd, and had a good share of prudence, and sense above my years; and it would be pity, that what was my merit should be my misfortune. No, said my lady, Pamela shall come and live with me, I think.—With all his heart, he replied; he should be glad to have me so well provided for. Well, said she, I'll consult my lord about it. She ask'd, how old I was; and Mrs. Jervis said, I was fifteen last February. O! said she, if the wench (for so she calls us maiden-servants) takes care of herself, she'll improve yet more and more, as well in her person as mind.

Now, my dear mother, tho' this may look too vain to be repeated by me, yet are you not rejoiced, as well as I, to see my master *so willing to part with me?* This shews that he has nothing bad in his heart. But John is just going away, and so I have only to say, that I am, and will always be,

YOUR HONEST, AS WELL AS DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Pray make use of the money. You may now do it safely.

LETTER V

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—John being to go your way, I am willing to write, because he is so willing to carry any thing for me. He says it does him good at his heart to see you both, and to hear you talk: you are both so sensible, and so honest, that he always learns something

from you to the purpose. It is a thousand pities, he says, that such worthy hearts should not have better luck in the world ! and wonders, that you, my father, who are so well able to teach, and write so good a hand, succeeded no better *in the school you attempted to set up* ; but was forced to go to such hard labour. But it is more pride to me that I am come of such honest parents, than if I had been born a lady.

I hear nothing yet of going to Lady Davers ; and I am very easy at present here : for Mrs. Jervis uses me as if I were her own daughter, and is a very good woman, and makes my master's interest her own. She is always giving me good counsel, and I love her, next to you two, I think, best of any body. She keeps such good rule and order, as makes her mightily respected by us all ; and takes delight to hear me read to her. And all she loves to hear read is good books, which we read very often when we are alone ; so that I am ready, with such good employment, to think that I am at home with you. She told me she was very well pleased to see my prudence and modesty, and that I kept all the fellows at a distance. And, indeed, tho' I am sure I am not proud, but carry it civilly to every body, I cannot bear to be look'd upon by these men-servants as they are apt to look upon me ; and as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup, with Mrs. Jervis, (so good is she to me) I am very easy that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me in the main, for Mrs. Jervis's sake, who they see loves me ; and they stand in awe of her, knowing her to be a gentlewoman born, tho' she has had misfortunes. I am

YOUR EVER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER VI.

MY master has been very kind since my last ; for he has given me a suit of my late lady's clothes, and half a dozen of her shifts, and six fine handkerchiefs, and three of her cambric aprons, and four Holland ones. The clothes are fine silk, and too rich and too good for me, to be sure. I wish it was no affront to him to make money of them, and send it to you : that would do me more good.

You will be full of fears, I warrant now, of some design upon me, till I tell you, that he was with Mrs. Jervis when he gave them me ; and he gave her a great many good things at the same time, and bid her wear them in remembrance of her good friend, his mother. And when he gave me these fine things, he said — ' These, Pamela, are for you. Have them made fit for you, when your mourning is laid by, and wear them for your good mistress's sake. Mrs. Jervis commends your conduct ; and I would have you continue to behave as prudently as you have done hitherto, and every body will be your friend.'

I was so affected with his goodness, that I could not tell what to say. I curt'sy'd to him, and to Mrs. Jervis for her good word ; and said, I wish'd I might be deserving of his favour, and her kindness : and nothing should be wanting in me, to the best of my knowledge.

O how amiable a thing is doing good ! it is all I envy great folks for !

I always thought my young master a fine gentleman, as every body, indeed, says he is : but he gave these good things to us both with such a graciousness, that I thought he looked like an angel.

Mrs. Jervis says, he ask'd her, if I kept the men at a distance ; for, he said, I was very pretty ; and to be drawn in to have any of them, might be my ruin, and make me poor and miserable betimes. She never is wanting to give me a good word, and took occasion to launch out in my

praise, she says. But I hope she said no more than I shall try to deserve, tho' I may not deserve it at present. I am sure I will always love her next to you and my dear mother. So I rest

YOUR EVER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER VII.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Since my last, my master gave me more fine things. He called me up to my late lady's closet, and pulling out her drawers, he gave me two suits of fine Flanders lac'd head-clothes, three pair of fine silk shoes, two hardly the worse, and just fit for me (for my lady had a very little foot), and the other with wrought silver buckles in them; and several ribands and top-knots of all colours; four pair of fine white cotton stockings, and three pair of fine silk ones; and two pair of rich stays. Your poor lady, Pamela, said he, was finely shaped, tho' in years, and very slender. I was quite astonished, and unable to speak for a while; but yet I was inwardly ashamed to take the stockings; for Mrs. Jervis was not there; if she had, it would have been nothing. I believe I receiv'd them very awkwardly; for he smil'd at my awkwardness, and said—Don't blush, Pamela: dost think I don't know pretty maids wear shoes and stockings?

I was so confounded at these words, you might have beat me down with a feather. For, you must think, there was no answer to be made to this. And besides, it was a little odd, I thought, and so I thought before, that he himself should turn over my lady's apparel, and give me these things with his own hands, rather than to let Mrs. Jervis give them to me. So, like a fool, I was ready to cry; and went away curt'sying and blushing, I am sure, up to the ears; for, tho' there was no harm in what he said, yet I did not know how to take it. But I went and told all to Mrs. Jervis, who said, God put it into his heart to be good to me, and I must double my diligence. It looked to her, she said, as if he would fit me in dress for a waiting-maid's place on Lady Davers's own person.

But still your fatherly cautions came into my head, and made all these gifts nothing near to me what they would have been. But yet, I hope, there is no reason; so I will conclude, all that happens is for our good; and God bless you, my dear father and mother; and I know you constantly pray for a blessing upon me. Who am, and shall always be,

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR PAMELA,—I cannot but renew my cautions on your master's kindness, and his free expression to you; yet there may *not* be, and I hope there *is not*, any thing in it. But when I reflect, that there *possibly* may, and that if there *should*, no less depends upon it than my child's happiness in this world and the next; it is enough to make one fearful for you. Arm yourself, my dear child, for the worst; and resolve to lose your life rather than your virtue. What tho' the doubts I filled you with lessen the pleasure you would have had in your master's kindness; yet what signify the delights that arise from a few fine clothes, in comparison with a good conscience?

These are indeed very great favours that he heaps upon you, but so much the more to be suspected. As you say, it would have been more proper for Mrs. Jervis to have been the dispenser of them to you, if he had so thought fit. I can't say I much like of it, that it was not so. I trust that you will be always on your guard: yet, when you say, *he looked*

so amiably, and like an angel, how afraid I am, that they should make too great an impression upon you! For, tho' you are blessed with sense and prudence above your years, yet I tremble to think, what a sad hazard a poor maiden, of little more than fifteen years of age, stands against the temptations of this world, and a designing young gentleman, if he should prove so, who has so much *power* to oblige, and has a kind of *authority* to command as your master. Methinks I could wish, so could your mother, that you might be taken by good Lady Davers. That would be an high honour; and what is of more account, a great ease to our hearts concerning your virtue.

YOUR LOVING FATHER AND MOTHER.

Besure don't let peoples telling you, you are pretty, puff you up: for you did not make yourself, and so no praise can be due to you for it.

It is virtue and goodness only, that make the true beauty. Remember that, Pamela.

LETTER IX.

I AM sorry, my dear father and mother, to write you word, that the hopes I had of going to wait on Lady Davers, are quite over. My lady would have had me; but my master, as I heard by-the-bye, would not consent to it. He said, her nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his mother loved me, and committed me to his care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. Jervis would be a mother to me.

Mrs. Jervis tells me, my lady shook her head, and said, Ah! Brother! and that was all. And as you have made me fearful, by your cautions, my heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your cautions, or of my own uneasiness, to Mrs. Jervis; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, and vain, and conceited, to have any fears about the matter, from the great distance between such a gentleman, and so poor a girl. But yet Mrs. Jervis seem'd to build something upon Lady Davers' shaking her head, and saying, Ah! Brother! and no more.

God, I hope, will give me his grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no occasion. But every little matter that happens, I will acquaint you with, that you may continue to me your good advice, and pray for

YOUR THOUGHTFUL PAMELA.

LETTER X.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You and my good father may wonder you have not had a letter from me in so many weeks: but a sad, sad scene has been the occasion of it. For, to be sure, now it is too plain, that all your cautions were well-grounded. O my dear mother, I am miserable! truly miserable! But yet, don't be frighted, I am honest! And I hope God, of his goodness, will keep me so!

O this angel of a master! this fine gentleman! this gracious benefactor to your poor Pamela! who was to take care of me at the prayer of his good dying mother! who was so apprehensive for me, lest I should be drawn in by Lord Davers's nephew, that he would not let me go to Lady Davers's: This very gentleman (yes, I *must* call him gentleman, tho' he has fallen from the merit of that title) has degraded himself to offer freedoms to his poor servant: he has now shewed himself in his true colours, and, to me, nothing appears so black and so frightful.

I have not been idle; but had writ from time to time, how he, by sly mean degrees, exposed his wicked views: but somebody stole my letter, and I know not what is become of it. It was a very long one. I fear, he that was mean enough to attempt bad things in one respect, did not stick at *this*. But be it as it will, all the use he can make of it will be, that he may be ashamed of *his* part; I not of *mine*: for he will see I was resolved to be virtuous, and glory'd in the honesty of my poor parents.

I will tell you all, the next opportunity; for I am watched very narrowly; and he says to Mrs. Jervis—"This girl is always scribbling; I think she may be better employed." And yet I work very hard with my needle, upon his linen, and the fine lincn of the family; and am, besides, about flowering him a waistcoat. But, Oh! my heart's almost broken; for what am I likely to have for my reward, but shame and disgrace, or else ill words, and hard treatment! I'll tell you all soon, and hope I shall find my long letter.

YOUR MOST AFFLICTED DAUGHTER.

Perhaps I *he* and *him* him too much: but it is his own fault if I do. For why did he lose all his dignity with me?

LETTER XI.

WELL, my dear mother, I can't find my letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all.

All went well enough, in the main, for some time after my last letter but one. At last, I saw some reason to be suspicious; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner, as shew'd not well: And one day he came to me, as I was in the summer-house in the little garden, at work with my needle, and Mrs. Jervis was just gone from me; and I would have gone out; but he said—"Don't go, Pamela; I have something to say to you; and you always fly me, when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.

I was much out of countenance you may well think; and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the hand; for no soul was near us.

Lady Davers, said he, (and seem'd, I thought, to be as much at a loss for words as I) would have had you live with *her*; but she would not do for you what I am resolved to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say you, my girl? said he, with some eagerness; had you not rather stay with me than go to Lady Davers? He look'd so, as fill'd me with fear; I don't know how; wildly, I thought.

I said, when I could speak—Your Honour will forgive me; but as you have no lady for me to wait upon, and my good lady has been now dead this twelvemonth, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady Davers, *because*——

I was proceeding, and he said a little hastily—
—*Because* you are a little fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you, I will make a gentlewoman of you, if you are obliging, and don't stand in your own light. And so saying, he put his arm about me, and kiss'd me.

Now, you will say, all his wickedness appear'd plainly. I burst from him, and was getting out of the summer-house; but he held me back, and shut the door.

I would have given my life for a farthing. And he said, I'll do you no harm, Pamela; don't be afraid of me.

I said, I won't stay.

You *won't*, hussy! Do you know whom you speak to?

I lost all fear, and all respect, and said, Ycs, I do, sir, too well! Well may I forget that I am your servant, when you forget what belongs to a master.

I sobb'd and cry'd most sadly.—What a foolish hussy you are! said he: Have I done you any harm?—Yes, sir, said I, the greatest harm in the world: You have taught me to forget myself, and what belongs to me; and have lessen'd the distance that fortune has made between us, by demeaning yourself, to be so free to a poor servant. Yet, sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, tho' poor: And if you were a prince, I would not be otherwise than honest.

He was angry, and said, Who, little fool, would have you otherwise? Cease your blubbering. I own I have undervalued myself; but it was only to try you. If you can keep this matter secret, you'll give me the better opinion of your prudence: And here's something, added he, putting some gold in my hand, to make you amends for the fright I put you in. Go, take a walk in the garden, and don't go in till your blubbering is over: And I charge you say nothing of what has past, and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the money indeed, sir, said I: I won't take it. And so I put it upon the bench. And as he seem'd vex'd and confounded at what he had done, I took the opportunity to open the door, and hurried out of the summer-house.

He called to me, and said, Be secret, I charge you, Pamela; and don't go in yet.

O how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little must they make the best of gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a turn or two in the garden, but in sight of the house, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my hand to dry my eyes, because I would not be too disobedient.

My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear father and mother; and don't be angry, that I have not yet run away from this house, so late my comfort and delight, but now my terror and anguish. I am forc'd to break off hastily.

YOUR DUTIFUL AND HONEST DAUGHTER.

LETTER XII.

WELL, my dear mother, and now I will proceed with my sad story.

After I had dried my eyes, I went in, and began to ruminate with myself what I had best to do. Sometimes I thought I would leave the house, and go to the next town, and wait an opportunity to get to you; but then I was at a loss to resolve whether to take away the things he had given me or no, and *how* to take them away: Sometimes I thought to leave them behind me, and only go with the clothes I had on: But then I had two miles and a half, and a bye-way to the town; and being pretty well dress'd, I might come to some harm, almost as bad as what I would run away from; and then, may-be, thought I, it will be reported, I have stolen something, and so was forc'd to run away: And to carry a bad name back with me to my dear parents, would be a sad thing indeed! O how I wished for my grey russet again, and my poor honest dress, with which you fitted me out

for going to this place, when I was not twelve years old, in my good lady's days! Sometimes I thought of telling Mrs. Jervis, and taking her advice; but then I thought of his command to be secret; and who knows, thought I, but he may be ashamed of his actions, and never attempt the like again? And as poor Mrs. Jervis depended upon him, thro' misfortunes that had attended her, I thought it would be a sad thing to bring his displeasure upon her for my sake.

I begg'd I might be permitted to lie with her on nights; for I was afraid of spirits, and they would not hurt such a good person as she.—That was a silly excuse, she said; for why was you not afraid of spirits before? [Indeed, I did not think of that.] But you shall be my bed-fellow with all my heart, added she, let your reason be what it will; only come down to supper.—I begg'd to be excused; for, said I, I have been crying so, that it will be taken notice of by my fellow-servants as they come in and out; and I will hide nothing from you, Mrs. Jervis, when we are alone.

She was so good as to indulge me; but made haste to come up to bed; and told the female servants that I should lie with her, because she could not rest well, and she would get me to read her to sleep; for she knew I lov'd reading, she said.

When we were alone I told her all that had passed; for, ruminating on everything, I thought, though he had bid me not, yet if he should come to know I had told, it would be no worse; for to keep a secret of such a nature, would be, as I apprehended, to deprive myself of the good advice which I never wanted more; and might encourage him to think I did not resent it as I ought, and would keep *worse secrets*, and so make him *do worse by me*. Was I right, my dear mother?

Mrs. Jervis could not help mingling tears with my tears; for I cry'd all the time I was telling her the story, and begged her to advise me what to do; and I shew'd her my dear father's two letters, and she prais'd the honesty and inditing of them, and said pleasing things to me of you both.

But she begg'd I would not think of leaving my service; for, said she, in all likelihood, as you behaved so virtuously, he will be asham'd of what he has done, and never offer the like to you again: Though, my dear Pamela, I fear more for your prettiness than for anything else; because the best man in the land might love you.—So she was pleas'd to say.—She wish'd it was in her power to live independent; then she would take a little private house, and I should live with her like her daughter.

And so (as you order'd me to take her advice) I resolv'd to stay to see how things went, except he was to turn me away. So, my dear father and mother, it is not disobedience, I hope, that I stay; for I could not expect a blessing, or the good fruits of your prayers for me, if I was disobedient.

All the next day I was very sad, and began my long letter. He saw me writing, and said (as I mentioned) to Mrs. Jervis, "That girl is always scribbling; methinks she might find something else to do;" or to that purpose. And when I had finish'd my letter I put it under the toilet, in my late lady's dressing-room, whither nobody comes but myself and Mrs. Jervis, besides my master; but when I came up again to seal it, to my great concern, it was gone; and Mrs. Jervis knew nothing of it; and nobody knew of my master's having been near the place in the time: So I have been sadly troubled about it: But Mrs. Jervis, as well as I, thinks

he has it, somehow or other; and he appears cross and angry, and seems to shun me, as much as he said I did him. It had better be so than worse!

O that I had never left my little bed in your loft! To be thus exposed to temptations on one hand, or disgusts on the other!—How happy was I a while ago! How contrary now! Pity and pray for

YOUR AFFLICTED PAMELA.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAREST CHILD,—Our hearts bleed for your distress, and the temptations you are exposed to. You have our hourly prayers! and we would have you flee this evil great house and man, if you find him in the least inclined to renew his freedoms. You ought to have done it at first, had you not had Mrs. Jervis to advise with.

We have, indeed, great comfort when we reflect upon your past conduct, and that you have been bred to be more ashamed of dishonesty than poverty: But as we can't see but your life must be a burden to you, through the great apprehensions always upon you; and as we consider that it may be presumptuous to trust too much to your own strength; and that you are but very young; and that the devil may put it into his head to use some stratagem, of which great men are full, to decoy you; I think you had better come home to share our poverty with safety, than live with so much discontent in a plenty, that itself may be dangerous.

God direct you for the best! While you have Mrs. Jervis for an adviser we are easier than we should otherwise have been. And so, committing you to the Divine Protection, remain, Your truly loving, and careful,

FATHER AND MOTHER.

LETTER XIV.

MRS. JERVIS and I, my dear father and mother, have liv'd very comfortably together for this fortnight past; for my master was all that time at his Lincolnshire estate, and at Lady Davers's. But he came home yesterday. He had some talk with Mrs. Jervis soon after, and mostly about me. He said to her, it seems,—Well, Mrs. Jervis, I know Pamela has your good word; but do you think her of any use in the family?—She told me she was surpris'd at the question; but said that I was one of the most virtuous and industrious creatures she ever knew.—Why that word *virtuous*, said he? Was there any reason to *suppose* her otherwise? Or has anybody taken it into their heads to try her?—Who, sir, said she, dare to offer anything to her in such an orderly and well-govern'd house as yours, and under a master of so good a character?—Your servant, Mrs. Jervis; but pray, if anybody *did*, do you think Pamela would let *you* know it?—She is, replied she, an innocent young creature, and I believe has so much confidence in me, that she would take my advice as soon as she would her mother's.—*Innocent!* again; and *virtuous*, I suppose! Well, Mrs. Jervis, you abound with your epithets! But I will give you my opinion of her: I don't think this same favourite of yours so very artless a girl as you imagine.—I am not to dispute with your honour, replied Mrs. Jervis; but I dare say, if the men will let her alone, she'll never trouble herself about them.—Why, Mrs. Jervis, said he, are there any men that will *not* let her alone, that you know of?—No, indeed, sir; she keeps herself so much to herself, and yet behaves so prudently that they

all esteem her, and shew her as great respect, as if she was a gentlewoman born.

Ay, says he, that's her art that I was speaking of. But suppose I could give you an instance, where she has talk'd a little too freely of the kindnesses that have been shew'd her from a *certain quarter*; and has had the vanity to impute a few kind words, utter'd in mere compassion to her youth and circumstances, into a design upon her, and even dar'd to make free with names that she ought never to mention but with reverence and gratitude; what would you say to that?—Say, sir! replied she, I cannot tell what I should say. But I hope Pamela is incapable of such ingratitude.

Well, no more of this silly girl, said he; you may only advise her, as you are her friend, not to give herself too much licence upon the favours she meets with; and if she stays here, that she will not write the affairs of my family purely for an exercise to her pen and her invention. I tell you, she is a subtle, artful little gypsey, and time will shew you that she is.

Was ever the like heard, my dear father and mother? It is plain he did not expect to meet with such a repulse, and mistrusts that I have told Mrs. Jervis, and has my long letter too that I intended for you; and so is vexed to the heart. But I can't help it. I had better be *thought* artful and subtle, than *be* so, in *his* sense; and as light as he makes of the words *virtue* and *innocence* in me, he would have made a less angry construction, had I *less deserved* that he should do so; for then, maybe, my *crime* would have been my *virtue* with him; wicked gentleman as he is!

I will soon write again; but must now end with saying, That I am,
YOUR HONEST DAUGHTER.

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I broke off abruptly my last letter; for I fear'd he was coming; and so it happen'd. I put the letter into my bosom, and took up my work, which lay by me; but I had so little of the *artful*, as he call'd it, that I look'd as confus'd, as if I had been doing some great harm.

Sit still, Pamela, said he, and go on with your work, for all me. You don't tell me I am welcome home after my journey to Lincolnshire.—It would be hard, sir, said I, if you were not always welcome to your honour's own house.

I would have gone; but he said—Don't run away, I tell you. I have a word or two to say to you.—O how my heart fluttered!—When I was a *little kind* to you, said he, in the summer-house, and you behaved so *foolishly* upon it, as if I had intended to do you great harm, did I not tell you, you should take no notice of what pass'd to any creature? And yet you have made a common talk of the matter, not considering either my reputation or your own.—I made a common talk of it, sir! said I: I have nobody to talk to, hardly—

He interrupted me—*Hardly!* you little equivocator! what do you mean by *hardly*? Let me ask you, Have you not told Mrs. Jervis for one?—Pray your honour, said I, all in agitation, let me go down; for it is not for *me* to hold an argument with your honour.—Equivocator, again! and took my hand, why do you talk of an *argument*? Is it holding an argument with me, to answer a plain question? Answer me to what I asked.—O good sir, said I, let me beg you will not urge me further, for fear I forget myself again, and be *saucy*.

Answer me then, I bid you, Have you not told Mrs. Jervis? It will be *saucy* in you, if you don't directly answer my question.—Sir, said I (and fain would have pull'd my hand from him) perhaps I should be for answering you by another question, and that would not become me.—What is it you would say? replied he; speak out.

Then, sir, said I, why should your honour be so angry I should tell Mrs. Jervis, or any body else, what passed, if you intended no harm?

Well said, pretty *innocent* and *artless*! as Mrs. Jervis calls you, said he; and is it thus, insolent as you are! you taunt and retort upon me! But still I will be answered directly to my question.—Why, then, sir, said I, I will not tell a lye for the world: I *did* tell Mrs. Jervis; for my heart was almost broken; but I open'd not my mouth to any other.—Very well, bold-face, said he, and equivocator again! You did not open your *mouth* to any other; but did you not *write* to some other?—Why now, and please your honour, said I (for I was quite courageous just then) you could not have ask'd me this question, if you had not taken from me my letter to my father and mother, in which (I own it) I had broke my mind freely to them, and ask'd their advice, and poured forth my griefs!

And so I am to be exposed, am I, said he, *in* my own house, and *out* of my house, to the whole world, by such a saucebox?—No, good sir, said I, and I pray your honour not to be angry with me; it is not I that expose you, if I say nothing but the truth.—He was then very angry, and called me assurance; and bid me remember to whom I was talking.

Pray, sir, said I, of whom can a poor girl take advice, if it must not be of her father and mother, and such a good woman as Mrs. Jervis, who, for her sex-sake, should give it me when asked?—Insolence! he then called me, and stamp'd with his foot.—I fell down on my knees, and said, For heaven's sake, your honour, pity a poor creature, that knows nothing, but how to cherish her virtue and good name: I have nothing else to trust to; and tho' poor and friendless here, yet I have always been taught to value honesty above my life.—Honesty, foolish girl! said he. But is it not one part of honesty to be dutiful and grateful to your master? Indeed, sir, said I, it is impossible I should be ungrateful to your honour, or disobedient, or deserve the names of boldface and insolent, which you are pleased to call me, but when your commands are contrary to that first duty, which shall ever be the principle of my life!

He seem'd to be mov'd, and rose up, and walk'd into the great chamber two or three turns, leaving me on my knees; and I threw my apron over my face, and laid my head on a chair, and cry'd as if my heart would break, but had no power to go from the place.

At last he came in again, but with mischief in his heart! and raising me up, he said—Rise, Pamela, rise; you are your own enemy. Your perverse folly will be your ruin. I am very much displeas'd with the freedoms you have taken with my name to my house-keeper, as also to your father and mother; and you may as well have *real* cause to take these freedoms with me, as to make my name suffer for imaginary ones. And saying so, he lifted me up, and offer'd to set me on his knee.

O how I was terrify'd! I said, like as I had read in a book a night or two before—Angels and saints, and all the host of heaven, defend me! And may I never survive one moment, that fatal one in which I shall forfeit my innocence!—Pretty fool! said he, let the worst happen that can, *you'll* have the merit, and I the blame; and it will be a good subject

for letters to your father and mother, and a pretty tale, moreover, for Mrs. Jervis.

Indignation gave me double strength, and I got from him by a sudden spring, and ran out of the room; and the door of the next chamber being open, I rush'd into it, and threw to the door, and it locked after me; but he followed me so close, he got hold of my gown, and tore a piece off, which hung without the door; for the key was on the inside.

I just remembered I got into the room. I knew nothing further till afterwards, having fallen down in a fit; and there I lay till he, as I suppose, looking through the keyhole, 'spy'd me upon the floor; and then he call'd Mrs. Jervis, who, by his assistance, bursting open the door, he went away, seeing me coming to myself; and bid her say nothing of the matter, if she were wise.

Poor Mrs. Jervis cry'd over me as if she was my mother; and I was two hours before I came to myself; and just as I got on my feet, he coming in, I fainted away again; and so he withdrew: But he staid in the next room to hinder any body from coming near us, that his vile proceedings might not be known.

Mrs. Jervis gave me her smelling-bottle, and had cut my laces, and sat me in a great chair, and he call'd her to him:—How is the girl? said he: I never saw such a fool in my life. I did nothing at all to her.

Mrs. Jervis could not speak for crying. So he said—She has told you, it seems, that I was kind to her in the summer-house, altho' I assure you, I was quite innocent then as well as now, and I desire you to keep this matter to yourself, and let not my name be freely used.

O, sir, said she, for your honour's sake, and for Christ's sake—— But he would not hear her, and said—For *your own* sake, I tell you, Mrs. Jervis, say not a word more. I have done her no harm. And I will not have her stay in my house; prating, perverse fool! But since she is so apt to fall into fits, or at least to pretend to do so, prepare her to see me to-morrow after dinner, in my mother's closet, and do you be with her as a witness to what shall pass between us.

And so he went out in a passion, and ordered his chariot to be got ready, and went a visiting somewhere.

How I dread this to-morrow's appearance! Would to heaven, I could tell how to get away before the time came! But be as assured, my dear parents, of the honesty of your poor child, as I am of your prayers for

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

O this frightful to-morrow! how I dread it!

LETTER XVI.

I KNOW, my dear parents, that you longed to hear from me soon; and I sent to you as soon as I could.

Well! you may believe how uneasily I passed the time, till his appointed hour came. Every minute, as it grew nearer, my terrors increased; and sometimes I had great courage, and sometimes none at all; and I thought I should faint, when it came to the time my master had dined. I could neither eat nor drink; and, do what I could, my eyes were swell'd with crying.

At last he went up to the closet, which was my good lady's dressing-room; a room I once lov'd, but then dreaded.

Don't your heart ache for me? I am sure mine flutter'd about like a new-caught bird in a cage. O Pamela, said I to myself, why art thou so fearful! Thou hast done no harm! What, if thou fearest an unjust judge, when thou art innocent, wouldst thou do before a just one, if thou wert guilty? Have courage, Pamela, thou knowest the worst! And how much happier a choice is poverty with honesty, than plenty with wickedness!

So I chear'd myself; but yet my poor heart sank, and my spirits were quite broken. Every thing that stirred, I thought was to call me to my account. I dreaded it, and yet I wish'd it to come.

Well, at last he rung the bell; O, thought I, that it was my passing-bell!

Mrs. Jarvis went up, with a full heart enough, poor good woman! He said—Where's Pamela? Let her come up, and do you come with her.

She came to me; I was ready to go with my feet, but my heart was with my dear father and mother, wishing to share your poverty and content. I went up, however.

O how can wicked men seem so steady and untouch'd, with such black hearts, while poor innocents stand like malefactors before them!

He look'd so stern, that my heart fail'd me, and I wish'd myself any where but there, tho' I had before been summoning up all my courage. Good heaven, said I to myself, give me courage to stand before this naughty master! O soften him, or harden me!

Come in, fool, said he, angrily, as soon as he saw me (and snatch'd my hand with a pull); you may well be ashamed to see me, after your noise and nonsense, and exposing me as you have done.

I ashamed to see *you!* thought I: Very pretty indeed! But I said nothing.

Mrs. Jarvis, said he, here you are both together: Do you sit down: but let her stand, if she will (Ay, thought I, if I *can*; for my knees beat one against the other). Did you not think, when you saw the girl in the way you found her in, that I had given her the greatest occasion for complaint, that could possibly be given to a woman; and that I had actually ruined her, as she calls it? Tell me, *could* you think any thing less?—Indeed, said she, I feared so at first.—Has she told you what I did to her, and *all* I did to her, to occasion the folly, by which my reputation might have suffered in your opinion, and in that of all the family? Inform me, what has she told you?

She was a little too much frightened, as she own'd afterwards, at his sternness; and said, Indeed she told me you *only* pull'd her on your knee, and kiss'd her.

Then I pluck'd up my spirit a little—*Only!* Mrs. Jarvis, said I; and was not that enough to shew me what I had to fear? When a master of his honour's degree demcans himself to be so free as *that* to such a poor servant as me, what is not to be apprehended?

Mrs. Jarvis began to excuse me, and to beg he would pity a poor maiden, who had such a value for her reputation. He said—I speak it to her face, I think her pretty, and I thought her humble, and one that would not grow upon my favours, or the notice I took of her; but I abhor the thought of compelling her to any thing. I know better what belongs to myself; but I was bewitch'd by her, I think, to be freer than became me; tho' I had no intention to carry the jest farther.

What poor stuff was all this, my dear mother, from a man of his sense!

But see how a bad cause, and bad actions, confound the greatest wits! It gave me a little more courage then; for innocence, I find, in a low fortune, and not strong mind, has many advantages over guilt, with all its riches and wisdom.

Your honour, said I, may call this jest or sport, or what you please; but indeed, sir, it is not a jest that becomes the distance between a master and a servant.—Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis? said he, do you hear the pertness of the creature? I had a good deal of this sort before in the summer-house, and yesterday too, which made me rougher with her than perhaps I had otherwise been.

Pamela, don't be pert to his honour, said Mrs. Jervis; you should know your distance; you see his honour was only in jest.—O dear Mrs. Jervis, said I, don't *you* blame me too. It is very difficult for a servant to keep her distance to her master, when her master departs from his dignity to her.

O the little hypocrite! said he; she has all the arts of her sex; they were *born* with her. I told you a while ago, you did not know her. But this was not the reason principally of my calling you before me together: I find I am likely to suffer in my reputation by the perverseness and folly of this girl. She has told you all, and perhaps more than all; nay, I make no doubt of it; and she has written letters (for I find she is a mighty letter writer!) to her father and mother, and to *others*, as far as I know; in which, representing herself as an angel of light, she makes her kind master and benefactor, a devil incarnate.—(O how people will sometimes, thought I, call themselves by their right names!) And all this, added he, I won't bear; and so I am resolved she shall return to the condition she was taken from; and let her be careful how she uses my name with freedom when she is gone from me.

I brighten'd up at once at these welcome words: I threw myself upon my knees at his feet, with a most sincere, glad heart; and said—May your honour be for ever blessed for your resolution! Now I shall be happy. And permit me, on my knees, to thank you for all the benefits and favours you have heap'd upon me; for the opportunities I have had of improvement and learning, thro' my good lady's means, and yours. I will now forget all your honour has offer'd to me: And I promise you, that I will never let your name pass my lips, but with reverence and gratitude: And so God Almighty for ever bless your honour!

Then rising, I went away with a much lighter heart than I came into his presence with: And fell to writing this letter.

And thus all is happily over.

And now, my dearest father and mother, expect soon to see your poor daughter, with an humble and dutiful mind, returned to you: And don't fear, but I know how to be as happy with you as ever: For I will lie in the loft, as I used to do; and pray let my little bed be got ready; and I have a small matter of money, which will buy me a suit of clothes, fitter for my condition than what I have; and I will get Mrs. Mumford to help me to some needle-work; and fear not, my being a burden to you, if my health continues. I know I shall be blessed, if not for my own sake, for both *your* sakes, who have, in all your trials and misfortunes, preserved so much integrity, as makes every body speak well of you. But I hope he will let good Mrs. Jervis give me a character, for fear it should be thought I was turn'd away for dishonesty.

I hope Mrs. Jervis is not angry with me. She has not call'd me to

supper ; tho' I could have eat nothing, if she had. But I make no doubt I shall sleep purely to-night, and dream that I am with you, in my dear, dear, happy loft once more.

So good night again, my dear father and mother, says

YOUR HONEST, THOUGH POOR DAUGHTER.

LETTER XVII.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—Welcome, welcome, ten times welcome, shall you be to us; for you come to us innocent and happy, and honest; and you are the staff of our old age, and our comfort. And tho' we cannot do for you as we would, yet fear not we shall live happily together; and what with my diligent labour, and your poor mother's spinning, and your needle-work, I make no doubt we shall do better and better. Only your poor mother's eyes begin to fail her; though I bless God, I am as strong, and able, and willing to labour as ever; and O my dear child, your virtue has made me, I think, stronger and better than I was before. What blessed things are trials and temptations, when we have the strength to resist and subdue them!

But I am uneasy about those same four guineas. I think you should give them back again to your master; and yet I have broken them. Alas! I have only three left; but I will borrow the fourth, if I can, part upon my wages, and part of Mrs. Mumford, and send the whole sum back to you, that you may return it against John comes next, if he comes again before you.

I want to know how you come. I fancy honest John will be glad to bear you company part of the way, if your master is not so cross as to forbid him. And if I know time enough, your mother will go one five miles, and I will go ten on the way, or till I meet you, as far as one holiday will go; for that I can get leave to make on such an occasion: And we shall receive you with more pleasure than we had at your birth, or than we ever had in our lives.

And so God bless you, till the happy time comes! say both your mother and I; which is all at present, from YOUR TRULY LOVING PARENTS.

LETTER XVIII.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I thank you and my mother a thousand times for your goodness to me, express'd in your last letter.

I wonder'd Mrs. Jervis did not call me to sup with her, and fear'd she was angry; and when I had finish'd my letter, I long'd for her coming up. At last she came; but seem'd shy and reserv'd; and I said,—My dear Mrs. Jervis, I am glad to see you: You are not angry with me, I hope.—She said, she was sorry things had gone so far; and that she had a great deal of talk with my master, after I was gone; and that he seem'd mov'd at what I said, and at my falling on my knees to him, and my prayer for him, at my going away.—He said, I was a strange girl; he knew not what to make of me: And is she gone? said he: I intended to say something else to her, but she behav'd so oddly, that I had not power to stop her.—She ask'd, if she should call me again? He said, Yes; and then, No, let her go; it is best for her and for me too; and she *shall* go. Where she had it, I can't tell; but I never met with the fellow of her in my life, at any age.—She said, he had order'd her not to tell me all: But she believ'd he never would offer any thing to me again, and I might stay, she fancy'd, if I would beg it as a favour; tho' she was not *sure* neither.

I stay! dear Mrs. Jervis, said I; why, 'tis the best news that could have come to me, that he will let me go. I long to return to my former condition, as he threatened I should. My father and mother are poor and low in the world, it is true. I have often grudged myself the affluence I have lived in, thro' my dear lady's goodness to me, while they have liv'd so hardly. I am no bad needlewoman, you know, and never was an idle girl: and who knows, if I can get work, but I may be able to contribute to their comforts, instead of being a charge upon them! A rich thought that, Mrs. Jervis! Let me enjoy it.

Mrs. Jervis, dear good soul! wept over me and said—Well, well, Pamela, I did not think I had show'd so little love to you, as that you should express so much joy upon leaving me. I am sure I never had a child half so dear to me as you are.

And so we went to bed, and I never wak'd till it was time to rise; which I did, as blithe as a bird, and went about my business with pleasure.

But I believe my master is exceedingly angry with me; for he passed by me two or three times, and would not speak to me; and towards evening he met me in the passage leading to the garden, and said such a word to me as I never heard in my life from him, to man, woman, or child; for he first said—This creature's always in my way, I think. I said, standing up as close as I could (and the entry was wide enough for a coach, too), I hope I shan't be long in your honour's way. D——n you, said he (that was the hard word) for a little witch; I have no patience with you.

I trembled to hear him say so; but I *saw* he was vex'd; and as I am going away, I minded it the less. It is not to be wondered at, my dear parents, when a person will do wicked things, that he will speak wicked words. May God keep me out of the way of wicked things and wicked words.

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER XIX.

OUR John having no opportunity to go your way, I write again, and send both letters at once. I can't say, yet, when I shall get away, nor how I shall come, because Mrs. Jervis show'd my master the waistcoat I am flowering for him, and he said—It looks well enough: I think the creature had best stay till she has finish'd it.

She has been at me again to humble myself, and ask to stay.—But what have I done, Mrs. Jervis? said I; if I have been a sauce-box and a bold-face, and pert, and a creature, as he calls me, have I not had reason? Tell me from your own heart, dear Mrs. Jervis, what would *you* think, or how would *you* act in *my* case?

My dear Pamela, said she, and kiss'd me, I don't know how I should act, or what I should think. I hope I should act as *you* do, but I know nobody else that would. My master is a fine gentleman; he has a great deal of wit and sense, and is admir'd, as I know, by half-a-dozen ladies, who would think themselves happy in his addresses. He has a noble estate; and yet I believe he loves my good maiden, tho' his servant, better than all the ladies in the land; and he has tried to overcome his love, because you are so much his inferior; and 'tis my opinion he finds he can't, and that vexes his proud heart, and makes him resolve you shan't stay: and so he speaks so cross to you when he sees you by accident.

Well, but, Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you, if he can stoop to like such a poor girl as me, what can it be *for*? He may, perhaps, think I

may be good enough for his harlot ; and those things don't disgrace men that ruin poor women. And so he make me great offers, and may, perhaps, intend to deck me out in finery, the better to gratify his own pride ; but I should be a wicked creature indeed, if, for the sake of riches or favour, I should forfeit my good name ; yea, and worse than any other young body of my sex : because I can so contentedly return to my poverty again, and think it less disgrace to be obliged to live upon rye-bread and water, as I used to do, than to be a harlot to the greatest man in the world.

Mrs. Jervis had her eyes full of tears. God bless you, my dear love ! said she ; you are my admiration and delight. How shall I do to part with you ?

Well, good Mrs. Jervis, said I, let me ask you now. You and he have had some talk, and you may not be suffer'd to tell me all. But do you think, if I were to ask to stay, that he is sorry for what he has done ; ay, and *asham'd* of it too ? for I am sure he ought, considering his *high*, and my *low* degree, and how I have nothing in the world to trust to but my honesty. Do you think, in *your own* conscience, now (pray answer me truly) that he would never offer any thing to me again, and that I could be safe ?

Don't, my dear child, said she, put thy questions to me, with that pretty becoming earnestness in thy look. I know this, that he is vexed at what he has done ; he was vex'd the *first* time, more vex'd the *second* time.

Yes, said I, and so he will be vex'd, I suppose, the *third* and the *fourth* time too, till he has quite ruin'd your poor maiden ; and who will have cause to be vex'd then ? How then, Mrs. Jervis, said I, can I *askor wish* to stay ?

Well, well, says she, as he seems in earnest that you shall *not*, I hope it is from a good motive ; for fear he should be tempted to disgrace *himself* as well as *you*.—I have thought of that too, Mrs. Jervis, said I, for I would be glad to think of him with that duty that becomes me : But if he had meant me well, he would have let me go to Lady Davers, and not have hinder'd my preferment. And he would not have said, I should return to my low condition, when by his mother's goodness I had been taken out of it ; but that he intended to fright me, and *punish* me, as he thought, for not complying with his wickedness : and this shows me well enough what I have to expect from his future goodness, except I will deserve it at his own dear, dear price.

She was silent, and I added—Well, there's no more to be said ; I must go, that's certain : My chief concern will be how to part with *you* ; and indeed with *every body* ; for all my fellow-servants have loved me, and you and they will cost me a sigh and a tear too, now-and-then, I am sure.

And so I fell a crying : I could not help it. For it is a pleasant thing to be in a house among a great many fellow-servants, and to be beloved by them all.

Nay, I should have told you before now, how kind and civil Mr. Longman, our steward, is. Vastly courteous, indeed, on all occasions ! And he said once to Mrs. Jervis, he wish'd he was a young man for my sake ; I should be his wife, and he would settle all he had upon me, on marriage ; and, you must know, he is reckon'd worth a power of money.

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Jervis is very desirous that I should stay to finish the waistcoat. She believes my master will make me an *honest* present, as I may say, when it is done. Good gentlewoman ! she is loth to part with

me. She says she will be my watchful guardian till it is done ; though she hopes there will be no occasion for her care. I never, I must say, did a prettier piece of work ; and I am up early and late to get it done ; for I long to come to you.

LETTER XX.

I DID not, my dear father and mother, send my last letters so soon as I hop'd, because John (whether my master mistrusts or no, I can't say) had been sent to Lady Davers's, instead of Isaac, who used to go thither ; and I could not be so free with, nor so well trust Isaac ; though he is very civil to me too. So I was forc'd to stay till John return'd.

Unknown to Mrs. Jervis, I put a project, as I may call it, in practice. I thought with myself some days ago—Here I shall go home to my poor father and mother, and have nothing on my back that will be fit for my condition ; for how should your poor daughter look with a silk night-gown, silken petticoats, cambrick head-clothes, fine Holland linen, laced shoes, that were my lady's ! And how in a little while must these have look'd, like old cast offs indeed, and I look'd upon as such for wearing them ! And people would have said, (for poor folks are envious as well as rich) " See there Goody Andrews's daughter turn'd home from her fine place ! What a tawdry figure she makes ! And how well that garb becomes her poor parents' circumstances ! " And how should I look, thought I, even if I could purchase homespun clothes, to dwindle into them one by one, as I got them ? May-be, an old silk gown, and a linsey-woolsey petticoat, and the like. So, thought I, I had better get myself at once equipp'd in the dress that will become my condition ; and though it may look poor to what I have been us'd to wear of late days, yet it will serve me, when I am with you, for a good holiday and Sunday suit, and what, by a blessing on my industry, I may, perhaps, make shift to keep up to.

So, as I was saying, unknown to any body, I bought of Farmer Nichols's wife and daughters, a good sad-coloured stuff, of their own spinning, enough to make me a gown and two petticoats ; and I made robings and faceings of a pretty bit of printed calico I had by me.

I had a pretty good camblet quilted coat, that I thought might do tolerably well ; and I bought two flannel under-coats ; not so good as my swan-skin and fine linen ones, but what will keep me warm, if any neighbour should get me to go out to help 'em to milk, now and then, as sometimes I used to do formerly ; for I am resolved to do all your neighbours what kindness I can ; and I hope to make myself as much belov'd about you as I am here.

I got some pretty good Scots cloth, and made me, at mornings and nights, when nobody saw me, two shifts ; and I have enough left for two shirts and two shifts for you, my dear father and mother. When I come home, I'll make them up, and desire your acceptance of them.

Then I bought of a pedlar, two pretty-enough round-ear'd caps, a little straw hat, and a pair of knit mittens, turn'd up with white calico, and two pair of ordinary blue worsted hose, that make a smartish appearance, with white clocks, I'll assure you ! and two yards of black ribband for my shift-sleeves, and to serve as a necklace ; and when I had 'em all come home, I went and look'd upon them once in two hours, for two days together ; for you must know, tho' I lie with Mrs. Jervis, I keep my own little apartment still for my clothes ; and nobody goes thither but myself. You'll say, I was no bad housewife to have sav'd so much money ; but my dear good lady was always giving me something.

I believ'd myself the more oblig'd to do this, because, as I was turn'd away for what my *good master* thought want of duty ; and as he expected *other* returns for his presents than I intended to make him, so I thought it was but just to leave his presents behind me when I went away.

Don't trouble yourself about the four guineas, nor borrow to make them up ; for they were given me, with some silver, as I told you, as a perquisite, being what my lady had about her when she dy'd ; and, as I hope for no wages, I am so vain as to think I have deserv'd all that money in the fourteen months since my lady's death : for she, good soul ! overpaid me before, in learning and other kindnesses. Had *she* liv'd, none of these things might have happen'd ! But I ought to be thankful 'tis no worse. Every thing will turn out for the best ; that's my confidence.

But I am forc'd to break off.—Here comes Mrs. Jervis.

LETTER XXI.

Now, I will tell you what passed between Mrs. Jervis and me. She hoped, she said, seeing me in a little hurry on her coming in, that she was not unwelcome. She could not endure that I should be so much by myself.

I always, said I, rejoice to see my dear Mrs. Jervis.

I have had, said she, a world of talk with my master about you.—I am sorry, said I, that I am made of so much consequence as to be talked of by him.—O, replied she, I must not tell you all ; but you are of more consequence to him than you *think* for—

Or *wish* for, said I ; for the fruits of being of consequence to him might be to make me of none to myself, or any body else.

But I suppose, proceeded I, that I am of so much consequence to him as to vex him, if it be but to think, he can't make a fool of such a one as I ; and that is a rebuke to the pride of his high condition, which he did not expect, and knows not how to put up with.

There may be something in that, said she ; but indeed, Pamela, he is very *angry* with you *too*, and calls you perverse ; wonders at his own folly for having taken so much notice of you. He was willing to show you the more favour, he says, because of his mother's love for you and recommendation ; and he had thoughts of continuing it to you for your own sake, could you have known how to comport yourself as you ought to do. But he saw that too much notice—

Too much notice, indeed, Mrs. Jervis, said I. Do you think I should ever have forgot my duty as a servant, if he had not forgot his as a master ?

He says you *shall* go, replied she ; for he thinks it won't be for his reputation to keep you : but he wish'd (don't speak of it for the world, Pamela) that he knew a lady of birth, just such another as yourself, and he would marry her to-morrow.

I colour'd as red as the very scarlet, I believe ; but said—Yet, if I were the lady of birth, and he would offer to be rude first, as he has twice done to me, I don't know whether I would have *him*, for *she* that can bear an insult of that kind I should think not worthy to be a gentleman's wife, any more than I should look upon him as a gentleman that could offer it. But, dear Mrs. Jervis, added I, very seriously, let me say, that I am now more full of fears than ever. Never, for the future, I beseech you, think of putting me upon asking to stay. To tell me that my master likes me, when I know what end he aims at, is abomination to my ears ; and I shan't think myself safe till I am at my poor father's and mother's.

She was a little angry with me, 'till I assur'd her that I had not the least uneasiness on her account, but thought myself safe in her protection and friendship. And so we dropp'd the discourse for that time.

I hope to have finished this waistcoat in two days; after which, I have only some fine linen to get up, and shall then let you know how I contrive as to my passage, for the heavy rains will make it sad travelling on foot; but, perhaps, I shall be able for a small matter to procure a place in Farmer Nicholl's one-horse-chaise, which goes to ——— market twice a week with his wife or daughter, and that, you know, is upwards of ten miles on the way, But I hope to let you know more. P. A.

LETTER XXII.

ALL my fellow-servants have now some notion that I am to go away; but can't imagine for what. Mrs. Jervis tells them that my father and mother, growing in years, cannot live without me; and so I go home to them, to help to comfort their old age; but they seem not to believe that to be the reason, because the butler heard my master ask me very roughly, as I pass'd by him in the entry leading to the hall, how long I was to stay here? and tell me, calling me *idle girl*, that I minded my pen more than my needlé. Little things for such a gentleman as he is to say, and to ask, had there not been a reason.

He seem'd startled, when he saw the butler, as he enter'd the hall, where Mr. Jonathan stood.—What do *you* here? said he. The butler was confounded; and so was I; for, never having been tax'd so roughly, I could not help crying; and got out of both their ways to Mrs. Jervis, and made my complaint.—This love, said she, is the deuce! in how many strange shapes does it make people shew themselves! And in some the farthest from their hearts.

So one, and then another, has been since whispering—Pray, Mrs. Jervis, are we to lose Mrs. Pamela? as they always call me—What has she done? And then she tells them as above, about going home to you.

My master came in just now, to speak to Mrs. Jervis about household matters, having some company to dine with him to-morrow; and I stood up, and having been crying at his roughness in the entry, I turned away my face.

You may well, said he, turn away your curs'd face.—Mrs. Jervis, how long is she to be about this waistcoat?—*Curs'd face!* What words were these!

Sir, said I, if your honour had pleased, I would have taken the waistcoat with me; and though it may be now finished in a few hours, I will do so still, and remove out of your house and sight for ever so hated a creature.

Mrs. Jervis, said he (not speaking to me) I believe this little villain of a girl has the power of witeheraft, for she bewitehes all that come near her. She makes even *you*, who should know better what the world is, think her an angel of light.

I offered to go away, for I believed he wanted me to ask to stay in my place, for all this his great wrath and hard words; and he said—Stay here! stay here when I bid you! and snatched my hand! I trembled, and said: I will, I will! for he hurt my fingers.

He seem'd to have a mind to say something to me; but broke off abruptly, and said, Begone! And away I hurried; and he and Mrs. Jervis had a deal of talk, as she told me; and in it he express'd himself vex'd to have spoken in Mr. Jonathan's hearing.

Now, you must know that Mr. Jonathan, our butler, is a very grave, good sort of old man, with his hair as white as silver, and an honest, worthy man he is. Hurrying downstairs from my master and Mrs. Jervis, as I told you, into the parlour, there was he. He took my hand, but in a gentler manner than my master did, with both his ; and he said, Ah, sweet, sweet Mrs. Pamela ! what is it I heard but just now ? I am sorry at my heart ; but I am sure I will sooner believe *any body* in fault than *you*.—Thank you, Mr. Jonathan, said I ; but as you value your place, don't be seen speaking to such an one as me. I cry'd, too ; and slipt away as fast as I could from him, for his own sake, lest he should be seen to pity me.

And now I will give you an instance how much I am also in the favour of Mr. Longman, our steward.

I had lost my pen somehow, and, my paper being written out, I stepp'd to Mr. Longman's office, and begged him to give me a pen or two, and two or three sheets of paper. Ay, that I will, my sweet maiden ! said he ; and gave me three pens, some wafers, a stick of wax, and twelve sheets of paper ; and coming from his desk, where he was writing, he said, Let me have a word or two with you, my sweet little mistress (for so these two good old men often call me ; for I believe they love me dearly) ; I hear bad news : that we are going to lose you. I hope it is not true ?

Ycs, it is, sir, said I ; but I was in hopes it would not be known till I went away.

What a dickens, said he, ails our master of late ? I never saw such an alteration in any man in my life. He is pleased with nobody, as I see ; and, by what Jonathan tells me just now, he was quite out of the way with *you*. What could *you* have done to him, tro' ? Only Mrs. Jervis is a very good woman, or I should have feared *she* had been your enemy.

Mrs. Jervis, said I, is a just, good woman, and, next to my father and mother, the best friend I have in the world.—Well, then, said he, it must be worse. Shall I guess ? You are too *pretty*, my sweet mistress, and it may be too *virtuous*. Ah ! have I not hit it ?

No, good Mr. Longman, said I, don't think any thing amiss of my master ; he is cross and angry with me, that's true, but possibly I may have given occasion for it ; and because I chuse to go to my father and mother rather than stay here, he may perhaps think me ungrateful. But you know, sir, that a father and mother's comfort is the dearest thing of all others to a good child.—Sweet excellence ! said he, this becomes *you* ; but I know the world and mankind too well ; tho' I must hear, and see, and say nothing ! And so a blessing attend my little sweeting, wherever you go !—And away went I, with a court'sy and thanks.

Now it pleases one, my dear father and mother, you must think, to be so beloved.—How much better, by good fame and integrity, is it to get every one's good word but *one*, than by pleasing *that one*, to make *every one else* one's enemy, and be a wicked creature besides ! I am, &c.

LETTER XXIII.

WE had a great many neighbouring gentlemen, and their ladies, this day at dinner ; and my master made a fine entertainment for them. And Isaac and Mr. Jonathan, and Benjamin waited at table. And Isaac tells Mrs. Jervis that the ladies will by and by come to see the house, and have the curiosity to see me : for, it seems, they said to my master, when the jokes flew about, Well, Mr. B——, we understand you have a servant-

maid, who is the greatest beauty in the county ; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

You will do her too much honour, ladies, said he. The wench is well enough ; but no such beauty as you talk of. She was my mother's waiting-maid, as you know, and her friends being low in the world, my mother on her death-bed recommended her to my compassion. She is *young*, and every thing is *pretty* that is *young*.

Ay, ay, said one of the ladies, that's true ; but if your mother had *not* recommended her so kindly, there is so much merit in beauty, that I make no doubt but such a fine gentleman as somebody is thought to be would have wanted no inducement to be generous to it.

They all laugh'd at my master : and he, it seems, laugh'd for company ; but said, I don't know how it is, but I see with different eyes from other people ; for I have heard much more talk of her prettiness than I think it deserves : She is well enough, as I said ; but her greatest excellence is, that she is humble, courteous, and faithful, and makes all her fellow-servants love her : My house-keeper, in particular, doats upon her ; and you know, ladies, that Mrs. Jervis is a woman of discernment : And as for Jonathan here, and my good old steward Longman, if they were younger men, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, Jonathan ?—By my troth, sir, answered Jonathan, I never knew her peer ; and all your honour's family are of the same mind as to her.—Do you hear, ladies ? said my master.—Well, said the ladies, we will make a visit to Mrs. Jervis by and by, and hope to see this paragon.

I believe they are coming ; and will tell you the rest by and by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why should they make me the subject of their diversion ?

Well, these fine ladies, however, made their visit to Mrs. Jervis, in her office, that was the pretence. I would have been absent, if I could ; and did step into the closet ; so they saw me not when they came in.

There were four of them, Mrs. Arthur, at the great white house on the hill ; Mrs. Brooks, Miss Towers, (Miss she is called, being a single lady, and yet cannot be less than thirty years of age,) and the other, it seems, a countess, of some hard name, I forget what.

Now, if I shall not tire you, I will give you some little account of the characters and persons of these four ladies ; for when I was hardly twelve years old, you us'd not to dislike my descriptions.

You must know, then, that Mrs. Arthur is a comely person, inclinable to be fat ; but very easy with it, and has pretty good features, though a little too masculine, in my opinion. She has the air of a person of birth, and seems by it to show that she expects to be treated as such ; and has a freedom and presence of mind in all she *says* or *does*, that sets her above being in the least conscious of imperfection in *either*. It is said, she is pretty passionate in her family on small occasions, and reminds her husband, now and then, that he is not of birth equal to her own ; though he is of a good gentleman's family, too : and yet her ancestor was ennobled, it seems, but two reigns ago. On the whole, however, she bears no bad character, when her passion is over ; and will be sometimes very familiar with her inferiors : yet, Mrs. Jervis says, Lady Davers is more passionate a great deal ; but has better qualities, and is more bountiful. Mr. Arthur has the character of a worthy gentleman, as gentlemen go ; for he drinks hard, it seems ; so, indeed, all the gentlemen around us do, except my master, who has not *that* vice to answer for. I am sure I have a double

reason to wish—for *his* sake as well as my *own*—he had no worse ! But let that pass, at present.

Mrs. Brooks is well descended, tho' not of quality. And has as much pride as if she *was*, if I can guess by her scornful looks : for being a tall, thin lady, and of a forbidding kind of aspect, she looks *down* upon one, as it were, with *so* much disdain ! Yet she has no bad character in her family ; she does not talk much, but affects to be thought a lady of great discernment. Her spouse bears a pretty good character ; but he gives himself great airs of jesting and rallying upon serious things ; and particularly on matrimony, which is his standing jest, whenever his lady is not by. And some people impute this to him as wit : but I remember a saying of my good lady's, " That any body might have a character for wit, who could give themselves the liberty to *say* what would shock others to *think*."

The countess is not only noble by marriage, but by birth : But don't you wonder to find *me* scribble so much about *family* and *birth* ? When, had I reason to boast of it, I should, if I know my own mind, very little value myself upon it ; but, contrarily, think with the poet I have heard quoted, That *VIRTUE is the only nobility*. But, indeed, even we inferiors, when we get into genteel families, are infected with this vanity ; and tho' we cannot brag of our *own*, we will sometimes pride ourselves in that of our *principals*. But, for my part, I cannot forbear smiling at the absurdity of persons, even of the first quality, who value themselves upon their *ancestors'* merits, rather than *their own*. For is it not as much as to say, they are conscious they have *no other* ?

But how strangely I run on ! Let me proceed with the countess's character, and don't think me too bold, to take these freedoms with my betters. Her ladyship is not handsome, yet has such an affable look, that one cannot chuse but respect her. But then, with this affable aspect, she has an air that shews, as if she could not easily be daunted. And I don't know how it is, but one of the chief beauties of the sex seems banish'd from the faces of ladies, in these days : for they not only don't know how to blush themselves, but they laugh at any innocent young creature that does, as rustic and half-bred ; and (as I have more than once heard them) toss their jests about, and their *double meanings*, as they own them, as freely as the gentlemen. But whatever reputation these freedoms may give to their *wit*, I think they do but little credit to their *hearts*—For, does not the observation hold severely against such, *That out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh* ? The husband of the countess (what makes me forget his title?) it seems, is a bad man, and a bad husband, and her ladyship lives very unhappily with him ; and this all the world knows ; for he is a *lord*, and *above* the world's opinion. And, indeed, I never heard of any couple so happy as *you*, my dear parents, tho' you labour so hard for a poor livelihood. But Providence gives one thing to one, and another to another. No one has *every thing*. But to you, my dear father and mother, is given *content* ; and that is better than all the riches in the world, without it.

But Miss Towers outdoes all the ladies in the neighbourhood, for wit and repartee ; and her conversation is mightily coveted by every body, gentlemen as well as ladies : for no one, they say, can be sad in her company. She has something smart and humourous to say to every body, and on every occasion : so that, though she were to speak a silly thing, (and that I have the boldness to think she has many a one, on visits to my

lady) yet every body has such an opinion of her, that they are prepared to laugh and applaud, before she opens her lips. Then she is of family, as indeed, they all are; and some call her lady: but, indeed, you know we simple bodies are us'd to give that title to all fine folks, who live upon their means. Miss Towers is well-shaped, is of an easy deportment, and has no one ill feature, taken separately: yet I know not how it is; but they seem as if they were not well put together, if I may so say. It was talk'd, that the rakish 'Squire Martin, of the Grove, and this lady were to make a match; but she refused him, because of his free life: for tho' she takes great liberties of speech, and can't help it, being a *wit*, as they call it, yet she is a lady of virtue, and *morals*, at least. But what a length have I run! It is time to return to their visit to Mrs. Jervis.

They entered the room with great flutter, laughing heartily at something Miss Towers had said, as she came along. Mrs. Jervis stood up at their appearance: So, Mrs. Jervis, says one of the ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your health.—I am much obliged to you, ladies, said Mrs. Jervis. But, said the countess, we are not *only* come to ask after Mrs. Jervis's health neither: We are come to see a rarity besides. Ay, says Mrs. Arthur, I have not seen your lady's Pamela these two years, and they tell me she is grown wondrous pretty.

Then I wish'd I had not been in the closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them: but I have often found, that bashful people owe themselves a spite, and frequently confound themselves more, by endeavouring to avoid confusion.

Why, yes, said Mrs. Jervis, Pamela is very pretty indeed; she is but in the closet there: Pamela, pray step hither.

I came out, covered with blushes; and they smiled at one another.

The countess took my hand—Why, indeed, she was pleased to say, report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be asham'd, child (and stared full in my face); I wish I had just such a face to be asham'd of.

Mrs. Arthur said—Ay, my good Pamela, I say as her ladyship says: don't be so much asham'd; tho' indeed your blushes become you. I think your good lady departed made a sweet choice of such a pretty attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she lived till now.

Ah! madam, said Mrs. Brooks, do you believe, that so *dutiful* a son as our neighbour, who always *admir'd* what his mother *lov'd*, does not pride himself, for all what he said at table, in such a pretty maiden?

She look'd with such a malicious sneering countenance, I cannot abide her.

Miss Towers, with her usual free air, said—Well, Mrs. Pamela, I can't say I like you so well as these ladies do; for I should never care, if I had a husband, and you were *my* servant, to have *you* and your *master* in the same house together.

Then they all set up a great laugh.

They are ladies, my dear father, and ladies may say any thing.

Says Miss Towers, Can the pretty image *speak*, Mrs. Jervis? I vow she has *speaking* eyes! O you little rogue, said she, and tapp'd me on the cheek, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

God forbid, madam, said I, it should be *either*!—I beg leave to withdraw; for the sense I have of my unworthiness, renders me unfit for such a presence.

I then went away, with one of my best court'sies to each lady; and Miss

Towers said, as I went out, Prettily said, I vow !—And Mrs. Brooks said, See that shape ! I never saw such a face and shape in my life ; why she must be better descended than you have told me.

They went to my master, it seems, so full of *me*, that he had much ado to stand it ; but as their praises were very little to my reputation, I am sure I take no pride in them ; and I fear they will make no better for me. This gives me another cause for wishing myself out of this house.

This is Thursday morning, and next Thursday I hope to set out ; for I have finish'd my task, and my master is very cross ! I am vex'd that his crossness affects me so. If ever he had any kindness towards me, for his mother's sake, I believe he now hates me heartily.

How happy am I, to be turned out of doors, with that sweet companion, my *innocence* ! O may that be always my companion ! And while I presume not upon my own strength, and am willing to avoid the tempter, I hope the divine grace will assist me.

As soon as I have din'd, I will put on my new clothes. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. Jervis with them ; for she shan't see me till I am full-dress'd. John is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written. I find he is going early in the morning ; and so I'll close here, that I am
YOUR MOST DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Don't lose your time in meeting me ; because I am so uncertain. It is hard, if some how or other I can't get a conveyance. But it may be that my master won't refuse to let John bring me. John is very careful, and very honest ; and you know John as well as I ; for he loves you both.

LETTER XXIV

I SHALL write on, as long as I stay, tho' I should have nothing but sillinesses to write ; for I know you divert yourselves on nights with what I write, because it is mine. John tells me how much you long for my coming ; but he says, he told you, he hop'd something would happen to hinder it.

I am glad you did not tell him the occasion of my going away ; for if my fellow-servants were to guess the reason, it were better so than to have it from you or me : besides, I really am concerned that my master should cast away a thought upon such a poor creature as me ; for besides the disgrace, his temper is quite chang'd ; and I begin to believe what Mrs. Jervis told me, that he likes me, and can't help it ; and is vex'd he cannot.

Don't think me presumptuous and conceited ; for it is more my concern than my pride, to see such a gentleman so much undervalue himself in the eyes of his servants, on my account. But I am to tell you of my new dress to-day.

And so, when I had din'd, up stairs I went, and lock'd myself into my little room. There I trick'd myself up as well as I could in my new garb, and put on my round-ear'd ordinary cap ; but with a green knot, however, and my home-spun gown and petticoat, and plain leather shoes ; but yet they are what they call Spanish leather. A plain muslin tucker I put on, and my black silk necklace, instead of the French necklace my lady gave me ; and put the ear-rings out of my ears, and when I was quite equip'd, I took my straw hat in my hand, with its two green strings, and look'd about me in the glass, as proud as anything. To say truth, I never lik'd myself so well in my life.

O the pleasure of descending with ease, innocence, and resignation !

Indeed there is nothing like it ! An humble mind, I plainly see, cannot meet with any very shocking disappointment, let fortune's wheel turn round as it will.

So I went down to look for Mrs. Jervis, to see how she liked me.

I met, as I was upon the stairs, our Rachel, who is the house-maid; and she made me a low court'sy, and I found did not know me. I smil'd, and went to the housekeeper's parlour: and there sat good Mrs. Jervis at work. And, would you believe it, *she* did not know me at first; but rose up, and pull'd off her spectacles; and said—Do you want *me*, young woman?—I could not help laughing, and said—Hey-day ! Mrs. Jervis, what ! don't you know me ? She stood all in amaze, and look'd at me from head to foot—Why, you surprise me, said she; what, Pamela, thus metamorphosed ! How came this about ?

As it happen'd, in stepp'd my master: and my back being to him, he thought it was a stranger speaking to Mrs. Jervis, and withdrew again; and did not hear her ask, if his honour had any commands for her ?

I told her, I had no clothes suitable to my condition, when I returned to my father's; and so it was better to begin here, as I was soon to go away, that all my fellow-servants might see I knew how to suit myself to the state I was returning to.

Well, said she, I never knew the like of thee. But this sad preparation for going away (for now I see you are quite in earnest) is what I know not how to get over. O my dear Pamela, how can I part with you ?

My master rung in the back-parlour, and so I withdrew, and Mrs. Jervis went to attend him. It seems he said to her—I was coming in to let you know that I shall go to Lincolnshire, and perhaps to my Lord Davers's, and be absent some weeks. But pray, what pretty neat damsel was that with you ?

She says, she smil'd, and ask'd, if his honour did not know who it was.

No, said he, I never saw her before. Farmer Nichols, or Farmer Brady, have neither of them such a tight smart lass for a daughter, have they?—Tho' I did not see her face neither.

If your honour won't be angry, said she, I will introduce her into your presence; for I think she outdoes our Pamela.

That can't be, he was pleased to say: but if you can find an excuse for it, let the girl come in.

Now I did not thank her for this, as I told her afterwards; for it brought a great deal of trouble upon me, as well as crossness, as you shall hear.

She then stepp'd to me, and told me, I must go in with her to my master—But, said she, for goodness sake, let him find you out; for he don't know you—O fie, Mrs. Jervis, said I, how could you serve me so ? Besides, it looks too free both *in me*, and *to him*.

I tell you, said she, you *shall* come in; and pray don't reveal yourself till he finds you out.

So I went in, foolish creature that I was ! yet I must have been seen by him another time, if I had not then. And she would make me take my straw hat in my hand.

I dropp'd a low court'sy, but said never a word. I dare say he knew me as soon as he saw my face; but was as cunning as Lucifer. He came up to meet me, and took me by the hand, and said—Whose pretty maiden are you?—I dare say you are Pamela's sister, you are so like her; so neat, so clean, so pretty ! Why, child, you far surpass your sister Pamela !

I was all confusion, and would have spoken; but he took me about the

neck—Why, said he, you are very pretty, child : I would not be so free with your *sister*, you may believe ; but I must kiss *you*.

O sir, said I, as much surpriz'd as vex'd, I am Pamela. Indeed I am Pamela, *her own self!*

Impossible ! said he, and kiss'd me, for all I could do. You are a lovelier girl by half than Pamela ; and again would kiss me.

This was a sad trick upon me, and what I did not expect ; and Mrs. Jervis look'd like a fool, as much as I, for her officiousness. At last I disengag'd myself, and ran out of the parlour, very much vex'd, you may well think.

He talk'd a good deal to Mrs. Jervis, and at last ordered me to attend him again ; and insisting on my obedience, I went, but very unwillingly. As soon as he saw me—Come in, said he, you *little villain!* (I thought men only could be call'd villains) ; who is it you put your tricks upon ? I was resolved never again to honour you with my notice ; and so you must disguise yourself, to attract me, and yet pretend, like an hypocrite as you are——

I beseech you, sir, said I, do not impute disguise and hypocrisy to me. I have put on no disguise.—What a plague, said he, for that was his word, do you mean then by this dress ?

I mean, may it please your honour, said I, one of the honestest things in the world. I have been in disguise, indeed, ever since my good lady your mother took me from my poor parents. I came to my lady so low in garb, that these clothes I have on are a princely suit, to those I had then. And her goodness heap'd upon me rich clothes, and other bounties : and as I am now returning to my parents, I cannot wear those good things without being laugh'd at ; and so have bought what will be more suitable to my degree.

He then took me in his arms, and presently push'd me from him.—Mrs. Jervis, said he, take the little witch from me ; I can neither *bear*, nor *forbear* her. (Strange words these !)—But stay ; you shan't go !—Yet begone !—No, come back again.

I thought he was mad, for my share ; for he knew not what he would have. I was going, however ; but he stepp'd after me, and took hold of my arm, and brought me in again : I am sure he made my arm black and blue ; for the marks are upon it still. Sir, sir, said I, pray have mercy ; I will, I will come in.

He sat down, and look'd at me, and, as I thought afterwards, as silly as such a poor girl as I. At last he said—Well, Mrs. Jervis, as I was telling you, *you* may permit her to stay a little longer, till I see if Lady Davers will have her ; provided she humble herself, and ask this as a favour, and is sorry for her pertness, and the liberty she has taken with my character, as well out of the house as in it.

Your honour indeed told me so, said Mrs. Jervis.

I was silent and motionless too.—What a thankless creature ! said he. Do you hear, statue, you may stay a fortnight longer, till I see Lady Davers. Can you neither speak, nor be thankful ?

Your honour frights me so, said I, that I can hardly speak : but I have only to beg, as a favour, that I may go to my father and mother.

Why, fool, said he, won't you like to go to wait on Lady Davers ?

Sir, replied I, I was once fond of that honour ; but you were pleased to say, I might be in danger from her ladyship's nephew, or he from me.

Impertinence ! said he. Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, do you hear how she retorts upon me ? And he look'd very angry, and colour'd.

I then fell a weeping ; for Mrs. Jervis said—Fie, Pamela, fie ! And I said—My lot is very hard, indeed ! I am sure I would hurt nobody : and I have been, it seems, guilty of indiscretions, which have cost me my place, and my master's favour. And when the time is come, that I should return to my poor parents—Good, your honour, what have I done, that I must be used worse than if I had robb'd you !

Robb'd me ! said he ; why so you have, girl ; you *have* robb'd me.

Who ! I, sir ? said I : have I robb'd you ? Why then you are a Justice of Peace, and may send me to gaol, if you please, and bring me to a trial for my life ! If you can prove that I have robb'd you, I am sure I ought to die.

Now I was quite ignorant of his meaning ; though I did not like it when it was afterwards explained, neither.—Well, thought I, at the instant, what will this come to at last, if the poor Pamela shall be thought to be a thief ? And how shall I show my face to my honest parents, if I am but suspected ?

But, sir, said I, let me ask one question, and not displease you ; for I don't mean disrespectfully : Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left to be discharged by your house-keeper, as other maid-servants usually are ? Why should you so demean yourself to take notice of me ? For indeed I am not of consequence enough for my master to concern himself ; and be angry, about such a creature as I am.

Do you hear, Mrs. Jervis, how pertly I am interrogated ? Why, saucy, says he, did not my good mother desire me to be kind to you ? And have you not been always distinguished by me, more than a common servant has reason to expect ? And does your ingratitude upbraid me for this ?

I said something mutteringly, and he vow'd he would hear it. I begg'd excuse ; but he insisted upon it.—Why then, replied I, if your honour must know, I said, That my good lady did not desire your kindness to extend to the *summer-house* and her *dressing-room*.

Well, this was a little saucy, you'll say ! And he flew into *such* a passion, that I was forc'd to run for it ; and Mrs. Jervis said, It was happy I got out of his way.

Just now Mr. Jonathan sent me these lines.—“Dear Mrs. Pamela, Take care of yourself ; for Rachel heard my master say to Mrs. Jervis, who, she believes, was pleading for you—Say no more, Mrs. Jervis, for by God— I will have her. Burn this instantly.”

O pray for your poor daughter ! I am call'd to go to bed by Mrs. Jervis ; for it is past eleven ; and I am sure she shall hear of it ; for all this is owing to her, tho' she did not mean any harm. But I have been, and am, in a strange fluster ; and I suppose too, she'll say, I have been full pert.

O my dear father and mother, power and riches never want advocates : but, poor gentlewoman ! she cannot live without him : and he has been very good to her.

Perhaps I shall send this in the morning ; but may-be not ; so won't conclude : tho' I can't say too often, that I am (yet with great apprehensions)

YOUR MOST DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXV

O LET me, my dear parents, take up my complaint, and say—Never was poor creature so barbarously used, as your Pamela ! Indeed, my dear father and mother, my heart is just broken ! I can neither write as I should do, nor let it alone ; for to whom but to you can I vent my griefs, and keep my heart from bursting ! Wicked, wicked man !—I have no

patience when I think of him!—But if my head and my heart will let me, you shall hear all.

John went your way in the morning; but I have been too much distracted to send by him; and have seen nobody but Mrs. Jervis, and Rachel, and one I hate to see, or be seen by: and indeed I hate now to see any body. Strange things I have to tell you, that happened since last night, that good Mr. Jonathan's letter, and my master's harshness, put me into such a flutter. But I will keep you no longer in suspence.

I went to Mrs. Jervis's chamber; and there my wicked master had hid himself (base gentleman as he is), in her closet, where she has a few books, chest of drawers, and such-like. Ever since the summer-house affair, till this sad night (when I neglected my caution), I always used to look into that closet, and another in the room and under the bed; and, indeed, being displeas'd with Mrs. Jervis for what had happened in the day, I thought of nothing else but being angry with her.

I sat myself down on one side of the bed, and she on the other, and we began to undress ourselves; but she on that side next the closet, that held the worst heart in the world.—So, said Mrs. Jervis, you won't speak to me, Pamela! I find you are angry with me.—Why, Mrs. Jervis, said I, so I am, a little; it would be wrong to deny it. You see what I have suffer'd by your forcing me in to my master: and a gentlewoman of your years and experience must needs know, that it was not fit for me to pretend to be anybody else for my own sake, nor with regard to my master.

But, said she, who would have thought it would have turned out so?—Aye, said I, little thinking who heard me, Lucifer always is ready to promote his own work and workmen. You presently saw what use he made of it, pretending not to know me, on purpose to be free with me: and when he took upon himself to know me, to quarrel with me, and use me hardly: and you too, said I, to cry Fie, fie, Pamela! cut me to the heart: for that encouraged him.

Do you think, my dear, said she, that I would encourage him? I never said so to you before; but since you force it from me, I must tell you, that ever since you consult'd me, I have used my utmost endeavours to divert him from his wicked purposes: and he has promis'd fair; but to say all in a word, he doats upon you; and I see it is not in his power to help it.

Luckily I said nothing of the note from Mr. Jonathan; for I began to suspect all the world almost: but I said, to try Mrs. Jervis—Well then, what would you have me do? You see he is for having me wait on Lady Davers now.

Why, I'll tell you freely, my dear Pamela, said she, and I trust to your discretion to conceal what I say: My master has been often desiring me to put you upon asking him to let you stay.

Let me interrupt you, Mrs. Jervis, said I, to tell you that it was not the pride of my *heart*, but the pride of my *honesty*, that made me resolve against asking to stay: for, what must have been the case? Here my master has been very rude to me, once and twice. He has given me warning to leave my place, and uses me very harshly; perhaps, to frighten me to his purposes, as he supposes I would be fond of staying (as indeed I should, if I could be safe; for I love you and every one in the house, and value him, if he would act as my master). Well then, as I know his designs, what would have been my asking to stay, but an indirect allowance of all that he has done, and an encouragement of his further wicked devices?

You say well, my dear child, says she ; and for all these considerations, and for what I have heard this day, after you ran away (and I am glad you went as you did), I cannot persuade you to stay ; and shall be glad, which is what I never thought I could have said, that you were well at your father's ; for if Lady Davers will entertain you, she may as well have you from thence as from hence.

There's my good Mrs. Jervis ! said I ; God will bless you for your good counsel to a poor maiden, that is hard beset. But pray what did he say when I was gone ?

Why, says she, he was very angry at your hints of the *summer-house*, and *dressing-room*.

He would hear them, said I. I think I was very bold ; but it was in a good cause. Besides, Mrs. Jervis, consider, it was the truth ; if he does not love to hear of the *summer-house* and the *dressing-room*, why should he not be ashamed to continue in the same bad mind ?

But, said she, when you had muttered this to yourself, you might have told him anything else.

Well, replied I, I cannot tell a wilful lie, and so there's an end of it. Lord bless me ! I wish I was well out of the house, tho' it was at the bottom of a wet ditch, on the wildest common in England ; for I find that *you* now give him up, and think there is danger in staying.

It signifies nothing, said she, to tell you all he said ; but it was enough to make me fear you would not be so safe as I could wish : and, upon my word, Pamela, I don't wonder he loves you ; for, without flattery, you are a charming girl ! and I never saw you look more lovely in my life, than in that same new dress of yours. And then it was such a surprize upon us all !—I believe truly, you owe some of your danger to the lovely *appearance* you made.

Hush ! said I, Mrs. Jervis, did you not hear something stir in the closet ? No, silly girl ! said she ; your fears are always awake. But indeed, said I, I think I heard something rustle.—Maybe, says she, the cat may be got there : but I hear nothing.

I was hush ! but she said—Pr'ythee, my good girl, make haste to bed. See if the door be fast. I did, and was thinking to look in the closet ; but hearing no more noise, thought it needless, and so went again and sat myself down on the bed-side, and proceeded to undress myself. And Mrs. Jervis, being by this time undress'd, went into bed, and bid me hasten, for she was sleepy.

I don't know why, but my heart sadly misgave me : indeed, Mr. Jonathan's note was enough to make it do so, with what Mrs. Jervis had said. I pulled off all my clothes to an under petticoat ; and then hearing a rustling again in the closet, I said—Heaven protect us ! but I must look into this closet, before I come to bed. And so was going to it slipshoed, when, O dreadful ! out rushed my master, in a rich silk morning gown.

I scream'd, and ran to the bed ; and Mrs. Jervis scream'd too.

O, for heaven's sake ! for pity's sake ! Mrs. Jervis, said I, if I am not betray'd, don't leave me ; and, I beseech you, raise all the house !

No, said Mrs. Jervis, I will not stir, my dear lamb ; I will not leave you.

He was in a rage, and threatened to throw her out of the window ; and to turn her out of the house the next morning.—You need not, sir, said she ; for I will not stay in it. God defend my poor Pamela till to-morrow, and we will both go together.—Let me, Pamela, said he, expostulate with

you but one moment.—Pray, my dear, said Mrs. Jervis, don't hear a word, except he goes to the other end of the room.

I sighed, and scream'd, and then fainted away.

Pamela ! Pamela ! said Mrs. Jervis, as she tells me since, O—h ! and gave another shriek, my poor Pamela is dead for certain !

And so, to be sure, I was for a time ; for I knew nothing more (one fit following another) till about three hours after, as it proved to be, I found myself in bed, and Mrs. Jervis sitting up on one side, with her wrapper about her, and Rachel on the other ; and no master, for the wicked wretch was gone. But I was so overjoyed, that I hardly could believe myself ; and I said, (which were my first words)—Mrs. Jervis, can I be *sure* it is you ? Rachel, can I be *sure* it is you ? Tell me ! can I ? Where have I been ?

Hush, my dear, said Mrs. Jervis ; you have been in fit after fit. I never in my life was so frightened.

By this I judged Rachel knew nothing of the matter ; and it seems my wicked master had, upon Mrs. Jervis's second noise on my fainting away, slipped out ; and, as if he had come from his own chamber, disturb'd by the screaming, went up to the maid's room (who, hearing the noise, lay trembling, and afraid to stir) and bid them go down and see what was the matter with me and Mrs. Jervis. And he charged Mrs. Jervis to say not a word of what had passed ; and on that condition he would forgive her for what she had said and done. So the maids came down ; for the men lie in the out-houses ; and all went up again, when I came to myself a little, except Rachel, who sat up with me, and to bear Mrs. Jervis company. I believe they guess the matter to be bad enough ; tho' they dare not say any thing.

LETTER XXVI.

I DID not rise till ten o'clock, and I had all the concerns and wishes of the family, and multitudes of inquiries about me. My wicked master went out early to hunt ; but left word, he would be in to breakfast. And so he was.

He came up to our chamber about eleven. He seemed to have neither sorrow nor shame. He was above both ; for he was our *master*, and put on sharp anger at first.

I had great emotions at his entering the room, and threw my apron over my head, and wept as if my heart would break.

Mrs. Jervis, said he, since I know *you*, and *you* know *me*, so well, it will be difficult for us to live together for the future.

Sir, said she, I will take the liberty to say, that, if I did not express my resentment for the usage this poor girl has met with, and in my chamber, too, I ought to be looked upon by the dear lamb as the worst of women. I know my obligations, sir, to you and your family ; and shall ever acknowledge them. But on this occasion it behoves me to say, whatever be the consequence to myself, that I desire not to stay. Be pleased, therefore, to let poor Pamela and me go away together.

With all my heart, said he ; and the sooner the better. She wept.—I find, says he, this girl has made a party of the whole house in her favour.

Her innocence deserves the love of us all, said she, very kindly : and, pardon me, sir, but I never could have thought, that the son of my dear, good lady departed, could have so forfeited his honour, as to endeavour to destroy a virtue he ought to protect.

No more of this, Mrs. Jervis, said he ; I will not bear it. As for Pamela, she has a lucky knack of falling into fits when she pleases. But the cursed yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended no harm to her, as I told you, if you'd have forborne your squallings ; and I *did* no harm neither, but to myself ; for I rais'd a hornet's nest about my ears, that, as far as I know, may have stung to death my reputation.

You will be pleased, sir, said Mrs. Jervis, to order Mr. Longman to take my accounts : they shall all be ready by to-morrow. As for Pamela, she is at liberty, I hope, to go away with me.

I sat still ; for I could not speak, nor look up, so extremely did his presence discompose me ; but I was sorry to hear myself the unhappy occasion of Mrs. Jervis's losing her place. I hope, for both their sakes, that matters may be still made up between them.

Well, said he, let Longman make up your accounts, as soon as you will ; and Mrs. Jewkes, my Lincolnshire house-keeper, shall come hither in your place, and won't be less obliging, I dare say, than *you* have been.— I never, sir, said she, disoblig'd you till now ; and, permit me to say, that the regard I have for your honour——

No more, no more, said he, of such antiquated topics. I have been no bad friend to you ; and I shall always esteem you, tho' you have not been so faithful to my secrets as I could have wish'd, and have laid me open to this girl, which has made her more apprehensive of me than she had occasion to be.

Well, sir, said she, after what passed yesterday, and last night——

Still, Mrs. Jervis, still reflecting upon me, and all for imaginary faults ! for what harm have I done the girl ? I won't bear your impertinence. But yet, in respect to my mother, I am willing to part with you upon good terms : tho' you ought both of you to reflect on your last night's freedom of conversation, in relation to me ; which I should have resented more than I do, but that I am conscious I acted beneath myself in stepping into your closet ; where I might have expected to hear a multitude of impertinences between you.

You have no objection, I hope, sir, said she, to Pamela's going away on Thursday next, as she intended.—You are mighty solicitous, returned he, about Pamela : but, no, not I ; let her go as soon as she will : she is a foolish girl, and has brought all this upon herself ; and upon me more trouble than she can have had from me : I will never more concern myself about her. I have a proposal made me, since I have been out this morning, that I shall perhaps embrace ; and so wish only, that a discreet use may be made of what is past ; and there's an end of every thing with me, as to Pamela, I assure you.

YOUR EVER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVII.

I AM glad, my dear father, that I desir'd you not to meet me. John says you won't, on his telling you, that he is sure I shall get a conveyance by Farmer Nichols's means : but as for the chariot he talk'd to you of, I can't expect that favour : and besides, I should not care for it, because it would look so much above me. But Farmer Brady, they say, has a chaise with one horse, as well as Farmer Nichols, and one or other we can either borrow or hire, tho' money runs a little low, after what I have laid out ; but I don't care to say so here, though I warrant I might have what I would of Mrs. Jervis or Mr. Jonathan, or Mr. Longman ; but then how shall I pay it, you'll say ? And besides, I don't love to be too much oblig'd.

But the chief reason I'm glad you don't set out to meet me, is the uncertainty ; for it seems I must stay another week still, and hope certainly to go Thursday after. For poor Mrs. Jervis will go at the same time, she says, and can't be ready before.

Oh ! that I was once well with you ! Tho' he is very civil too at present, and not so cross as he was ; and yet he is as teasing another way, as you shall hear. For yesterday he had a rich suit of clothes brought home, which they call a birth-day suit ; for he intends to go to Court next birth-day ; and our folks will have it, he is to be made a lord. I wish they would make him an honest man, as he was always thought to be ; but, alas for me ! I have not found him such.

And so, as I was saying, he had these clothes brought home, and he try'd them on. And before he pull'd them off, he sent for me, when nobody else was in the parlour with him—Pamela, said he, you are so neat and so nice in your own dress, that you must be a judge of ours. How are these clothes made ? Do they fit me ? What a poor vanity was this ! But I suppose he could not think of a better pretence to send for me in to him. I am no judge, sir, said I ; and court'sying, would have withdrawn. But he bid me stay.

His waistcoat stood on end with lace, and he looked very grand. But what he offered so lately has madc me very serious, and his familiar talk to me very apprehensive.

He asked me, why I did not wear my usual clothes ? (for, you must know, I still continue in my new dress)—Tho' I think, says he, that every thing looks well upon you.—I have no clothes, sir, said I, that I ought to call my own, but these ; and it is no matter what such an one as I wear.—You look very serious, Pamela, said he ; I see you can bear malice.—Yes, so I can, sir, replied I, according to the occasion !—Your eyes always look red, I think. Are you not a fool, to take an innocent freedom so much to heart ? I am sure, you, and that other fool, Mrs. Jervis, frightened me by your hideous squalling, as much as I could terrify you.

“Give me leave to say, sir, that if your honour could be so much afraid of your own servants knowing of your attempts upon a poor creature, that is under your protection while she is in this house, surely you ought to be more afraid of God Almighty, in whose presence we all stand, and to whom the greatest, as well as the least, must be accountable, let them think what they please.”

He took my hand, in a kind of good-humoured mockery, and said—Well urg'd, my pretty preacher ! When my Lincolnshire chaplain dies, I'll put thee on a gown and cassock, and thou'lt make a good figure in his place !

I wish, said I—and there I stopt. He would hear what I was going to say. If you will, sir, it was this—I wish your honour's conscience would be your preacher, and then you would need no other chaplain.

Well, well, Pamela, said he, no more of this unfashionable jargon. I did not send for you so much for your opinion of my new suit, as to tell you, you are welcome to stay (since Mrs. Jervis desires it) till she goes.

Welcome to stay, sir, repeated I. I hope you will forgive me saying, that I shall rejoice when I am out of this house !

Well, said he, you are an ungrateful girl ; but I am thinking it would be pity, with these soft hands, and that lovely skin (still holding my hand, and fooling with it) that you should return again to hard work, as you

must, if you go to your father's; I would, therefore, advise Mrs. Jervis to take a house in London, and let lodgings to us members of parliament, when we come to town; and such a pretty daughter, as you may pass for, will always fill her house, and she'll get a great deal of money.

This was a barbarous joke, you will own, my dear parents. An insult from his pride and plenty upon our meanness and want; and so was the more cruel.

Being ready to cry before, the tears gushed out; and I would fain have withdrawn my hand from his, but could not; and then I said—Your treatment of me, sir, has been just of a piece with these words. But do you do well to put yourself upon a foot, as I may say, with such a poor maiden as me? And let me ask you, sir, whether this becomes your fine clothes, and a master's station?

Charmingly put, said he. But why so serious, my pretty Pamela? Why so grave? And would kiss me. But my heart was full; and I said—Let me alone! I will tell you, if you were a king, and insulted me as you have done, that you have forgotten to act like a gentleman: and I won't stay to be used thus! I will go to the next farmer's, and there wait for Mrs. Jervis, if she must go: and I'd have you know, sir, that I can stoop to the meanest work, even that of your scullions, rather than bear such ungentlemanly imputations.

I sent for you in, said he, in high good humour; but 'tis impossible to hold it with such an impertinent. However, I'll keep my temper. But while I see you here, pray don't put on those dismal grave looks! Why, girl, you should forbear 'em, if it were but for your pride-sake; for the family will think you are grieving to leave the house.—Was not this poor for such a gentleman?—Then, sir, said I, I will try to convince them, as well as your honour, of the contrary; for I will endeavour to be more chearful while I stay, for that very reason.

I will set this down by itself, replied he, as the first time that ever what I advised had any weight with you.—And I will add, returned I, as the first advice you have given me of late, that was fit to be followed!

He laugh'd, and I snatch'd my hand from him, and hurried away as fast as I could. Ah! thought I, marry'd! I'm sure 'tis time you were marry'd, or at this rate no honest maiden ought to live with you.

How would my poor lady, had she liv'd, have griev'd to see him sunk so low! But perhaps, in that case, he would have been better. Tho' he told Mrs. Jervis he had an eye upon me, in his mother's life time; and that he intended to let me know as much by-the-bye! Here's shamelessness! Sure the world must be near at an end; for all the gentlemen about are almost as bad as he!—And see the fruits of such examples! There is 'Squire Martin in the Grove has had three lyings-in his house, in three months past; one by himself, and one by his coachman, and one by his woodman; and yet he has turn'd neither of them away. Indeed, how can he, when they but follow his own vile example?

But what sort of creatures must the women be, do you think, to give way to such wickedness? This, I suppose, makes me such a sauce-box, and bold-face, and a creature; and all because I won't be indeed what he calls me.

But it is time to put an end to this letter, which I do, by subscribing myself, what I shall ever be,

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXVIII.

JOHN, my dear father and mother, says that you wept when you read the last letter, that I sent by him.

Mrs. Jervis has made up her accounts with Mr. Longman, but nevertheless will stay in her place. I am glad of it, for her own sake, and for my master's, for she has a good master of him ; so indeed all have but poor me ! and he has a good house-keeper in her.

Mr. Longman, it seems, took upon him to talk to my master, how faithful and careful of his interests she was, and how exact in her accounts ; and he told him, there was no comparison between her accounts and Mrs. Jewkes's, at the Linconshire estate.

He said so many fine things, it seems, of Mrs. Jervis, that my master sent for her in Mr. Longman's presence, and said, Pamela might come along with her : I suppose to mortify me, that I must go, while she was to stay : but as, when I go away, I was not to go *with her*, nor *she with me*, I did not matter it much : only it would have been creditable to such a poor girl, had the house-keeper been to bear me company, when I went.

Well, Mrs. Jervis, said my master to her, Mr. Longman says you have made up your accounts with him, with your usual fidelity and exactness. I had a good mind to make you an offer of continuing with me, if you can be a little sorry for your hasty words, which were far from being so respectful as I have deserv'd from you.

She seem'd at a loss what to say, because Mr. Longman was there ; and she could not speak of the occasion of those words, which was *me*.

Indeed, Mrs. Jervis, said Mr. Longman, I must needs say before your face, that since I have known my master's family, I have never found such good management in it, nor so much love and harmony neither. I wish the Lincolshire estate were as well serv'd !—No more of that, said my master ; but Mrs. Jervis may stay if she will ; and here, Mrs. Jervis, pray accept of these guineas, which, at the close of every year's accounts, I will present you with, besides your salary, as long as I find your care so useful and agreeable. And he gave her five guineas.

She made a low court'sy, and thanking him, look'd towards me, as if she would have spoken for me.

He took her meaning, I believe ; for he said, Indeed I love to encourage merit and obligingness, Mr. Longman ; but I can never be equally kind to those who don't deserve it at my hands, as to those who do ; and then he look'd full at me. Mr. Longman, continued he, I said that girl might come in with Mrs. Jervis, because they love to be always together : for Mrs. Jervis is very good to her, and loves her as well as if she were her daughter. But else——

Mr. Longman, interrupting him, said, *Good* to Mrs. Pamela ! Ay, sir, and so she is, to be sure ! But every body must be good to her ; for——

He was going on. But my master said, No more, no more, Mr. Longman ! I see old men are taken with pretty young girls, as well as other folks ; and fair looks hide many a fault, where a person has the art to behave obligingly.—Why, and please your honour, said Mr. Longman, every body——and was going on, I believe, to say something more in my praise ; but he interrupted him, and said, Not a word more of this Pamela. I can't let her stay, I assure you ; not only because of her pertness, but because of her writing out of my family all the secrets in it.

Ay ! said the good old man ; I'm sorry for that too ! But, sir !—— No more, I say, said my master ; for my reputation is so well establish'd,

(mighty fine, thought I!) that I care not what any body writes or says of *me*: but to tell you the truth, (not that it need go further) I think of changing my condition soon; and, you know, young ladies of birth and fortune will chuse their own servants, and that's my chief reason why Pamela can't stay.

Poor Mr. Longman falter'd in his speech, and was ready to cry. Said my insulting master to me, Why pr'ythee, Pamela, now show thyself as thou art, before Mr. Longman. Can'st thou not give *him* a specimen of that pertness which thou hast exercis'd where it least becomes thee?

Was he wise for this, my dear father and mother? Did he not deserve all the truth to be told? Indeed I did say, Your honour may play upon a poor girl, that you know *can* answer, but *dare* not.

Insinuating girl, replied he, say the worst you *can* before Mr. Longman, and before Mrs. Jervis. And as you are going away, and have the love of every body, I would be a little justified to my family, that you have no reason to complain of hardships from me, as I have of pert saucy answers from you, besides exposing me in your letters.

Surely, sir, said I, I am of no consequence equal to this, in your honour's family, that such a great gentleman as you should need to justify yourself about me. I am glad Mrs. Jervis stays with your honour, and I know I have *not* *deserv'd* to stay; and more than that, I don't *desire* to stay.

Ads-bobbers! said Mr. Longman, and ran to me; don't say so, don't say so, dear Mrs. Pamela! We all love you dearly; and pray down on your knees, and ask his honour's pardon, and we will all become pleaders in a body; and I and Mrs. Jervis at the head of it, to beg his honour's pardon, and to continue you, at least till his honour marries.

No, Mr. Longman, said I, I cannot ask to stay; nor would I stay, if I might. All I desire, is, to return to my poor father and mother; and tho' I love you all, I *won't* stay.

O well-a-day, well-a-day! said the good old man, I did not expect this! When I had got matters thus far, and had made all up for Mrs. Jervis, I was in hopes to have got a double holiday of joy for all the family, in procuring *your* pardon too.

Well, said my master, this is a little specimen of what I told you, Mr. Longman. You see there's a spirit you did not expect.

Mrs. Jervis went out. She told me after, that she could stay no longer, to hear me so hardly us'd; and must have spoken, had she stay'd, what would have never been forgiven her.

I look'd after her, to go too; but my master said, Come, Pamela, give another specimen, I desire you, to Mr. Longman: I am sure you must, if you will but *speak*.

Was it not cruel, my dear father, to make such sport of a poor girl? Well, sir, said I, since it seems your greatness wants to be justified by my lowness, and I have no desire you should suffer in the sight of your family, I will say, on my bended knees, (and I kneel'd down) that I have been a very faulty, and a very ungrateful creature to the *best* of masters: I have been very perverse and saucy; and have *deserv'd* nothing at your hands, but to be turn'd out of your family with shame and disgrace. I therefore have nothing to say for myself, but that I am not *worthy* to stay, and so cannot *wish* to stay, and *will* not stay: and so God Almighty bless you, and you, Mr. Longman, and good Mrs. Jervis, and every living soul of the family! and I will pray for you as long as I live. And so I rose up, and was forc'd to lean upon my master's elbowchair, or I should have sunk down

The good old man wept more than I, and said, Ads-bobbers, was ever the like heard ! 'Tis too much, too much ! I can't bear it. As I hope to live, I am quite melted. Dear sir, forgive her : the poor thing prays for you ; she prays for us all ! She owns her fault, yet *won't* be forgiven ! I profess I know not what to make of it.

My master himself, harden'd wretch as he was, seem'd a little mov'd, and took his handkerchief out of his pocket, and walk'd to the window : what sort of a day is it ? said he.—And then getting a little more hard-heartedness, he added, Well, you may be gone from my presence ! Thou art a strange medley of inconsistency ! but you shan't stay after your time in the house.

Nay, pray, sir, pray, sir, said the good old man, relent a little. Ads-heartlikins ! you young gentlemen are made of iron and steel, I think : I'm sure, said he, my heart's melted, and is running away at my eyes. I never felt the like before.—Said my cruel master, with an imperious tone—Get out of my presence, girl ! I can't bear you in my sight.

Indeed I wanted to be out of his sight, as much as he did to have me gone : but I trembled so, that I was forc'd to go holding by the wainscot all the way with both my hands, and thought I should hardly have got to the door : but when I did, as I hop'd this would be my last interview with this terrible hard-hearted master, I recovered presence of mind enough to turn about, and with a low courts'y, and my hands clasp'd, to say, God bless you, sir ! God bless *you*, Mr. Longman ! And I went into the lobby leading to the great hall, and dropp'd into the first chair ; being unable to get further.

I leave all these things to your reflection, my dear parents ; but I can write no more. My heart is almost broken ! indeed it is !—O when shall I get away ?—Send me, good God, in safety, once more to my poor father's peaceful cot !—and there the worst that can happen will be joy in perfection to what is now borne by

YOUR DISTRESSED DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXIX.

I MUST write on, tho' I shall come so soon ; for now I have hardly any thing else to do. I have finish'd all that lay upon me, and only wait the good time of setting out.

I am sorry I shall have but little to bring with me ; but I know *you* will not. And I will work the harder, when I come home, if I can get a little plain-work, or any thing to do. But all your neighbourhood is so poor, that I fear I shall want work ; except, perhaps, Dame Mumford can help me to something, from any of the good families she is acquainted with.

Here, what a sad thing it is ! I have been brought up wrong, as mat-ters stand. For you know that my good lady, now in heaven, lov'd singing and dancing ; and, as she would have it I had a voice, she made me learn both ; and often and often has she made me sing her an innocent song, and a good psalm too, and dance before her : And I must learn to flower and draw too, and to work fine work with my needle ; why, all this too I have got pretty tolerably at my fingers' end, as they say ; and she us'd to praise me, and was a good judge of such matters.

Well now, what is all this to the purpose, as things have turn'd about ?

Why, no more nor less, than that I am like the grasshopper in the fable, which I have read of in my lady's books, as follows :

“ As the ants were airing their provisions one winter, a hungry grasshopper, (*as suppose it was poor me*) begg'd a charity of them. They told him, that he should have wrought in summer, if he would not have wanted in winter. Well, says the grasshopper, but I was not idle neither ; for I sung out the whole season. Nay, then, said they, you'll e'en do well to make a merry year of it, and dance in winter to the tune you sung in summer.”

All the matter is, if I could get plain-work enough, I need not spoil my fingers. But if I can't, I will make my hands as red as a blood-pudding, and as hard as a beechen trencher, but I will accommodate them to my condition.—I must break off ; here's somebody coming.

'Tis only our Hannah with a message from Mrs. Jervis.—But here is some body else.—Well, it is only Rachel.

I am as much frighted as were the city mouse and the country mouse, in the same book of Fables, at every thing that stirs. Oh ! I have a power of these things to entertain you with in winter evenings, when I come home. If I can but get work, with a little time for reading, I hope we shall be very happy, over our peat fires.

What made me hint to you, that I should bring but little with me, is this :

You must know, I did intend to do, as I have done this afternoon : and that is, I took all my clothes, and all my linen, and I divided them into three parcels, as I had before told Mrs. Jervis I intended to do ; and I said, It is now Monday, Mrs. Jervis, and I am to go away on Thursday morning betimes ; so tho' I know you don't doubt my honesty, I beg you will look over my poor matters, and let every one have what belongs to them ; for, said I, you know I am resolv'd to take with me only what I can properly call my own.

Let your things, said she, be brought down into the green-room, and I will do any thing you would have me do.

I did not know her drift then ; to be sure she meant well ; but I did not thank her for it, when I did know it.

I fetch'd them down, and laid them in three parcels, as before ; and when I had done, I went to call her to look at them.

Now in this green-room is a closet, with a sash-door and a curtain before it ; for there she puts her sweet-meats and such things ; and into this closet my master had got unknown to me ; I suppose while I went to call Mrs. Jervis : and she has since own'd, it was at his desire, when she told him something of what I intended, or else she would not have done it : tho' I have reason, I'm sure, to remember the last closet-work.

So I said, when she came up, Here, Mrs. Jervis, is the first parcel. I will spread it all before you. These are the things my good lady gave me.—In the first place, said I—and so I went on describing the clothes and linen, mingling blessings, as I proceeded, on my lady's memory for her goodness to me : and when I had turn'd over that parcel, I said—Well, so much for the first parcel, Mrs. Jervis, containing my lady's gifts.

Now I come to the presents of my dear virtuous master : Aye, you know, *closet* for that, Mrs. Jervis !

She laugh'd, and said, I never saw such a comical girl in my life ! But go on. I will, Mrs. Jervis, said I, as soon as I have open'd the bundle ; for I was as brisk and as pert as could be, little thinking who heard me.

Now here, Mrs. Jervis, said I, are my ever-worthy master's presents ; and then I particulariz'd all those in the second bundle.

After which, I turn'd to my own, and said :

Now comes poor Pamela's bundle, and a little one it is, to the others. First, here is a callico night-gown, that I us'd to wear o' mornings. It will be rather too good for me when I get home ; but I must have something. Then there is a quilted calimanco coat, and my straw hat with green strings ; and a piece of Scots cloth, which will make two shirts and two shifts, the same I have on, for my poor father and mother. And here are four other shifts ; and here are two pair of shoes ; I have taken the lace off, which I will burn, and this, with an old silver buckle or two, will fetch me some little matter at a pinch.

What do you laugh for, Mrs. Jervis ? said I. Why you are like an April day ; you cry and laugh in a breath.

Here are two cotton handkerchiefs and two pair of stockings, which I bought of the pedlar ; (I write the very words I said) and here too are my new-bought knit mittens : and this is my new flannel coat, the fellow to that I have on. And in this parcel pinn'd together are several pieces of printed callico, remnants of silks, and such-like, that, if good luck should happen, and I should get work, would serve for robings and facings, and such-like uses. And here too are a pair of pockets, and two pair of gloves. Bless me ! said I, I did not think I had so many good things !

Well, Mrs. Jervis, said I, you have seen all my store, and I will now sit down, and tell you a piece of my mind.

Be brief, then, said she, my good girl ; for she was afraid, she said afterwards, that I should say too much.

Why then the case is this : I am to enter upon a point of equity and conscience, Mrs. Jervis, and I must beg, if you love me, you will let me have my own way. Those things there of my lady's I can have no claim to, so as to take them away ; for she gave them me, supposing I was to wear them in her service, and to do credit to her bountiful heart. But since I am to be turn'd away, you know, I cannot wear them at my poor father's ; for I should bring all the little village upon my back : and so I resolve not to have *them*.

Then, Mrs. Jervis, I have far less right to these of my worthy master's : for you see what was his intention in giving them to me. So they were to be the price of my shame, and if I *could* make use of them, I should think I should never prosper with them. So in conscience, in honour, in every thing, I have nothing to say to thee, thou *second*, *wicked* bundle !

But, said I, come to my arms, my dear *third* parcel, the companion of my poverty, and the witness of my honesty ; and may I never have, as I shall never deserve, the least rag that is contain'd in thee, when I forfeit a title to that innocence which I hope will ever be the pride of my life ! and then I am sure it will be my highest comfort at my death, when all the riches and pomp in the world will be more contemptible than the vilest rags that can be worn by beggars ! And so I hugg'd my *third* bundle.

But, said I, Mrs. Jervis, (and she wept to hear me) one thing more I have to trouble you with, and that's all.

There are four guineas, you know, that came out of my good lady's pocket, when she dy'd, that, with some silver, my master order'd me : now these same four guineas I sent to my poor father and mother, and they have broken them ; but would make them up, if I would : and if you think it should be so, it shall. But pray tell me honestly your mind : as to the three years before my lady's death, do you think, as I had no

wages, I may be suppos'd to be quits?—By quits, I cannot mean that my poor services should be equal to my lady's goodness ; for that is impossible. But as all her learning, and education of me, as matters have turn'd, will be of little service to me now ; for to be sure it had been better for me to have been brought up to hard labour, since that I must turn to at last, if I can't get a place : so I say, by quits I only mean, as I return all the good things she gave me, whether I may not set my little services against my keeping ; and I am sure my dear good lady would have thought so, had she liv'd : but that is now out of the question. Well then, I would ask, whether, in above this year that I have liv'd with my master, as I am resolv'd to leave all his gifts behind me, I may not have earn'd, besides my keeping, these four guineas, and these poor clothes here upon my back, and in my third bundle ? Now tell me your mind, freely, without favour or affection.

Alas ! my dear maiden, said she, you make me unable to speak to you at all : to be sure it will be the highest affront that can be offer'd, for you to leave any of these things behind you. And it is impossible but my master must know that you do.

Well, well, Mrs. Jervis, said I, I don't care ; I shall mean no affront : but I have been too much used to be snubb'd and hardly treated by my master, of late. I have done him no harm ; and I shall always pray for him, and wish him happy. But I don't deserve these things, I know I don't. Then I cannot wear them if I should take them : so they can be of no use to me : And I trust I shall not want the poor pittance, that is all I desire to keep life and soul together. Bread and water I can live upon, Mrs. Jervis, with content. Water I shall get any where ; there is nourishment in water, Mrs. Jervis : and if I can't get me bread, I will live like a bird in winter upon hips and haws, and at other times upon pig-nuts, and potatoes, or turneps, or any thing. So what occasion have I for these things ? But all I ask is about these four guineas, and if you think I need return them ?

To be sure, my dear, you need not, said she ; you well earned them by that waistcoat only.

No, I think not *so*, in *that* only ; but in the linen, and other things that have pass'd under my hands, do you think I have ?

Yes, yes, said she, and more.

And my keeping allowed for, I mean, said I, and these poor clothes that I have on, besides ? Remember *that*, Mrs. Jervis.

Yes, my dear odd one, no doubt but you have !

Well then, said I, I am as happy as a princess ! I am quite as rich as I wish to be ! And, once more, my dear third bundle, I will hug thee to my bosom.

Now, Mrs. Jervis, proceeded I, as to one matter more : and that is, my master's last usage of me, before Mr. Longman.

Pr'ythee, dear Pamela, said she, step to my parlour, and fetch me a paper I left on my table. I have something to shew you in it.

I will, said I, and stepp'd down ; but that, it seems, was only a fetch to take the orders of my master. She afterwards told me, that he said he thought two or three times to have burst out upon me ; but he supposed he should hardly have had patience with the prattler, as he call'd me ; and bid her not let me know he was there. And so went away. But I tripp'd up again so nimbly (for there was no paper) that I just saw his back, as if coming out of that green-room, and going into the next that was open. I

whipp'd in, and shut the door, and bolted it. O Mrs. Jervis, said I, what have you done by me? I see I can't confide in any body. I am beset on all hands! Wretched Pamela! where shalt thou expect a friend, if Mrs. Jarvis joins to betray me? She was surprised, but made so many protestations of her good intentions, that I forgave her. She told me all, and that he owned I had made him wipe his eyes two or three times. She hoped good effects from this incident; and reminded me, that I had said nothing but what would rather move compassion than resentment. But O that I was safe from this house! for never poor creature sure was so terrified as I have been for months together!—I am call'd down from this most tedious scribble. I wonder what will next befall

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Mrs. Jervis says, she is sure I shall have the chariot to carry me home to you. Tho' this will look too great for me, yet it will shew as if I was not turn'd away quite in disgrace. The travelling chariot is come from Lincolnshire, and I fancy I shall go in that; for the other is quite grand.

LETTER XXX.

I WRITE again, tho' I shall probably bring to you what I write in my pocket; for I shall have no writing, nor, I hope, writing time, when I come to you. This is Wednesday morning, and I am to set out to you tomorrow morning: but I have had more trials, and more vexation; but of another nature, tho' all from the same quarter.

Yesterday my master, after he came from hunting, sent for me. I went with great terror; for I expected he would be in a fine passion with me for my freedom of speech in the green room; so I was resolved to begin first, with submission, to disarm his anger; and I fell upon my knees as soon as I saw him; and said—Good sir, let me beseech you, as you hope to be forgiven yourself, and for the sake of my dear good lady your mother, who recommended me to you in her last words, to forgive me all my faults: and only grant me this favour, the last I shall ask you, that you will let me depart your house with peace and quietness of mind, that I may take such a leave of my fellow-servants as befits me; and that my heart be not quite broken.

He rais'd me up, with a kinder aspect than ever I had known; and said—Shut the door, Pamela, and come to me in my closet: I want to have a little serious talk with you.

How can I, sir, said I, how can I? and wrung my hands. O, pray, sir, let me go out of your presence, I beseech you.

By the G—d that made me, said he, I'll do you no harm. Shut the parlour-door, and come to me in my library.

He then went into his closet, which is his library, and full of rich pictures besides; a noble apartment, tho' called a closet, and next the private garden, into which it has a door that opens. I shut the parlour door as he bid me; but stood at it irresolute.—Place some confidence in me, said he: surely you may, when I have spoken thus solemnly.—So I crept towards him with trembling feet, and my heart throbbing thro' my handkerchief.

Come in, said he, when I bid you. I did so.—Pray, sir, said I, pity and spare me.—I will, said he, as I hope to be sav'd. He sat down upon a rich settee, and took hold of my hand, and said—Don't doubt me, Pamela. From this moment I will no more consider you as my servant;

and I desire you'll not use me with ingratitude for the kindness I am going to express towards you.

This both alarm'd and embolden'd me ; and he said, holding both my hands between his—You have too much good sense not to discover, that I, in spite of my heart, and all the pride of it, cannot but love you. Yes, look up to me, my sweet-fac'd girl ! I *must* say I love you ; and have put on a behaviour to you, that was much against my heart, with intent to make you say or do something that should provoke me.

I was unable to speak ; and he, seeing me too much confounded to go on in that strain, said—Well, Pamela, let me know in what situation of life your father is : I know he is a poor man ; but is he as low and as honest as he was when my mother took you ?

Then I could speak a little ; and with a down look (and I felt my face glow like fire) I said—Yes, sir, as *poor* and as *honest* too, and that is my pride.—I will do something for him, said he, if it be not your fault, and make all your family happy.—Ah ! sir, said I, he is happier already than ever he can be, if his daughter's virtue is to be the price of your favour. And I beg you will not speak to me on the *only* side that can wound me.—I have no design of that sort, said he.—O sir, said I, tell me not so, tell me not so !—'Tis easy, said he, to be the making of your father, without injuring *you*.—If this, sir, can be done, let me know how ; and all I can do with innocence shall be the study of my life to do.—But oh ! what can such a poor creature as I do, and do my duty ?—I would have you, said he, stay a week or a fortnight longer, and behave yourself obligingly to me ; and all shall turn out beyond your expectation. I see, said he, you are going to answer otherwise than I would have you ; and I begin to be vex'd that I should thus meanly ask you to stay : but yet I will tell you, that your behaviour before Longman, when I treated you a little harshly, and you could so well have vindicated yourself, has quite charm'd me. And tho' I am not pleased with all you said yesterday while I was in the closet, yet you have mov'd me more to admire you than before ; and I am awaken'd to see more worthiness in you, than ever I saw in any woman in the world. All the servants, from the highest to the lowest, doat upon you, instead of envying you ; and look upon you in so superior a light, as speaks what you ought to be. I have seen more of your letters than you imagine (this surpris'd me), and am quite charm'd with your manner of writing, and with many of your sentiments so much above your years ; and for all these reasons I love you to extravagance. Now, Pamela, when I have stoop'd to acknowledge all this, you must oblige me by staying another week or fortnight, which will give me time to bring about some certain affairs ; and you shall see how much you may find your account in your compliance.

I trembled to feel my poor heart giving way. O good sir, said I, spare a poor maiden that cannot look up to you, and speak. My heart is full ; and why should you wish to ruin me ?—Only oblige me, said he, in staying a fortnight longer, and John shall carry word to your father, that I will see him in the meantime, either here, or at the Swan in his village.—O sir, said I, my heart will burst ; but on my bended knees I beg you to let me go to-morrow, as I designed ; and don't offer to tempt a poor creature, whose whole will would be to do yours, if innocence would permit.—It shall permit, said he ; for I intend no injury to you, God is witness !—Impossible ! said I ; I cannot, sir, believe you, after what has passed : how many ways are there to ruin poor creatures ! Good God, protect me

this *one* time, and send me but to my dear father's cot in safety.—Strange, damn'd fate, says he, that when I speak so solemnly, I can't be believ'd !—What *should* I believe, sir? return'd I; what *can* I believe? What have you said, but that I am to stay a fortnight longer? and what then is to become of me?—My pride of birth and fortune (damn them both! said he, since they cannot obtain credit with you, but must add to your suspicions) will not let me descend, all at once; and I ask you but a fortnight's stay, that, after this declaration, I may pacify those proud demands upon me.

O how my heart throbb'd! and I began (for I did not know what I did) to say the Lord's prayer. None of your beads to me, Pamela, said he; thou art a perfect nun, I think.

He pressed me in his arms, and said—Well, my dear girl, then you stay this fortnight, and you shall see what I will do for you. I'll leave you a moment, and walk into the next room, to give you time to think of it.

This, I thought, did not look amiss.

He went out, and I was tortured with twenty different doubts in a minute: sometimes I thought, that to stay a week or fortnight longer in this house to obey him, while Mrs. Jervis was with me, could not be attended with bad consequences. But then, thought I, how do I know what I may be *able* to do? I have withstood his *anger*; but may I not relent at his *kindness*? How shall I stand *that*! Well, I hope, thought I, by the same protecting grace, in which I will always confide! But then what has he promised? Why he will make my poor father and mother's life comfortable. O! said I to myself, that is a rich thought; but let me not dwell upon it, for fear I should indulge it to my ruin. What can he do for *me*, poor girl as I am! What can his greatness stoop to! He talks, thought I, of his pride of heart, and pride of condition! O these are in his *head*, and in his *heart* too, or he would not confess them to me at *such* an instant. Well then, thought I, this can be only to seduce me! And when I reflected, that after this open declaration of what he called his love, he would probably talk with me on that subject *more plainly* than ever, and that I should be possibly *less* armed to withstand him; and further, that if he meant nothing but honour, he would have spoken before Mrs. Jervis; and when the odious frightful first closet came again into my head, and my narrow escape upon it; and farther reflected, how easy it might be for him to send Mrs. Jervis and the maids out of the way; and so that all the mischief he designed might be brought about in less than that time; when I reflected on all these things, I resolved to go away, and trust all to Providence, and nothing to myself. And you shall hear how thankful I ought to be for being enabled to take this resolution.

But just as I have written to this place, John sends me word that he is going this minute your way; and so I will send you thus far, and hope, by to-morrow night, to ask your blessings, at your own happy abode, and tell you the rest by word of mouth; and so I remain till then, and for ever,

YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXXI.

I TOLD you my resolution, my happy resolution, as I have reason to think it: and just as I had taken it he came in again, with great kindness in his

looks; and said—I make no doubt, Pamela, you will stay this fortnight to oblige me. I knew not how to frame my words so as to deny, and yet not make him storm: but thus I answered—Forgive, sir, your poor distressed maiden: I know I cannot possibly deserve any favour at your hands, that can consist with innocence; and I beg you will let me go to my father.—Thou art the greatest fool, said he, I ever knew. I tell you I will see your father; I'll send for him hither to-morrow, in my travelling chariot, if you will; and I'll let him know what I intend to do for *him* and for *you*.

What, sir, may I ask you, can that be? Your honour's noble estate will easily enable you to make *him* happy, and not unuseful, perhaps, to *you* in some respect or other. But what price am I to pay for all this?—You shall be happy as you can wish, said he, I do assure you; and here I will now give you this purse, in which are fifty guineas, which I will allow your father yearly, and find an employment for him suitable to his liking, that shall make him deserve *that* and *more*. I would give you still more for him; but that, perhaps, you would suspect I have a design upon you.

O, sir, take back your guineas; I will not touch one, nor will my father, I am sure, till he knows what is to be done *for* them; and particularly what is to become of *me*.

Why, then, Pamela, said he, suppose I find a man of probity, and gentee calling, for a husband for you, that shall make you a gentlewoman as long as you live?

I want no husband, sir, said I; for now I began to see him in all his black colours: yet being so much in his power, I thought I would a little dissemble.

But, said he, you are so pretty, that, go where you will, you can never be free from the designs of some or other of our sex; and I shall think I don't answer the care of my dying mother for you, who committed you to me, if I don't provide you a husband to protect your virtue and your innocence: and a worthy one I have thought of for you.

O, black, perfidious creature! thought I, what an implement art thou in the hands of Lucifer, to ruin the innocent heart! Yet still I dissembled; for I fear'd much both him and the place I was in. But whom, pray, sir, have you thought of?—Why, said he, young Williams, my chaplain, in Lincolnshire, who will make you happy.

Does he know, sir, said I, any thing of your honour's intentions?—No, my girl, answer'd he, and kissed me (much against my will; for his very breath was now poison to me); but his dependence upon my favour, and your beauty and merit, will make him rejoice at my kindness to him.—Well, sir, said I, then it is time enough to consider of this matter; and it cannot hinder me from going to my father's: for what will staying here a fortnight longer signify to this? Your honour's care and goodness may extend to me *there*, as well as *here*; and Mr. Williams, and all the world, shall know that I am not ashamed of my father's poverty.

He would kiss me again; and I said—If I am to think of Mr. Williams, or of any body, I beg, sir, that *you* will not be so free with me.—Well, said he, but you stay this next fortnight, and in that time I will have both Williams and your father here; and when they two have agreed upon the matter, you and Williams shall settle it as you will. Mean time, take and send only these fifty pieces to your father, as an earnest of my favour; and I'll make you all happy.—Sir, said I, I beg at least two hours to consider

of this.—I shall, said he, be gone out in one hour; and I would have you write to your father what I propose, and John shall carry your letter, and take the purse with him for the good old man.—Sir, said I, I will let you know, in one hour, my resolution.—Do so, replied he, and gave me another kiss, and let me go.

How I rejoiced that I had got out of his clutches! So I write you this, that you may see how matters stand; for I am resolved to come away, if possible.

So here was a trap laid for your poor Pamela. I tremble to think of it! What a scene of wickedness was here contrived for all my wretched life! Black-hearted wretch, how I hate him! For at first, as you will see by what I have written, he would have made me believe other things; and this of Mr. Williams, I suppose, came into his head after he walk'd out from his closet, to give himself time to think how to delude me better: but the covering was now too thin, and easy to be seen through.

I went to my chamber, and the first thing I did was to write to him; for I thought it was best not to see him again, if I could help it; and I put it under his parlour-door, after I had copy'd it, as follows:

“HONOUR'D SIR,—YOUR last proposal convinces me, that I ought to go to my father, if it were but to ask his advice about Mr. Williams. I am so set upon it, that I am not to be persuaded. So, honour'd sir, with a thousand thanks for all favours, I will set out to-morrow early; and the honour you designed me, as Mrs. Jervis tells me, of your chariot, there will be no occasion for; because I can hire, I believe, Farmer Brady's chaise. So, begging you will not take it amiss, I shall ever be

“YOUR DUTIFUL SERVANT.

“As to the purse, sir, my poor father, to be sure, won't forgive me, if I take it, till he can know how to deserve it: which is impossible.”

So he has just now sent Mrs. Jervis, to tell me, That since I am resolved to go, go I may, and that the travelling chariot shall be ready; but that he will never trouble himself about me as long as he lives. Well, so I get out of the house, I care not; only I should have been glad I could with innocence have made you, my dear parents, happy.

I cannot imagine the reason of it, but John, who I thought, was gone with my last, is but now going; and he sends to know if I have anything else to carry. So I break off to send you this with the former.

One word more: I slip in a paper of verses, on my going; sad, poor stuff! but as they come from me, you'll not dislike them, perhaps. I shew'd them to Mrs. Jervis, and she took a copy of them; and made me sing them to her; and in the green-room, too; but I look'd into the closet first. I will only add, That I am
YOUR DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

HERE it is necessary the reader should know, that when Mr. B. found Pamela's virtue was not to be subdued, and he had in vain try'd to conquer his passion for her, he had ordered his Lincolnshire coachman to bring his travelling chariot from thence, in order to prosecute his base designs upon the innocent virgin; for he cared not to trust his Bedfordshire coachman, who, with the rest of the servants, so greatly lov'd and honour'd the fair damsel. And having given instructions accordingly, and prohibited his other servants, on pretence of resenting Pamela's behaviour, from accompanying her any part of the way to her father's, that

coachman drove her five miles on her way ; and then turning off, cross'd the country, and carry'd her onward towards Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire estate.

It is also to be observ'd, that the messenger of her letters to her father, who so often pretended business that way, was an implement in his master's hands, and employ'd by him for that purpose ; and always gave her letters first to him, and his master used to open and read them, and then send them on ; by which means, as he hints to her, as she observes in one of her letters, he was no stranger to what she wrote. Thus every way was the poor virgin beset. The intriguing gentleman thought fit to keep back from her father her three last letters ; in which she mentions his concealing himself to hear her partitioning out her clothes, his last effort to induce her to stay a fortnight, his pretended proposal of the chaplain, and her hopes of speedily seeing them, as also her verses ; and to send himself a letter to her father, which is as follows :

HONEST GOODMAN ANDREWS, — YOU will wonder to receive a letter from me, but I have two motives for writing. *The one*, to acquaint you that I have discovered the strange correspondence which has for some time past been carried on between you and your daughter, by means of my servant, John Arnold : whose part in it I shall resent, as becomes me.

Strange correspondence I call it, as the concerns of my family are exposed in it, and as great and indecent liberties are taken with my character.

The other, that it has also come to my knowledge that the girl has a love affair with a young clergyman, for whom I intend to provide ; but who at present has no other dependence than my favour.

As to the *first*, I must tell you that you ought not to have countenanced such culpable freedoms in the girl. Nor would you, I presume (for I am told that you are a prudent man), if you had known, as is the truth, that ever since the death of her kind lady she has given herself up to the reading of novels and romances and such idle stuff, and now takes it into her head, because her glass tells her she is pretty, that every body who looks upon her is in love with her. Hence, silly girl ! her misrepresentations of those innocent familiarities of mine to her, on certain benevolent occasions (for I am a young man, and pride is not one of my failings), about which she so much alarms you ; and which I was the less scrupulous about, as they were really innocent, as the girl was a favourite of my mother ; and as I had no mean opinion, young as she is, of her discretion, as well as of her modesty. But there is a time of life, Goodman Andrews, which may be looked upon as a test of prudence in girls, and in which misconduct blasts many a shining hope.

I say not this, however, to excite your apprehensions. With all her new-shewn faults, I think her a modest and a virtuous girl. If I did not, she would not engage the least of my cares for her, though so earnestly recommended to me by my mother in her last moments.

She has already acquainted you that she is dismissed from my service ; and you expect her soon with you. But you must not be surprised that you see her not quite so soon as both you and she might hope. For I have thought it worthy of my promises made to her late dear lady, to send her for a little while out of the parson's way, to a family of great repute, where she will have extraordinary opportunities of improvement, and be

treated with great kindness. I will tell you my motives for taking this step ; and the rather, as I took it without waiting for your concurrence.

In the first place, you yourself, as you must needs acknowledge, have not acted so *prudently* as might have been expected from a man of your years on the occasion I have mentioned : and she, perhaps, has been as free to others as to you (young girls know no bounds to their vanity !) for she is become a mighty letter-writer.

In the next place, there was so such subtlety used, that (as I was resolved to serve and save them both) time was not allowed for consulting you.

For, you must know, that when challenged on proofs incontestibly clear, she would *not own* her regard for the young parson. Nor that either you or her mother knew any thing of the matter. Nor would the young fellow acknowledge that there was any thing between them. I am very angry with him : a man of his cloth to deny facts so plainly proved, as must shew, that if he had not a view to marriage, he had worse.

Then my mother's love for the girl, and her recommendation of her to me, gave her a sort of title to my care, and the rather, as you, her honest father, cannot do any thing for them, should they marry. I have no doubt but the foolish fellow would have followed her had she gone to you : and you might have had difficulty enough to keep asunder two headstrong young people, who, by coming together before they had means to live, might have been the ruin of each other, were his views ever so honourable.

When the living falls, to which I have thoughts of preferring him, and he is thereby in a way to maintain a wife, let them (if *you* have no objection) come together in God's name. All my generous and condescending cares for them both will then be answered.

I have written a long letter to you, Goodman Andrews : and I have no doubt, if you have a grateful heart, but you will think me entitled to your thanks. But I desire not to be answered but by your good opinion, and by the confidence which you may repose in my honour. Being

YOUR HEARTY FRIEND TO SERVE YOU.

It is easy to guess at the poor old man's concern upon reading this letter from so considerable a man. He knew not what course to take, and had no manner of doubt of his daughter's innocence, and that foul play was designed her. Yet he sometimes hoped the best, and was ready to believe the surmised correspondence between the clergyman and her, having not received the letters she wrote, which would have clear'd up that matter.

But, after all, he resolv'd, as well to quiet his own as her mother's uneasiness, to undertake a journey to Mr. B.'s, and, leaving his poor wife to excuse him to the farmer who employ'd him, he set out that very evening, late as it was ; and travelling all night, found himself soon after daylight at Mr. B.'s gate, before the family was up : and there he sat down to rest himself, till he should see somebody stirring.

The grooms were the first he saw, coming out to water their horses ; and he ask'd in so distressful a manner what was become of Pamela, that they thought him crazy ; and said—Why, what have you to do with Pamela, old fellow ? Get out of the horse's way.—Where is your master ? said the poor man ; pray, gentlemen, don't be angry : my heart is almost broken.—He never gives anything at the door, I assure you, says one of the grooms ; so you'll lose your labour.—I am not a beggar *yet*, said the

poor old man ; I want nothing of him but my Pamela !—O my child ! my child !

I'll be hang'd, said one of them, if this is not Mrs. Pamela's father.—Indeed, indeed, said he, wringing his hands, I am ; and weeping—Where is my child, where is my Pamela ?—We beg your pardon, father, said one of them ; but she is gone home to you : how long have you been come from home ?—O ! but last night, said he : I have travell'd all night : is the 'squire at home, or is he not ?—Yes, but he is not stirring, said the groom, as yet.—Thank God for that ! said he ; thank God for that ! Then I hope I may be permitted to speak to him.—They asked him to go in, and he stepp'd into the stable, and sat down on the stairs there, wiping his eyes, and sighing so bitterly, that it grieved the servants to hear him.

The family was soon raised with the report of Pamela's father coming to enquire after his daughter ; and the maids would fain have had him go into the kitchen. But Mrs. Jervis, having been told of his coming, arose, and hasten'd down to her parlour, and took him in with her, and there heard all his sad story, and read the letter. She wept bitterly ; but yet endeavour'd before him to hide her concern ; and said—Well, Goodman Andrews, I cannot help weeping to see you weep ; let nobody see my master's letter, whatever you do. I dare say your daughter's safe.

But I see, said he, that *you*, madam, know nothing about her : if all was right, so good a gentlewoman as you are would have been let into the secret. To be sure you thought she was with me !

My master, replied she, does not always inform his servants of his proceedings ; but you need not doubt his honour : you have his hand for it. And you may see he can have no design upon her, because he is not from hence, and does not talk of going hence.—That is all I have to hope for ! said he ; that is all, indeed ! But— and was going on, when the report of his coming having reached Mr. B. he came down, in his gown and slippers, into the parlour where he and Mrs. Jervis were talking.

What's the matter, Goodman Andrews ? what's the matter ?—O my child ! said the good old man ; give me my child ! I beseech you, sir.—Why, I thought, says Mr. B., that I had satisfied you about her ; sure you have not the long letter I sent you, written with my own hand.—Yes, yes, but I have, sir, and that brought me hither ; and I have walked all night.—Poor man ! return'd he, with great seeming compassion, I am sorry for it, truly ! Why your daughter has made strange confusion in my family ; and if I thought it would have disturbed you so much, I would e'en have let her have gone home ; but what I did was to serve *her* and *you* too. She is very safe, I do assure you, Goodman Andrews ; and you may take my honour for it, I would not injure her for the world. Do you think I *would*, Mrs. Jervis ?—No, I hope not, sir ! said she.—*Hope not !* said the poor man, so do I ! but, pray sir, give me my child ; that is all I desire ; and I'll take care no clergyman shall come near her.

Why, London is a great way off, said Mr. B., and I can't send for her back presently.—What, then, sir, said he, have you sent my poor Pamela to London ?—I would not have it said so, replied Mr. B. but I assure you, upon my honour, she is quite safe and satisfied, and will quickly inform you by letter, that she is. She is in a reputable family, no less than a bishop's ; and is to wait on his lady, till I get the matter over that I mention'd to you.

O how shall I know this ? reply'd he.—What ! said Mr. B. pretending anger, am I to be doubted ? Do you believe I can have any design upon

your daughter? And if I had, do you think I would take such methods as *these* to effect it? Why, surely, man, thou forgettest whom thou talkest to!—O, sir, said he, I beg your pardon; but consider my dear child is in the case: let me know what bishop, and where; and I'll travel to London on foot to see my daughter, and then shall be satisfied.

Why, Goodman Andrews, I believe thou hast read romances as well as thy daughter, and thy head's turn'd with them. May I not have my word taken? Do you think, once more, I would offer any thing dishonourable to your daughter? Pr'ythee, man, recollect a little who I am. But if I am not to be believ'd, what signifies talking?—Pray forgive me, sir, said the poor man; but there is no harm to say, What bishop's, and where he lives?—What, and so you'd go troubling his lordship with your impertinent fears and stories! Will you be satisfied, if you have a letter from her within a week, (it may be less if she be not negligent) to assure you all is well with her?—Why that, said the poor man, will be some comfort.—I can't answer for her negligence, said Mr. B. if she don't write.—But if she should send a letter to you, Mrs. Jervis (for I desire not to see it; I have had trouble enough about her already) be sure you send it by a man and horse, the moment you receive it, to her honest father. To be sure I will, answered she. Thank your honour, said the good man. But must I wait a whole week for news of my child? It will be a year to me.

I tell you, said Mr. B., it must be her own fault, if she don't write; it is what I insisted upon for my own reputation; and I shall not stir from this house, I assure you, till she is heard from, and that to satisfaction.—God bless your honour, said the poor man, as you say and mean truth.—*Amen, Amen,* Goodman Andrews, returned Mr. B., you see I am not afraid to say *Amen*. So, Mrs. Jervis, make the good man welcome, and let me have no uproar about the matter.

He then, whispering her, bid her give him a couple of guineas to bear his charges home; telling him, he should be welcome to stay there till the letter came, and he would then be convinced of his honour, and particularly that he should not leave his own house for some time to come.

The poor man staid and dined with Mrs. Jervis, and in hopes to hear from his beloved daughter in a few days, accepted the present, and set out for his own house.

Mean time Mrs. Jervis, and all the family, were in the utmost grief for the trick put upon the poor Pamela, and she and the steward represented it to their master in as moving terms as they durst: but were forced to rest satisfied with his general assurances of intending her no dishonour; which, however, Mrs. Jervis little believ'd, from the pretence he had made in his letter, of the correspondence between Pamela and the young clergyman; which she knew to be all mere invention; tho' she durst not say so.

But the week after they were made a little more easy, by the following letter brought by an unknown hand, and left for Mrs. Jervis. How procured, will be shewn in the sequel.

DEAR MRS. JERVIS,—I must acquaint you, that instead of being carried by Robin to my father's, I have been most *vilely trick'd*, and am driven to a place which I am not at liberty to mention. I am not, however, used unkindly, *in the main*; and I write to beg of you to let my dear father and mother (whose hearts must be well nigh broke) know that I am well, and that I am, and *by the Grace of God*, ever will be, their honest, as well as dutiful daughter. I am, dear Mrs. Jervis, your obliged friend,

PAMELA ANDREWS.

I must neither send date nor place : but have most solemn assurances of honourable usage. *This is the only time my low estate has been a trouble to me, since it has subjected me to the terrors I have undergone. Love to your good self, and all my dear fellow-servants. Adieu ! Adieu ! But pray for your poor*

PAMELA.

This, tho' it was far from quieting Mrs. Jervis's apprehensions, was shewn to the whole family, and to Mr. B. himself, who pretended not to know how it came ; and Mrs. Jervis sent it away to the good old couple. They at first suspected it was forged, and not their daughter's hand ; but finding the contrary, they were a little easier ; and having enquired of all their acquaintance, what could be done, and no one being able to put them in the way how to proceed, with effect, on so extraordinary an occasion, against so rich and so resolute a man ; and being afraid to make matters worse, (tho' they saw plainly enough that she was in no bishop's family, and so mistrusted all the rest of his story) they apply'd themselves to prayers for their poor daughter, and for a happy issue to an affair that almost distracted them.

We shall now leave the honest old pair, praying for their dear Pamela ; and return the account she herself gives of all this ; having written it journal-wise, to amuse and employ her time, in hopes some opportunity might offer to send it to her friends, (and, as was her constant view) that she might afterwards look back upon her dangers ; and either approve or repent of her conduct in them.

LETTER XXXII.

O MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER,—Let me write, and bewail my miserable fate, tho' I have no hope that what I write can be convey'd to your hands ! I have now nothing to do but write, and weep, and fear, and pray ! But yet what can I hope for, when I seem to be devoted as a victim to the will of a wicked violator of all the laws of God and man !——But, gracious Father of all Mercies, forgive me my impatience. Thou best knowest what is fit for thine handmaid ! And as Thou sufferest not thy poor creatures to be tempted above what they can bear, I will resign myself to thy will. Still, I hope, desperate as my condition seems, that as these trials are not the effects either of my presumption or vanity, I shall be enabled to overcome them, and in thine own good time be delivered from them.

Thus do I hourly pray !—And ! O join with me, my dear parents !—But, alas ! how can you know, how can I reveal to you, the dreadful situation of your poor daughter ! The unhappy Pamela may be undone, before you can know her hard lot !

But now I will tell you what has befallen me. And yet how shall you receive what I write ? Here is no honest John to carry my letters to you ! And, besides, I am watched in all my steps ; and no doubt shall be, till my hard fate ripen his wicked projects for my ruin. I will every day, however, write my sad state ; and some way, perhaps, may be opened to send the melancholy scribble to you. But when you *know* it, what will it do but aggravate your troubles ? For what, alas ! can the abject poor do against the mighty rich, when they are determined to oppress ?

The often wish'd-for Thursday morning came, when I was to set out. I had taken my leave of my fellow-servants over-night ; and a mournful leave it was to us all : for men, as well as women-servants, wept to part with

me : and, for *my* part, I was overwhelmed with tears on the affecting instances of their love. They all would have made me little presents ; but I would not take anything from the lower servants. But Mr. Longman would make me accept of several yards of Holland, and a silver snuff-box, and a gold ring, which he desired me to keep for his sake ; and he wept over me : but said—I am sure, so good a maiden God will bless ; and tho' you return to your poor father again, and his low estate, yet Providence will find you out : remember I tell you so ; and *one* day, tho' I may not live to see it, you *will* be rewarded.

O dear Mr. Longman, said I, you make me too rich ; and yet I must be further indebted to you : for I shall be often scribbling (I little thought it would so soon be my only employment), and I will beg you, sir, to favour me with some paper ; and as soon as I get home, I will write you a letter, to thank you for all your kindness to me ; and a letter also to good Mrs. Jervis.

This was lucky ; for I should have had none else, but at pleasure of my surly governess, as I may call her ; but now I can write to ease my mind, though I can't send it to you ; and write what I please, since she knows not how well I am provided : for good Mr. Longman gave me above forty sheets of paper, and a dozen pens, and a little phial of ink ; which last I wrapp'd in paper, and put in my pocket, and some wax and wafers.

O dear sir, said I, you have set me up. How shall I requite you ? He said—By a kiss, my fair mistress ; and I refused it not ; for he is a good old man.

Rachel and Hannah wept when I took my leave ; and Jane, who sometimes used to be a little cross to me, and Cicely too, cry'd very much, and said they would pray for me : but Jane, I doubt, will forget that ; for, poor soul ! she seldom prays for herself !

Then Arthur the gardener, our Robin the coachman, and Lincolnshire Robin too, who was to carry me, were very civil ; and both had tears in their eyes ; which I thought then very good-natured in Lincolnshire Robin, because he knew but little of me. But it now appears too plainly, that he might well be concern'd ; for he had then his instructions, it seems, and knew he was to be an implement to entrap me.

Then our other three footmen, Harry, Isaac, and Benjamin, and grooms, and helpers, were very much affected likewise ; and the poor little scullion-boy, Tommy, was overwhelmed with grief.

They had got all together over-night, expecting to be differently employ'd in the morning ; and they all begged to shake hands with me, and I kiss'd the maidens, and pray'd to God to bless them all ; and thank'd them for all their love and kindness to me ; and indeed I was forc'd to leave them sooner than I wished, because I could not stand it. Harry (I could not have thought it ; for he is a little wildish, they say) wept till he sobb'd again. John, poor honest John, was not then come back from you. But as for the butler, Mr. Jonathan, he could not stay in company.

I thought to have told you a great deal about this ; but I have worse things to employ my pen.

Mrs. Jervis, good Mrs. Jervis, wept all night long. I comforted her all I could : and she made me promise, that if my master went to London to attend parliament, or to Lincolnshire, I would come and stay a week with her. And she would have given me money ; but I would not take it.

Next morning came, and I wondered I saw nothing of poor honest

John ; for I waited to take leave of him, and thank him for all his civilities to me and to you : but I suppose he was scnt further by my master, and so could not return ; and I desired to be remember'd to him.

And when Mrs. Jervis told me, with a sad heart, the chariot was ready, with four horses to it, I was just as if I was sinking into the ground, tho' I wanted to be with you.

My master was above stairs, and never ask'd to see me. I was glad of it in the main ; but, false heart ! he knew that I was not to be out of his reach. O preserve me, heaven, from his power, and from his wickedness !

They were none of them suffered to go with me one step, as I writ to you before ; for he stood at the window to see me go. And in the passage to the gate (out of his sight) there they stood, all of them, in two rows ; and we could say nothing, on each side, but—God bless you ! and God bless you ! But Harry carry'd my own bundle, my third bundle, as I was used to call it, to the coach, and some plum-cakes, and diet-bread, made for me over-night, and some sweet-meats, and six bottles of Canary wine, which Mrs. Jervis would make me take in a basket, to cheer our hearts now and then, when we got together, as she said. And I kissed all the maids again, and shook hands with the men again ; but Mr. Jonathan and Mr. Longman were not there ; and then I went down steps to the chariot, leaving Mrs. Jervis weeping as if she would break her heart.

I look'd up when I got to the chariot, and I saw my master at the window, in his gown ; and I court'sy'd three times to him very low, and prayed for him with my hands lifted up ; for I could not speak ; indeed I was not able. And he bow'd his head to me, which made me then very glad he would take such notice of me ; and in I stepp'd, and my heart was ready to burst with grief ; and could only, till Robin began to drive, wave my white handkerchief to them, wet with my tears. And at last away he drove, Jehu-like, as they say, out of the court-yard : and I too soon found I had cause for greater and deeper grief.

Well, said I to myself, at this rate of driving I shall soon be with my father and mother ; and till I had got, as I suppos'd, half way, I thought of the good friends I had left. And when, on stopping for a little bait to the horses, Robin told me I was near half way, I thought it was high-time to dry my eyes, and remember to whom I was going ; as then, alas for me ! I thought. So I began with the thoughts of our happy meeting, and how glad you would both be, to see me come to you safe and innocent ; and I try'd to banish the other gloomy side from my mind : but yet I sighed now and then, in remembrance of those I had so lately left. It would have been ungrateful, you know, not to love those who shewed so much love for me.

It was about eight in the morning when I set out ; and I wonder'd, and wonder'd, as I sat, and more when I saw it was about two, by a church-dial in a little village we pass'd thro', that I was still more and more out of my knowledge. Heyday, thought I, to drive at this strange rate, and to be so long going little more than twenty miles, it is very odd ! But, to be sure, thought I, Robert knows the way.

At last he stopp'd, and looked about him, as if he was at loss for the road ; and I said—Mr. Robert, sure you are out of the way !—I'm afraid I am, answer'd he : but it can't be much ; I'll ask the first person I see.—Pray do, said I ; and he gave his horses a little hay ; and I gave him some

cake, and two glasses of Canary wine ; and he stopp'd about half an hour in all. Then he drove on very fast again.

I had so much to think of, of the dangers I now doubted not I had escaped, of the good friends I had left, and my best friends I was going to, and the many things I had to relate to you ; that I the less thought of the way, till I was startled out of my meditations by the sun beginning to set, and still the man driving on, and his horses in a foam ; and then I began to be alarm'd all at once, and call'd to him ; and he said, he had wretched ill luck, for he had come several miles out of the way, but was now right, and should get in still before it was quite dark. My heart began then to misgive me, and I was much fatigued ; for I had had very little sleep for several nights before ; and at last I called out to him, and said—Lord protect me, Mr. Robert ; how can this be ? In so few miles to be so much out ! How can this be ? He answer'd fretfully, as if he was angry with himself ; and said, he was bewitched, he thought.—There is a town before us, said I. What do you call it ? If we are so much out of the way, we had better put up there ; for the night comes on a-pace.—I am just there, said he. 'Tis but a mile on one side of the town before us.—Nay, replied I, I may be mistaken ; for it is a good while since I was this way ; but I am sure the face of the country here is nothing like what I remember it.

He still pretended to be much out of humour with himself ; and at last stopp'd at a farm house, about two miles beyond the village I had seen ; and it was then almost dark, and he alighted, and said—We must put up here. I know the people are very worthy people ; and I am quite out.

Lord, thought I, be good to the poor Pamela ! And I prayed most fervently for the Divine protection.

The farmer's wife, and maid, and daughter, came out ; and the wife said—What brings you this way at this time of night, Mr. Robert ? And with a gentlewoman, too !—Laying then all circumstances together, the blackest apprehensions filled my mind, and I fell a crying, and said—God give me patience ! I am undone for certain !—Pray, mistress, do you know Squire B. of Bedfordshire ?

The wicked coachman would have prevented her from answering me ; but the daughter said—Know his worship ! yes, surely ! why he is my father's landlord !—Then, said I, I am undone, undone for ever ! O wicked wretch ! what have I done to *you*, said I to the coachman, to induce you to serve me thus ? Vile tool of a wicked master !—Faith, said the fellow, I'm sorry this task was put upon me : but I could not help it. But make the best of it now. These are very civil reputable folks ; and you'll be safe here, I assure you.—Let me get out, said I, and I'll walk back to the town we came through, late as it is. For I will not enter this house.

You will be very well used here, I assure you, young gentlewoman, said the farmer's wife, and have better conveniences than any where in the village.—I matter not conveniences, said I : I am betrayed and undone ! As you have a daughter of your *own*, pity me, and let me know, if your landlord be here !—No, I assure you, he is not, said she.

And then came the farmer, a good sort of man, grave, and well-behav'd ; and he spoke to me in such honest-seeming terms, as a little pacify'd me ; and seeing no help for it, I went in ; and the wife immediately conducted me up stairs to the best apartment, and told me, that was mine as long as I staid ; and nobody should come near me, but when I call'd. I threw

myself on the bed in the room, tir'd and frighten'd to death almost, and gave way to my grief.

The daughter came up, and said, Mr. Robert had given her a letter to give me ; and *there* it was. I raised myself, and saw it was the hand and seal of the wicked wretch my master, directed to Mrs. Pamela Andrews. This was a little better than to have *him* here ; tho', if he had, he must have been brought through the air ; for I thought *I* was.

The good woman (for I began to see things about a little reputable, and no guile appearing in them, but rather a face of concern for my grief) offered me a glass of some cordial water, which I accepted, for I was ready to faint ; and then I sat up in a chair. And they lighted a brush-wood fire ; and said, if I called, I should be waited upon instantly ; and so left me to ruminate on my sad condition, and to read my letter, which I was not able to do presently. After I was a little come to myself, I found it to contain the following words :

“DEAR PAMELA,—The regard I have for you, and your obstinacy, have constrain'd me to act by you in a manner that I know will give you equal surprize and apprehension. But, by all that is good and holy, I intend nothing dishonourable by you ! Suffer not your fears therefore to excite a behaviour in you, that will be disreputable to yourself, as well as to me, in the eyes of the people of the house where you will be when you receive this. They are my tenants, and very honest civil people.

“You will by this time be far on your way to the place I have allotted for your abode for a few weeks, till I have manag'd some particular affairs ; after which I shall appear to you in a very different light, from that in which you may at present, from your needless apprehensions, behold me.

“To convince you, mean time, that I intend to act by you with the utmost honour, I do assure you, that the house to which you are going, shall be so much at your command, that I will not myself approach it without your leave. Make yourself easy therefore ; be discreet and prudent ; and a happy event shall reward your patience.

“I pity you for the fatigue you will have, if this comes to your hand in the place where I have directed it to be given you.

“I will write to your father, to satisfy him that nothing but what is strictly honourable is intended you by “YOUR TRUE FRIEND.”

I but too well apprehended, that this letter was written only to pacify me for the present ; but as my danger was not so immediate as I had had reason to dread, and as he had promised to forbear coming to me, and that he would write to you, my dear father, to quiet your concern, and that you might contrive some way to help me, I was a little more easy than before : and made shift to taste of a boil'd chicken they had got for me. But the table was hardly taken away, when the coachman came (with a look of a hangman, as I thought) and calling me *madam* at every word, begged that I would get ready to pursue my journey by five in the morning, or else he should be late in. I was quite griev'd at this ; for I began not to dislike my company, considering how things stood, and was in hopes to get a party among them, by whose connivance I might throw myself into some worthy protection in the neighbourhood, and not be obliged to go forward.

However, I returned a slight answer to the wicked Robert ; and, since my time was intended to be short, I resolved to make the best use of it ; and therefore, as soon as he was withdrawn, I began to tamper with the

farmer and his wife, and was going to represent my case to them, when the farmer interrupted me, and said—They were well informed of the matter ; and hinted, that young women in this age were too apt to throw themselves away, to their own disparagement, and to the grief of their friends.

I told them, that this was far from being my case ; that I was a young creature who had been taken into Mr. B.'s family to wait upon his mother, who was the best of ladies : and that since her much lamented death, finding I could not live in it with reputation and safety, I was resolv'd to quit it, and return to my parents, who were the worthiest people in the world, but of low fortunes and degree : but that, when I was in expectation of being carried to them, I had been betrayed, and brought hither, in the way to a worse place, no doubt. That as they had a daughter of their own (who sat by us, and seemed moved by my story, and the earnest manner in which I told it ; for I could not help mingling my words with my tears) I besought them to take pity of a helpless young maiden, who valued her honour above her life ; and to whose ruin they would be accessory, if they did not contribute to save her when it was in their power so to do. And of that I was sure such good worthy people as they seemed to be, would not for the world be guilty.

That, for certain, replied the farmer, we would not : but hark you me, young gentlewoman, let me tell you we have very good authority to question the truth of your relation ; and have reason to think, that all will be well with you, if you act up to the discretion that seems to be in you, and if you will be governed by your best friends.

The authority you speak of, returned I, must be from some vile story told you by this wicked coachman, and I beg you will call him in : and when he comes, you shall find he will not be able to gainsay me. Dear, good, worthy people, let him be called in.

No need of *that*, young gentlewoman, replied the farmer. We have better authority than Mr. Robert's. Our worthy landlord himself has informed us, under his own hand, how matters stand with you : and really I must say, it never was a good world since young women would follow their own headstrong wills, and resolve to dispose of themselves without the knowledge and consent of those who were born before them. And here he slapt his clenched fist upon the table, and looked with a peevish earnestness upon his daughter, and then upon his wife.

You may believe that this intelligence very much affected and surprized me ; since it discovered the deep arts of my wicked master, and how resolved he seems to be on my ruin, by the pains he takes to deprive me of all hopes of freeing myself from his power. I begged, however, that they would be so kind as to let me see what my master had written. The good woman said she knew not if that would be proper.—Not proper ! said I. Can there be any thing in a letter that has convinced such good people as you seem to be, of the justice of the writer's intentions, that is not proper to be shewn to one who is most interested in the contents of the letter?—Let me see it, I beseech you, that I may either take shame to myself, or defend my character, which is all I have in the world to trust to.

Well, I think you may see it, said the farmer, *I think* you may. There it is—pulling it out of his pocket-almanack-book.

I read its contents, and afterwards procured leave to take a copy of it ; which follows :

“ Farmer MONKTON,

“ I SEND to your house, for *one night* only, a young gentlewoman, *much against her will*, who has deeply embarked in a love affair, which, if carried on to effect, must be *her* ruin, as well as the ruin of the person to whom she wants to betroth herself; and for whom I have *as much regard as I have for her*.

“ As I know the step I have taken will oblige her father, [*See, my dear father!*] when he knows my motives, I have directed her to be carried to one of my houses, (where she will be well used) in order to try, if, by absence and by expostulation, they can both, or either of them, be brought to know their own interest.

“ I am sure you will use her kindly; for, excepting this matter, *which she will not own*, [*A wicked wretch, I am sure!*] she wants not either sense or prudence.

“ I have written a letter to her, which Robert will give her at your house. The girl *is lively*, and will be out of humour, possibly, on the supposed disappointment of her love scheme. I have therefore written nothing in it but what may tend to soothe her, and have not hinted to her [*O the artful wretch!*] the true reason for the step I have taken. [*What reason have I for apprehensions from such a false-hearted contriver!*] Young people of that sex, you know, Farmer Monkton, think hardly of every thing that thwarts their headstrong inclinations. Nor had I given myself all this trouble to thwart her, had not my dear mother recommended her to my care in her last hours; and were the young fellow in a way to maintain her. It is an ungrateful thing to endeavour to save people against their will. [*God forgive me, my dear father! But how do I hate this vile hypocritical master!*]

“ I will acknowledge any trouble you shall be at on this occasion the first opportunity, tho’ I shall not be that way, while the young creature is at the house to which I shall send her, that I may not give reason for suspicions. We live, you know, farmer, in a censorious world.”

And do not such actions, and such contrivances as those of this wicked man, justify the world’s censoriousness? Indeed they do!

He then concludes with his regards to the good woman; and this was looked upon, by both the farmer and his wife, as mighty condescending: and to be sure he designed it should.

I was greatly shocked, you may well think, at the wicked arts of this abominable gentleman. Gentleman shall I call him? He says, you see, too cunningly for me, that *I would not own* this pretended love affair; so that he has prepossessed them with a doubt of the truth of all I could say in my own behalf. And as they are his tenants, and as all his tenants love him, (for he has some amiable qualities, and so he had need) I found all my hopes in a manner frustrated. And the thought of this, at first reading the letter, so affected me, that I wept bitterly; and could not forbear saying, that the wicked writer was as much too hard for me in his contrivances, as he was too powerful for me in his riches. And not entering directly upon my defence, the farmer the less doubted the truth of what the letter contained, and began to praise my master’s care and concern for me; and to caution me against receiving the addresses of any one, without the advice and consent of my friends; and so made me the subject of a lesson for his daughter’s improvement: at the same time intimating, that I should be guilty of great unworthiness, if I presumed to suggest any thing to the discredit of a gentleman, who, in this proceeding,

could have no view but to my good ; and to that of the young man whom I was supposed to love. Laying great weight upon his landlord's resolution not to come this way, while I was at the house he proposed to send me to ; and this purposely that he might not give room *for foul suspicions*.

This raised me from my wailing fit. I told them, that all that was suggested in the letter was false, abominably false ; that I was not in love with any man breathing ; and that my master's vile contrivances had made it necessary I should acquaint them with the whole truth.

This I did ; and afterwards read to them his letter to me ; and gave it such comments as I thought it would well bear.

The old couple at first seemed much at a loss what to think, or what to say. They look'd upon one another ; and the honest woman shook her head, and seemed to pity me, while the daughter shed tears at my relation, and still in more abundance, at my earnest appeal to her father and mother for their protection.

This gave me a momentary hope ; and I was proceeding with my appeal to move them in my behalf, when the old farmer, pulling out his spectacles, desired that he might be suffer'd himself to read his *honour's* letter to me ; as he call'd one of the wickedest of men.

I gave him the letter ; but found by the event, that he only seemed to wish to read it in order to acquit his landlord.

My dear, said he to his wife, (looking upon the letter with his spectacles on, and now and then upon her, and now and then upon me, and sometimes upon his daughter) I know not what to say to this business. To be sure there is something very odd in the story, as this young gentleman tells it : but does not his honour say, that this step of his *will oblige her father* ?

I would then have spoken ; but he desired to be heard with patience.

Does he not tell us, Dorothy, in the letter he was so good as to write to us, that *she will not own her love* ? And *will* she own it ? said the silly old man.—Well then ; so far so good. And does he not say, that he has written to her to *soothe her* ? Very good of so great a man, I think : and that *he has not told her the motive of his doings* ? And does not this also come out to be true ? And does he not say, that *he will not come NERST her, that he may not give occasions for foul suspicions* ? And does he not tell us what is the nature of *headstrong girls* ? Too well we know what that is, Dorothy. And then he frowningly looked upon his daughter, who cast her eyes down, and blushed. And does he not say, that this young gentleman here will be *out of humour at her disappointment* ? And do not the free things she *have* said of his honour show this also to be true ?

Again I would have spoken ; but he angrily desired to be heard out. I am sure the man is a tyrant over his wife and daughter ; not such a one as you, my dear father.

Well, proceeded he, and does not his honour promise, *by all that's good and holy* (solemn and serious words, I do assure you !) that he intends nothing dishonourable by her ?—Bless my heart, young mistress ! what would you have more ? And who ever knew the squire worse than his word, tho' but in common matters, and where he sweareth not to it ? And does he not say, that his care of her is owing to his dutiful remembrance of his mother, the best of ladies, God rest her soul ! And can he break his promise to a dying mother ? He cannot ; no man can be so wicked as that comes to. Furthermore, does he not say, that if the young man was in the way to maintain a wife, he would not give himself all this

trouble? *An ungrateful thing, indeed,* (True, says his honour. His honour is a wise man, look ye, do you see?) *to endeavour to save people against their will.* And then again he looked fiercely at his poor meek daughter.

And here again, proceeded the tedious old man, (and I now was glad that he had almost gone thro' the vile letter) does not his honour say, that when he has manag'd some particular affairs (put the young man in a way, no doubt) he shall appear in a quite *otherguess* light than he now does? And that an happy event shall reward her patience? And that the house she is going to, shall be at her command? A great thing, I assure you!—And does he not promise to write to her father, to make him quiet and easy?—Come, come, young mistress, I see not that the least dishonour is intended you. Be prudent and discreet, therefore, as his honour advises.—It is a fearful thing to reflect upon the mischiefs that it is in the power of women to do to the reputation of us men. I once had some slurs; but who has escaped them, sooner or later, that has had concerns with the sex? So be patient and contented, and all will be well, as far as I can see. And there is an end of the matter.

And then he swelled strangely, half over the table, as I thought, proud of his fine speech and wisdom.

I in vain attempted, when he had made an end, to convince him and his wife of the truth of my relation, and of the reality of my danger, and the more from the wicked glosses my master took so much pains to put upon his proceedings with so poor and so inconsiderable a girl as I am, and as he ought to think me. A fine gentleman's notions of the word *honour*, I moreover said, and those of us common people, might be very different. He might also be a generous and kind landlord, and yet not a virtuous man; and the treatment I had receiv'd from him at his house, and his present violent proceedings, to carry me to one of his houses, when I was to have gone to my father and mother, were strong and unquestionable evidences, that he meant me not honourably. In vain, I say, did I endeavour to convince them of the justice of these and other observations. The farmer declared, that he could never question his landlord's honour so solemnly given: adding, that altho' great and learned men had different ways of thinking and acting from others, as in this case, yet he was confident that all would turn out right at last. And one very vile hint he gave, (to be sure, my dear father and mother, the man, tho' a man in years, cannot be a right good man!) passing an angry eye, as of contempt, from me to his daughter, and then to his wife—A strange to-do these girls make, said he, and all for what?—Why, truly they can hardly be kept from running away with one man, yet make a mighty pother with their virtue and their fears from another.—I say, 'tis humour and folly, and nothing else, and not goodness.

And then slap went his hand upon the board. I thought I never saw a man put on so ugly a look in my life. His daughter does not seem to be a forward girl. But, as I said before, he must be a tyrant, and no good man at the bottom.

I could have given him an answer he would not have liked; but was willing to carry it fair, tho' half spiritless at the repulse I had met with; for, thought I, if I can but get a little more time to stay here, who knows but I may contrive some way to escape? I therefore told the farmer and his wife, how much I was fatigued, and begged they would give me entertainment with them a little longer than that night. I was sure, I said,

that their landlord himself would not be against it, if he knew how much I was disordered with the journey and my apprehensions.

They said, they were loth to deny me any thing in their power, as I had seen the 'squire had wished them to treat me kindly. If therefore Mr. Robert could dispense with his orders, they should not refuse me.

Robert was sent for up. He came. I told him that I found myself so much fatigued, that I could not think of setting out so soon the next morning as he expected. But he told me that he must follow his orders; and that setting out so early would break the neck of my journey, as he phrased it. God forgive me! But I was ready to wish that the necks——I think I must not say what I wished both to the master and the man.

Nevertheless, I told the farmer and his wife, before Robert's face, that if they would give me leave to stay one day more, this surly coachman, who must needs think that all was not fair that he was employed about, and who had no right to controul me, should not compel me to go with him. But they said, that as I had owned myself to be the servant of the 'squire, they were of opinion that they ought not to intermeddle between a man of his rank and his servant. They were under great obligations to their landlord, they added, and they expected repairs, and other favours from him; and as they doubted not that I might depend upon his honour so solemnly given, and under his hand and seal too, they did not chuse to disoblige him. So I was forced to give up all hope from them.

I had very little rest that night; and next morning early was obliged to set out. They were so civil, however, as to suffer their servant-maid to accompany me five miles onward, as it was so early; and then she was set down, and walked back.

Notwithstanding this disappointment, I was not quite hopeless, that I might yet find means to escape the plots of this wicked designer. And as I was on the way in the chariot, after the maid had left me, I thought of an expedient which gave me no small comfort.

This it was. I resolved that when we came into some town to bait, as Robert, I doubted not, must do for the horses' sake, (for he drove at a great rate) I would apply myself to the mistress of the house, and tell her my case, and refuse to go further.

Having nobody but this wicked coachman to contend with, I was very full of this project; and depended so much on its success, that I forbore to call out for help, and for rescue, as I may say, to different persons whom we passed; and who, perhaps, would have heard my story, and taken me out of the hands of a coachman: yet two of these were young gentlemen; and how did I know but I might have fallen into difficulties as great as those I wanted to free myself from.

After very hard driving, we reached the town at which this too faithful servant to a wicked master proposed to put up. And he drove into an inn of good appearance. But you may believe, my dear father and mother, that I was excessively alarmed, when, at my being shewn a room, I was told that I was *expected* there, and that a little entertainment was provided for me. Yet was neither met nor received at my alighting by any body who had so provided for me.

Nevertheless, I was determined to try what could be done with relation to my project with the mistress of the inn; and for fear of the worst, to lose no time about it. I sent for her in, therefore, and making her sit down by me I said—I hope, madam, you will excuse me; but I must tell you my case, and that before any body comes in, who may prevent me.

I am a poor unhappy young creature, to whom it will be great charity to lend your advice and assistance, as I shall appear to deserve your pity. And you seem to be a good sort of gentlewoman, and one who would assist an oppressed innocent person.

Yes, madam, said she, I hope you guess right, and I have the happiness to know something of the matter before you speak. Pray, call my sister Jewkes.—Jewkes! Jewkes! thought I, I have heard of that name; for I was too much confounded to have a clear notion of any thing at the moment.

Then the wicked creature appear'd, whom I had never seen but once before, and I was frighted out of my wits.—Now, thought I, am I in a much worse situation than I was at the farmer's.

The naughty woman came up to me with an air of confidence, and kiss'd me—See, sister, said she, here's a charming creature! and looked in such a manner as I never saw a woman look in my life.

I was quite silent and confounded. But yet, when I came a little to myself, I was resolved to steal away from them, if I could; and once being a little faintish, I made that a pretence to take a turn into the garden for air: but the wretch would not trust me out of her sight; and the people I saw being only those of the house, who, I found, were all under the horrid Jewkes's direction, and prepossessed by her, no doubt, I was forced, tho' with great reluctance, to set out with her in the chariot; for she came thither on horseback with a man-servant, who rode by us the rest of the way, leading her horse. And now I gave over all thoughts of redemption.

Here are strange pains, thought I, taken to ruin a poor innocent, helpless, and even *worthless* young creature. This plot is laid too deep, and has been too long hatching, to be baffled, I fear. But then, I put up my prayers to God, who I knew was able to save me, when all human means should fail: and in him I was resolved to confide.

You may see—(yet, O! that kills me; for I know not whether ever you can see what I now write, or not) what sort of woman this Mrs. Jewkes is, compared to good Mrs. Jervis, by this—

Every now and then she would be staring in my face, in the chariot, and squeezing my hand, and saying—Why, you are very pretty, my silent dear! And once she offer'd to kiss me. But I said—I don't like this sort of carriage, Mrs. Jewkes; it is not like two persons of one sex to each other. She fell a laughing very confidently, and said—That's prettily said, I vow! Then thou hadst rather be kiss'd by the other sex? 'Ifackins, I commend thee for that!

I was sadly teaz'd with her impertinence, and bold way; but no wonder; she was housekeeper at an inn, before she came to my master. And indeed she made nothing to talk boldly on twenty occasions in the chariot, and said two or three times, when she saw the tears trickle down my cheeks, I was sorely hurt, truly, to have the handsomest and finest young gentleman in five counties in love with me!

So I find I am got into the hands of a wicked procuress, and if I had reason to be apprehensive with good Mrs. Jervis, and where every body lov'd me, what a dreadful prospect have I now before me, in the hands of such a woman as this!

O Lord bless me, what shall I do! What shall I do!—

About eight at night we enter'd the court-yard of this handsome, large, old, lonely mansion, that look'd to me then, with all its brown nodding

horrors of lofty elms and pines about it, as if built for solitude and mischief.—And here, said I to myself, I fear, is to be the scene of my ruin, unless God protect me, who is all sufficient.

I was very ill at entering it, partly from fatigue, and partly from dejection of spirits: and Mrs. Jewkes got some mull'd wine, and seem'd mighty officious to welcome me thither. And while she was absent (ordering the wine) the wicked Robin came in to me, and said—I beg a thousand pardons for my part in this affair, since I see your grief, and your distress; and I do assure you, that I am sorry it fell to my task.

Mighty well, Mr. Robert! said I; I have heard that the hangman at an execution usually asks the poor creature's pardon, and then pleads his duty, and calmly does his office. But I am *no* criminal, as you *all* know: and if I could have thought it my duty to comply with a wicked master, I had saved you in particular the merit of this vile service.

I am sorry, said he, you take it so. But every body don't think alike.

Well, said I, whatever your thoughts may be, *you* have done *your* part, Mr. Robert, towards my ruin, very faithfully; and will have cause to be sorry, perhaps, at the long run, when you shall see the mischief that comes of it. You knew I had reason to think that I was to be carry'd to my father's; and I can only, once more, thank you for *your* part in this vile proceeding. God forgive you!

Mrs. Jewkes came in as he went out.—What have you said to Robin? said she; the foolish fellow is ready to cry—and she laugh'd as she spoke, as if she despised him for his remorse.—I need not be afraid of *your* following his example, Mrs. Jewkes, said I: I have been telling him, that he has done *his* part to my ruin: and he now can't help it! So his repentance does *me* no good; I wish it may *him*.

She calls me *madam* at every word; paying that undesired respect to me, as you shall hear, in the view of its being one day in my power to serve or dis-serve her, if ever I should be so vile as to *be* a *madam* to the wickedest designer that ever lived. Poor creatures *indeed* are such as will court the favour of wretches who obtain undue power, by the forfeiture of their honesty! And such a poor creature is this woman, who can *madam* up an inferior fellow-servant, in such views; and who yet, at times, is insolent enough; for it is her true nature to be insolent.

I do assure you, *madam*, said she, I should be as ready to cry as Robin, if I should be the instrument of doing you harm.

It is not in *his* power to help it now, said I; but *your* part is come, and *you* may chuse whether you will contribute to my ruin or not.—Why, look ye, look ye, *madam*, said she, I have a great notion of doing my duty to my master; and therefore you may depend upon it, if I can do *that*, and serve *you*, I will: but you must think, if *your* desire, and *his* will, come to clash once, I shall do as he bids me, let it be what it will.

Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, don't *madam* me so: I am but a silly poor girl, set up by the gambol of fortune, for a may-game; and now I am to be something, and now nothing, just as that thinks fit to sport with me. Let us, therefore, talk upon a foot together; and that will be a favour done me; for I was at best but a servant girl; and now am no more than a discarded poor desolate creature; and no better than a prisoner. God be my deliverer and comforter!

Ay, ay, says she, I understand something of the matter. You have so great power over my master, that you will be soon mistress of us all: and

so, I will oblige you, if I can. And I must and will call you madam; for I am instructed to shew you all respect, I assure you.—See, my dear father, see what a creature this is!

Who instructed you to do so? said I.—Who! my master, to be surc, answered she.—Why, said I, how can that be? You have not seen him lately.—No, that's true; but I have been expecting you here some time, [O the deep laid wickedness! thought I] and besides, I have a letter of instructions by Robin; but, perhaps, I should not have said so much. If you would shew me those instructions, said I, I should be able to judge how far I could, or could not, expect favour from you, consistent with your duty.—I beg your excuse, fair mistress, for *that*, returned she; I am sufficiently instructed, and you may depend upon it, I will observe my orders; and so far as they will let me, so far will I oblige you; and that is saying all in one word.

You will not, I hope, replied I, do an unlawful or wicked thing, for any master in the world.—Look-ye, said she, he is my master; and if he bids me do a thing that I *can* do, I think I *ought* to do it; and let him, who has power to command me, look to the *lawfulness* of it.—Suppose, said I, he should bid you cut my throat, would you do it?—There's no danger of that, replied she; but to be sure I would not; for then I should be hanged; since that would be murder.—And suppose, said I, he should resolve to ensnare a poor young creature, and ruin her, would you assist him in such wickedness? And do you not think, that to rob a person of her virtue, is worse than cutting her throat?

Why now, said she, how strangely you talk! Are not the two sexes made for each other? And is it not natural for a man to love a pretty woman? And then the wretch fell a laughing, and talk'd most impertinently, and shew'd me, that I had nothing to expect either from her virtue or compassion. And this gave me the greater mortification; as I was once in hopes of working upon her by degrees.

We ended our argument, as I may call it, here; and I desired her to shew me to the apartment allotted for me.—Why, said she, lie where you list, madam; I can tell you, I must sleep with you.—But is it in your *instructions*, that you must be my bed-fellow?—Yes, indeed, replied she.—I am sorry for it, said I.—Why, said she, I am wholesome, and cleanly too, I'll assure you.—I don't doubt that, said I; but I love to lie by myself.—How so? returned she; was not Mrs. Jervis your bed-fellow at the other house?

Well, said I, quite sick of her and my condition, you must do as you are instructed. I can't help myself; and am a most miserable creature.

She repeated her insufferable nonsense—Mighty miserable indeed, to be so well belov'd by one of the finest gentlemen in England!

I am now come down in my writing to this present Saturday, and a deal I have written.

My wicked bed-fellow has very punctual orders, it seems; for she locks me and herself in, and ties the two keys (for there is a double door to the room with different locks) about her wrist, when she goes to bed. She talks of the house having been attempted to be broke open two or three times; whether to fight me, I can't tell; but it makes me fearful; tho' not so much as I should be, if I had not other and greater fears.

I slept but little last night, and arose, and pretended to sit by the

window which looks into the spacious gardens ; but I was writing all the time, from break of day, to her getting up, and after, when she was absent.

At breakfast she presented the two maids to me, the cook and housemaid : poor souls they seem to be, and equally devoted to her and ignorance.

There are (besides the coachman Robert) a groom, a helper, a footman ; all strange creatures, that promise nothing ; and all likewise devoted to this woman. The gardener looks like a good honest man ; but he is kept at distance, and seems reserv'd. Yet who knows, but I may find a way to escape before my wicked master comes ?

I wonder'd I saw not Mr. Williams the clergyman, but would not ask after him, apprehending it might give some jealousy to Mrs. Jewkes ; but when I had seen the rest, he was the only one I had hopes of ; for I thought his cloth would set him above assisting in my ruin. But in the afternoon he came ; for it seems he has a little Latin school in the next village, about three miles distant, on the small profit of which he lives content, in hopes that something better will soon fall out thro' my master's favour.

He is a sensible, and seems to be a serious young gentleman ; and when I saw him, I confirm'd myself in my hopes of him ; for he seem'd to take great notice of my distress and grief (which I could not hide if I would) tho' he was visibly afraid of Mrs. Jewkes, who watch'd all our motions and words.

He has an apartment in the house ; but only comes hither on Saturday afternoons and Sundays : and he preaches sometimes for the minister of the village.

I hope to go to church with him to-morrow : sure it is not in her instructions to deny me ! My master cannot have thought of *every* thing ; and something may strike out for me there.

I have ask'd her, for a feint, to help me to pens and ink, tho' I have been using my own so freely, when her absence-would permit ; for I desired to be left to myself as much as possible. She says she will oblige me ; but then I must promise not to send any thing I write out of the house, without her seeing it. I said, I wanted only to divert my melancholy ; for I lov'd writing, as well as reading ; but I had nobody to send to, she knew well enough.

No, not at *present*, maybe, said she ; but I am told you are a great writer, and it is in my instructions to see all you write ; so, look you here, added she, I will let you have a pen and ink, and two sheets of paper ; for this employment will divert you : but, as I told you, I must always see your writing, be the subject what it will.—That's very hard, said I ; but may I not have to myself the closet in the room where we lie, with the key to lock up my things ?—I believe I may consent to that, answered she ; and I will set it in order for you, and leave the key in the door. And there is an harpsichord too, said she. Mr. Williams says it is in tune, and you may play upon it to divert you ; for I know my old lady taught you music : and you may, moreover, take what books you will out of my master's library. You love books too well to damage them.

This was agreeable enough. These books and my pen will be all my amusement ; for I have no work given me to do ; and tho' the harpsichord be in tune, I am sure I shall not find my mind in tune to play upon it. I went directly, and pick'd out some books from the library, with which I

filled a shelf in the closet she gave me possession of ; and from these I hope to receive improvement, as well as amusement. But no sooner was her back turn'd, than I set about hiding a pen of my own here, and another there, for fear I should come to be deny'd, and a little of my ink in a broken china-cup, and a little in a small phial I found in the closet ; and a sheet of the paper here and there among my linen, with a bit of the wax, and a few of the wafers, given me by good Mr. Longman, in several places, lest I should be search'd ; and something I hope may happen to open a way for my deliverance, by these or some other means. How happy shall I think myself, if I can by any means get away before my wicked master arrives ! If I cannot, what will become of your poor Pamela ? Since he will have no occasion, I am sure, to send this vile woman out of the way, as he would have done Mrs. Jervis once !

I was going to beg your prayers, as I used to do ; but, alas ! you cannot know my distress ; yet I am sure I have your hourly prayers. I will write on, as things happen, that if a way should open, my scribble may be ready to be sent to you. If I can escape with my innocence, with what pleasure shall I afterwards read these my letters, as I may call them !

O how I want such an obliging honest-hearted man as John Arnold.

Sunday.

ALAS ! Alas ! I am deny'd by this barbarous woman to go to church ! And she has behaved very rudely to poor Mr. Williams, for pleading for me. I find he is to be forbid the house, if she pleases. Poor gentleman ! all his dependence is upon my master, who intends to give him a very good living when the incumbent dies ; and he has kept his bed these four months of old age and dropsy.

Mr. Williams pays me great respect, and I see pities me ; and would perhaps assist me in an escape from these dangers, if I knew how to communicate my thoughts to him. I should be very much grieved to ruin a poor young gentleman, by engaging him to favour me : yet one would do any thing that one honestly might, to preserve one's innocence ; and Providence would, perhaps, make it up to Mr. Williams !

Something, I hope, will offer. Mr. Williams whisperingly hinted just now, that he wanted an opportunity to speak to me.

The wretch (I think I will always call her the *wretch* henceforth) insults me more and more. I was but but talking to one of the maids just now, indeed a little to sound her ; and she popp'd upon us, and said—Nay, madam, don't offer to tempt poor innocent country wretches to betray their trust : you wanted her, I heard you say, to take a walk with you. But I charge you, Nan, never stir with her, nor obey her, without letting me know it ; no, not in the smallest trifles—I say, walk with you ! repeated she, with disdain, and where would you go, I tro' ?—Why, barbarous Mrs. Jewkes, said I, only to look a little up the elm walk, since you would not let me go to church.

Nan, said she, to shew me how much they were all in her power, and to carry her insolence to the utmost height, pull off madam's shoes, and bring them to me. I have taken care of her others.—Indeed she shan't, said I.—Nay, said Nan, but I must, if my mistress bids me ; so pray, madam, don't hinder me. And so, indeed, (would you believe it ?) she took my shoes off : I was too much surprised to make resistance. I have not yet power to relieve my mind by my tears. I am quite stupefied !—

Now I will give you a picture of this wretch ! She is a broad, squat, pursy, fat thing, quite ugly, if any thing human can be so called ; about forty years old. She has a huge hand, and an arm as thick—I never saw such a thick arm in my life. Her nose is flat and crook'd, and her brows grow down over her eyes ; a dead, spiteful, grey, goggling eye : and her face is flat and broad ; and as to colour, looks as if it had been pickled a month in saltpetre.—I dare say she drinks.—She has a hoarse man-like voice, and is as thick as she's long ; and yet looks so deadly strong, that I am afraid she would dash me at her foot in an instant, if I were to vex her.—So that with a heart more ugly than her face, she is at times (especially when she is angry) perfectly frightful : and I shall be ruined, to be sure, if heaven protects me not ; for she is very, very wicked.

What poor and helpless spite is this ! But the picture is too near the truth notwithstanding. She sent me a message just now, that I shall have my shoes again, if I will let her walk with me (let her *waddle* with me rather, she should have said), in the garden.

Since I am so much in the power of this hated wretch, I will go with her.—O for my worthy, dear Mrs. Jervis ! Or, rather, to be safe with my dear father and mother !

I have just now some joy to communicate to you. This moment I am told John, honest John, is come on horseback !—A blessing on his faithful heart ! What pleasure does this news give me ! But I'll tell you more by-and-by. I must not let her know I am so glad to see this worthy John. But, poor man, he looks sad, as I see him out of the window ! What can be the matter !—I hope you, my dear parents, are well, and Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and every body, my master not excepted—for I wish him to live and repent of all his wickedness.

O my dear father ! what a world do we live in !

Here is John arrived, as I told you. He came to me, with Mrs. Jewkes, who whisper'd, that I would say nothing about the shoes, for my *own* sake, as she said.

John saw my distress, by my red eyes, and my haggard looks, I suppose ; and his own eyes ran over, tho' he would have hid his tears, if he could, from Mrs. Jewkes.—O Mrs. Pamela ! said he ; O Mrs. Pamela !—Well, honest fellow-servant, said I, I cannot help it at present : I am obliged to *your* honesty and kindness, however. And then he wept more.

My heart was ready to break to see his grief ; for it is a touching thing to see a man cry. Tell me the worst, said I, honest, worthy John, tell me the worst. Is my master coming?—No, no, said he, and sobb'd.—Well, said I, is there any news of my poor father and mother ? How do they do?—I hope, well, said he ; I know nothing to the contrary.—There is no mishap, I hope, to Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Longman, or to any of my fellow-servants !—No, with a long N—o, as if his heart would burst.—Well, thank God, then ! said I.

The man's a fool, said Mrs. Jewkes, I think ; what ado is here ! why, sure thou'rt in love, John. Dost thou not see young madam is well ? What ails thee, man ?—Nothing at all, said he ; but I am such a fool as to cry for joy to see good Mrs. Pamela. But, turning to me—I have a letter for you.

I took it, and saw it was from my master ; so I put it in my pocket.

And here is one for you, Mrs. Jewkes, continued he ; but yours, Mrs. Pamela, requires an answer, which I must carry back early in the morning ; or *to-night*, if you please to write time enough for me to set out.

You have no more notes or letters, John, said Mrs. Jewkes, for Mrs. Pamela, have you?—No, answered he, I have *only*, besides the letter, every body's kind love and service.—Aye, to us *both*, to be sure, said Mrs. Jewkes.

I retired to read the letter, blessing John as I went, and calling him a good man.

This is a copy of it.

“DEAR PAMELA,—I send purposely to you on an affair that concerns you very much, and me somewhat, but chiefly for your sake. I am sensible that I have proceeded by you in such a manner as may justly alarm you, and give concern to your honest friends. All my pleasure is, that I *can* and *will* make you amends for the uneasiness I have given you. I sent to your father the day after your departure, and assured him of my honour to you; and made excuses, such as ought to have satisfy'd him, for your not going to him. But he came to me next morning, and expressed so much uneasiness, on account of your health and welfare, that, in pity to him, and to your mother (whose apprehensions, he said, would be greater than his own, since he himself was willing to rely upon my solemn assurances of acting honourably by you) I promised that he should see a letter written from you to Mrs. Jervis, to satisfy him that you are well, and not unhappy.

“As compassion to your aged parents, for whom you have so laudable an affection, is solely my motive, I have no doubt but you will oblige me with transcribing, in the form of a letter, directed to Mrs. Jervis, to be sent to them, the few inclosed lines. And the *less* doubt have I, as in writing them I have put myself as near as possible in your situation, and expressed your sense with a warmth that I fear will have too much possessed you. I must desire that you will not alter one tittle of the prescribed form. If you do, it will be impossible for me to send it, or that it should answer the considerate end which I propose by it.

“I have already promised you that I will not approach you without your consent. If I find you easy, and satisfied in your present abode, I will keep my word. Nor shall your restraint last long: only till I have managed an affair with Lady Davers; which once determined, I will lose no time to convince you of the honour of my intentions in your favour. Mean time, I am
“YOUR TRUE FRIEND, &c.”

The letter he prescribed for me was this:

“DEAR MRS. JERVIS,—I must acquaint you, that instead of being carried by Robin to my father's, I have been driven to a place which I am not at liberty to mention. I am not, however, used unkindly; and I write to beg of you to let my dear father and mother, whose hearts must be well-nigh broke, know that I am well; and that I am, and ever will be, their honest as well as dutiful daughter. I am, dear Mrs. Jervis, Your obliged Friend,
“PAMELA ANDREWS.

“I must neither send date nor place; but have most solemn assurances of honourable usage.”

I knew not what to do on this most strange request. But my heart bled so much for you, my dear father, who had taken the pains to go yourself,

and enquire after your poor daughter, as well as for my mother, that I resolv'd to write, and much in the above * form, that it might be sent to pacify you, till I could let you, somehow or other, know the true state of the matter. I shall inclose a copy, and what I write to my wicked master himself :

“ What, sir, have I done, that I should be singled out to be the *only* object of your cruelty ? And how can I have the least dependence upon your solemn assurances, after what has passed, and being not permitted to writc to my friends, or to let them know where I am ?

“ Nothing but your promise of not seeing me here in my deplorable bondage can give me the least ray of hope.

“ Do not, I beseech you, drive your distressed servant upon a rock, that may be the ruin both of her soul and body ! You don't know, sir, how dreadfully I *dare*, weak as I am of heart and intellect, were I to find my virtue in danger. Why, O why, should a poor unworthy creature, who ought to be below the notice of such a gentleman as you, be made the sport of a high condition ? Can there be any other reason assigned for your proceedings by her but this one, that she is not able to defend herself, nor has a friend that can right her ?

“ I have, sir, in part to shew my obedience, but, indeed, I own, more to give ease to the minds of my poor distressed parents, follow'd pretty much the form you have prescrib'd for me in a letter to Mrs. Jervis ; and the alterations I have made (for I could not help a few), are of such a nature, as, tho' they shew my just discontent, yet must answer the end you are pleas'd to say you propose by this letter.

“ For God's sake, sir, give me reason, and speedy reason, by setting at liberty a poor creature, who has done nothing to deserve confinement, to join with all the rest of your servants to bless that goodness which you have been accustomed to extend to every one, and till of late used to show to the now deeply afflicted

“ PAMELA.”

I thought, when I had written this letter, and that which he had prescrib'd, it would look like placing a confidence in Mrs. Jewkes, to shew them to her ; and I shewed her, at the same time, my master's letter to me ; for, I believ'd, the value he express'd for me would give me credit with one who profess'd in every thing to serve him, right or wrong ; though I have so little reason, I fear, to pride myself in that credit : and I was not mistaken, for she is at present mighty obliging, and runs over in my praises.

I am now come to Monday, the 5th day of my bondage.

I WAS in hope to have an opportunity to have a little private talk with John before he went away ; but it could not be. I gave him the two letters in one cover : but Mrs. Jewkes, as I should have told you, would make me shew them to her before I sealed them up, and put a private mark on the cover, lest I should inclose any thing else, as indeed I had intended to do.

At the man's going away, he dropt a bit of paper, close rolled up, in my sight, just as she turn'd her back to go down stairs. I took it up unob-

* See p. 51. Her alterations and additions are there in a different character.

scrved ; and was excessively surpriz'd, when, on returning to my closet, I opened it, and read as follows :

“GOOD MRS. PAMELA,—I am griev'd to tell you how much you have been deceiv'd, and betray'd, and that by such a vile dog as I. Little did I think it would come to this. But I must say, if ever there was a rogue in the world, it is me. I have all along shew'd your letters to my master : he employ'd me for that purpose ; and he saw every one before I carried them to your father and mother ; and then seal'd them up, and sent me with them. I had some business that carried me that way, but not half so often as I pretended, and as soon as I heard how it was, I was ready to hang myself. You may well think I could not stand in your presence. O vile, vile wretch, to bring you to this !' If you are ruin'd, I am the rogue that caus'd it. All the justice I can do you, is to tell you you are in vile hands ; and I am afraid will be undone, in spite of all your sweet innocence ; and I believe I shall never live after I know it. If you can forgive me, you are exceeding good ; but I shall never forgive myself, that's certain. Howsoever, it will do you no good to make this known ; and mayhap I may live to do you service. If I can, I will. I am sure I ought.—Master kept your last two or three letters, and did not send them at all. I am the most abandoned wretch of wretches. “J. ARNOLD.

“You see your undoing has been long hatching. Pray take care of your sweet self. Mrs. Jewkes is a devil : but in my master's other house you have not one false heart but myself. Out upon me for a villain !”

My dear father and mother, when you come to this place, I make no doubt your hair will stand an end, as mine does ! O the deceitfulness of the heart of man !—This John, whom I took to be the honestest of men ; whom you also took to be so ; who was always praising you to me, and me to you, and for nothing so much as for our honest hearts ; this very fellow was all the while a vile hypocrite, and a perfidious wretch, and helping to carry on my ruin.

But he says so much of himself, that I will only sit down with this sad reflection—That power and riches never want tools to promote their vilest ends, and that there is nothing so hard to be known as the heart of man. I can but pity the poor wretch, since he seems to have great remorse, and I believe it best to keep his wickedness secret.

One thing I should mention in this place : John brought down, in a portmanteau, all the clothes and things which my lady and my master had given me, and moreover, two velvet hoods, and a velvet scarf that used to be worn by my lady ; but I have no pleasure in them, nor in any thing else.

Mrs. Jewkes had the portmanteau brought into my closet, and she shewed me what was in it ; but then lock'd it up, and said she would let me have what I would out of it when I ask'd ; but if I had the key, it might make me want to go abroad ; and so the confident woman put it in her pocket.

Tuesday and Wednesday.

MRS. Jewkes took me with her a little turn for an airing in the chariot, and I have walked several times in the garden ; but she was always with me. And having no opportunity to write yesterday, I will now put both days together.

Mr. Williams came to see us, and took a walk with us one of the times ; and while her back was turn'd (encouraged by the hint he had before given me) I said—Sir, I see two tiles upon that parsley-bed : might not one cover them with mould, with a note between them, on occasion?—A good hint ! said he : let that sun-flower by the back-door of the garden be the place ; I have a key to that door ; for it is my nearest way to the village.

What inventions will necessity push one upon ! I hugged myself at the thought ; and she coming to us, he said, as if he was continuing a discourse we were in—No, not very pleasant.—What's that ? what's that ? said Mrs. Jewkes.—Only, said he, the village, I am saying, is not very pleasant.—Indeed, said she, 'tis not.—Are there any gentry near it ? said I. And so we chatted on about the town, to deceive her. But I intended no hurt to any body by my deceit.

We then talked of the garden, how large and pleasant, and the like ; and sat down on the turfed slope of the fish-pond, to see the fishes play upon the surface of the water ; and she said, I should angle, if I would.

I wish, said I, you'd be so kind to fetch me a rod and baits.—Pretty mistress ! said she, I know better than that, I assure you, at this time. Indeed, I mean no harm, said I.—Perhaps not, replied she ; but we will angle a little to-morrow. Mr. Williams, who is much afraid of her, changed the discourse. I saunter'd in, and left them to talk by themselves ; but he went away to the village ; and she was soon after me.

I had got to my pen and ink ; but, on her coming, I put what I was writing in my bosom, and asked her for more paper. She questioning me as to that she had given me before—You know, said I, that I have written two letters, and sent them by John (O how the very mentioning of his name, poor guilty fellow, grieves me!)—Well, said she, you have some left : one sheet did for those two letters.—Yes, said I, but I used half another for a cover, you know ; and see how I have scribbled the other half ; and so I showed her a parcel of broken scraps of verses, which I had try'd to recollect, and had written purposely that she might think me usually employ'd in such an idle way.—Ay, said she, so you have ; well, I'll give you two sheets more ; but I must see how you dispose of them.—Well, thought I, I hope still, Argus, to be too hard for thee. Now Argus, the poets say, had an hundred eyes, and was set to watch with them all, as she does, with her goggling ones.

She brought me the paper, and said—Now, Mrs. Pamela, let me see you write something.—I will, said I ; and took the pen and wrote—“ I wish Mrs. Jewkes would be so good to *me*, as I would be to *her*, if I had it in my power.”—That's pretty, now, said she : well, I hope I am ; but what then?—“ Why then (*wrote I*) she would do me the favour to let me know, what I have done to be made her prisoner ; and what she thinks is to become of me.”—Well, and what then ? said she.—“ Why then, of consequence, (*scribbled I*) she would let me see her instructions, that I may know how far to blame, how far to acquit her ; and what to hope from her.”

Thus I fool'd on, to show her my fondness for scribbling (for I had no expectation of any good from her) that so she might suppose I employ'd myself, as I said, to no better purpose at other times : for she will have it that I am upon some plot, I am so silent, and love so much to be by myself.

She would have had me write on a little further.—No, said I, you have not answered me.—Why, said she, what can you doubt, when my master

himself assures you of his honour?—Ay, said I; but lay your hand to your heart, Mrs. Jewkes, and tell me, if you yourself believe him.—Yes, said she, to be sure I do.—But, said I, what do *you* call honour?—Why, said she, what does *he* call honour, think you?—Ruin! shame! disgrace! said I, I fear.—Pho, pho! said she; if you have any doubt about it, he can best explain his own meaning: I'll send him word to come and satisfy you, if you will.—Horrid creature! said I, in a fright. Can you not stab me to the heart! I'd rather you would, than say such another word! But I hope there is no thought of his coming.

She had the wickedness to say—No, no; he don't intend to come, as I know of: but, if I was he, I would not be long away.—What means the woman? said I.—Mean! said she (turning it off); why, I mean, I would come, if I was he, and put an end to all your fears—by making you as happy as you wish.—'Tis out of his power, said I, to make *me* happy, great and rich as he is! but by leaving me innocent, and giving me liberty to go to my father and mother.

She went away soon after, and I ended my letter, in hopes to have an opportunity to lay it in the appointed place. I then went to her, and said—I suppose, as it is not dark, I may take another turn in the garden.—'Tis too late, said she; but if you will go, don't stay; and, Nan, see and attend madam, as she called me.

I went towards the pond, the maid following me, and dropp'd purposely my *hussey*: and when I came near the tiles, I said—Mrs. Ann, I have dropp'd my *hussey*; be so kind as to look for it: I had it by the pond-side. She went back to look, and I slipp'd the note between the tiles, and cover'd them as quick as I could with the light mould, quite unperceived; and the maid finding the *hussey*, I took it, and saunter'd in again, and met Mrs. Jewkes coming to seek after me. What I wrote was this:

‘REVEREND SIR,—The want of opportunity to speak my mind to you, I am sure, will excuse this boldness in a poor creature that is betray'd hither, I have reason to think, for the worst of purposes. You know something, to be sure, of my story, my native poverty, which I am not ashamed of, my late lady's goodness, and my master's designs upon me. 'Tis true, he promises honour; but the honour of the wicked is disgrace and shame to the virtuous. And he may think he keeps his promises, according to the notions he may allow himself to hold; and yet, according to mine, and every good person's, basely ruin me.

“I am so ill treated by this Mrs. Jewkes, and she is so ill-principled a woman, that as I may soon want the opportunity which the happy hint of this day affords to my hopes, I throw myself at once upon your goodness without the least reserve: for goodness I see, sir, in your looks, I hope it from your cloth, and I doubt it not from your inclination, in a case circumstanced as my unhappy one is. For, sir, in helping me out of my present distress, you perform all the acts of religion in one; and the highest mercy and charity, both to body and soul, of a poor wretch, that, believe me, sir, has at present, not so much as in thought, swerved from innocence.

“Is there not some way to be found out for my escape, without danger to yourself? Is there no gentleman or lady of virtue in this neighbourhood, to whom I may fly, only till I can find a way to get to my father and mother? Cannot Lady Davers be made acquainted with my sad story, by your conveying a letter to her? My parents are low in the

world : they can do nothing but break their hearts for me ; and that, I fear, will be the deplorable case.

“ My master promises, if I will be easy, as he calls it, in my present lot, that he will not come down without my consent. Alas! sir, this is nothing : for what is the promise of a person, who thinks himself intitled to act as he has done by me ? If he comes, it must be for no good ; and come, to be sure, he will, when he thinks he has silenced the clamours of my friends, and lulled me, as no doubt he hopes, into a fatal security.

“ Now, therefore, sir, is all the time I have to work and struggle for the preservation of my honesty. If I stay till he comes, I am undone. You have a key to the garden back-door ; I have great hopes from that. Study, good sir, and contrive for me. I will faithfully keep your secret.

“ I say no more, but commit this to the happy tiles, in the bosom of that earth, where I hope my deliverance will take root, and bring forth such fruit as may turn to my inexpressible joy, and your reward, both here and hereafter : as shall ever pray

“ YOUR OPPRESSED HUMBLE SERVANT.”

Thursday.

THIS completes a terrible week since my setting out, in hopes to see you, my dear father and mother. O how different were my hopes then, from what they are now ! Yet who knows what these happy tiles may produce !

But I must now tell you, how I have been beaten by Mrs. Jewkes ! It is very true ! And thus it came about.

I was very impatient to walk in the garden, to see if any thing had offer'd answerable to my hopes. But this wicked Mrs. Jewkes said I should not go without *her* ; and she was not at leisure to go with me. We had a great many words about it ; for I told her—It was very hard to be denied to walk by myself in the garden for a little air ; but must be dogg'd and watch'd, as if I were a thief.

She pleaded her instructions, and said, she was not to trust me out of her sight—You had better, said she, be easy and contented, I assure you ; for I have stricter orders than you have yet found put in force. Don't I remember, added she, your asking Mr. Williams if there were any gentry in the neighbourhood ? This makes me suspect that you want to get away to some of them, and din their ears with your dismal story, as you call it.

My heart aked at this hint ; for I was afraid by it, that she had found my letter under the tiles. But at last, seeing me vexed and surprized, she said—Well, since you are set upon it, you may take a turn, and I will be with you in a minute.

When I was out of sight of her window, I speeded towards the hopeful place ; but was soon forced to slacken my pace, by her odious voice—Hey-day ! why so nimble, and whither so fast ? said she. What ! are you upon a wager ? I stopp'd for her till she had waddled up to me ; and she held by my arm, half out of breath : so I was forced to pass by the hopeful spot, without daring to cast an eye towards it.

The gardener was at work a little further, and I stopt to look upon what he was about, and began to talk to him in the way of his art ; but she said softly—My instructions are, not to let you be familiar with the servants.—Are you afraid, said I, that I should confederate with them to commit a robbery on my master ?—Perhaps I am, said the odious wretch ;

for to rob him of yourself, would be the worst robbery, in his opinion, that you could commit.

And pray, said I, (as we walked on) how came I to be his property? What right has he in me, but such as a thief may plead to stolen goods?—Was ever the like heard! says she. This is downright rebellion, I protest! Well, well, lambkin, (which the foolish creature often calls me) if I was in his place, he should not have his property in you long questionable. I would not stand still—I, shall-I, as he does; but put you and himself both out of your pain.—Jezebel, said I, (I could not help it) and was about to say more; but she gave me a severe blow upon my shoulder.—Take that, said she; who is it you call Jezebel?

I was excessively surprised; for you, my dear father and mother, never beat me in your lives; and looked round, as if I wanted somebody to help me; but saw nobody; and said, at last, putting my hand to my shoulder—Is this also in your instructions? Am I to be *beaten* too? And fell a crying, and threw myself on the grass-walk we were upon.—Jezebel! repeated she, in a great pet, Jezebel! Marry come up! I see you have a spirit: you must and shall be kept under. I'll manage such a little provoking thing as you, I warrant ye! Come, rise; we'll go in a-doors, and I'll lock you up, and you shall have no shoes, nor any kindness from me, I assure you.

I did not know what to do. And I blam'd myself for my free speech; for now I had given her some pretence; and, oh! thought I, here have I unseasonably, by my mal-pertness, ruin'd the only project I had left.

The gardener saw what passed; but she called to him—What do you stare at, Jacob? Pray, mind what you are upon. And away he walked to another quarter, out of sight.

Well, thought I, I must put on the dissembler a little, I see. She took my hand roughly.—Come, get up, said she, and come in a-doors. I'll Jezebel you!—Why, dear Mrs. Jewkes! said I.—None of your dears, and your coaxing! said she; why not Jezebel again? She was in a violent passion, I saw. And again I blamed myself for provoking her.—If you don't rise, and go in, said she, of your own accord, I can take such a slender creature as you under my arm, and carry you in. You don't know my strength.—Indeed I do, said I, too well; and will you not use me worse, when I am within? I arose. She mutter'd to herself all the way—I to be a Jezebel with you, that have used you so well! and such-like.

When I came near the house, I said, sitting down upon a settle-bench—Well, I will *not* go in, till you say you forgive me, Mrs. Jewkes. If you will forgive my calling you that name, I will forgive your beating me. She sat down by me; and, after some angry words—Well, I think I will forgive you this time, said she; and kissed me, as a mark of reconciliation. I told her, I wish'd she would let me know what her instructions were, and the liberty she could allow me; in which case she should find that I would, if possible, confine myself within the prescribed bounds, and not expect more from her than she could grant me.

This, said she, is something like: I wish I could give you all the liberty you desire; for you must think it is no pleasure to me to tie you to my petticoat: but people that will do their duty, must have some trouble; and what I do is to serve as good a master, to be sure, as lives.—Yes, said I, to every body but me!—He loves you too well, return'd she, and thence arise your grievances; so you ought to bear them.—*Love!* repeated I. Such love is a thousand times worse than his hate would be.—Come, said

she, don't let the wench see you have been crying, nor tell *her* any tales ; for you won't tell them fairly, I am sure ; and I'll send her to attend you ; and you shall take another walk in the garden, if you will : perhaps it will get you a stomach to your dinner ; for you don't eat enough to keep life and soul together. You are beauty to the bone, added the strange wretch, or you could not look so well as you do, with so little stomach, so little rest, and so much pining and whining for nothing at all.—Say what you will, wicked woman as you are, thought I, so I can be rid of your bad tongue and bad company. She left me, and sent the maid to walk with me. I hoped now to find some opportunity to come at my sun-flower, But I walked the other way, to take that spot in my return, to avoid suspicion.

I forc'd my discourse to the maid ; but it was all upon general matters ; for I find she is asked after every thing I say and do. When I came near the place, I said—Pray, step to the gardener, and ask him to gather me a sallad. She called out—Jacob ! I told her, he could not hear her so far off. And when she had stepp'd about a bow-shot from me, I stooped down, and took a letter, without direction, from between the tiles, and thrust it in my bosom. She was with me before I could well secure it ; and I trembled so like a fool, that I feared I should discover myself.—You seem frighted, madam, said she.—I *am* frighted, answered I ; and a lucky thought just then entered my head : I stoop'd to smell at the sun-flower, and a great nasty worm running into the ground, startled me ; for I can't abide worms.—Sun-flowers, said she, don't smell.—So I find, reply'd I. We then walked in ; and Mrs. Jewkes said—You have not staid long ; you shall go another time.

I went up to my closet, lock'd myself in, and opening my letter, found the contents to be these that follow :

“I am infinitely concern'd for your distress. I most heartily wish it may be in my power to serve and save so much innocence, beauty, and merit. My whole dependence is upon Mr. B. and I have a near view of being provided for, by his favour to me. But yet I would sooner forfeit all my hopes in him, (trusting in God for the rest) than not assist you, if possible. I never look'd upon Mr. B. in the light he now appears in to me, in your case. To be sure, he is no professed debauchee. But I am entirely of opinion you should, if possible, get out of his hands, and especially as you are in very bad ones in Mrs. Jewkes's.

“We have in this neighbourhood the widow Jones, mistress of a good fortune, and a woman of virtue. We have also old Sir Simon Darnford. His lady is a good woman ; and they have two daughters, virtuous young ladies. All the rest are but middling people, and traders, at best. I will represent your case, if you please, either to Mrs. Jones or Lady Darnford, in hopes they will afford you protection. I see no probability of keeping myself concealed in this matter ; but will, as I said, risque all things to serve you ; for I never saw a sweetness and innocence like yours ; and your hard case has attach'd me entirely to you ; for I know, as you so happily express yourself, if I can serve you in this affair, I shall thereby perform all the acts of religion in one.

“As to Lady Davers, I will convey a letter, if you please, to her ; but it must not be from our post-house. And let this be a caution to you in other respects ; for the man owes all his bread to Mr. B. and his place too, and I believe, by something that dropp'd from him over a can of ale, has his instructions. You don't know how you are surrounded : all which con-

firm me in your opinion, that no honour is meant you, let what will be professed; and I am glad you want no caution on that head.

"Give me leave to say, that I had heard much in your praise, but, I think, greatly short of what you deserve, both in person and mind: my eyes convince me of the one, your letter of the other. I will not enlarge any further than to assure you, that I am, and will be, to the best of my power,

"YOUR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT, ARTHUR WILLIAMS.

"I will go once every morning, and once every evening, after school-time, to look for your letters. I will go in, and return without entering the house, if I see the coast clear; otherwise, to avoid suspicion, I will go in."

In answer to this agreeable letter, I wrote instantly as follows:—

"REVEREND SIR,—How suitable to your function, and your character, is your kind letter! God bless you for it! I now think I am beginning to be happy. I should be sorry to have you suffer on my account; but if you should, I hope it will be made up to you an hundred-fold by that God whom you so faithfully serve. I should be too happy, could I ever have it in my power to contribute in the least to it. But, alas! to serve me, must be for God's sake only; for I am low in fortune; tho' in mind, I hope, too high to do a mean or unworthy deed, were it even to gain a kingdom. But I lose time.—

"Any way you think best, I shall be pleased with; for I know not the persons, nor in what manner it is proper to apply for them. I am glad of the hint you so kindly give me of the man at the post-house. I was thinking of opening a way to serve myself by letter, when I could have opportunity; but I see more and more, that I am indeed strangely surrounded with dangers; and that there is no dependence to be made on my master's professions.

"I should think, sir, if either of those ladies would give leave, I might some way get out by means of your key; and as it is impossible, watched as I am, to know when it can be, suppose, sir, you could get one made by it, and put it, the next opportunity, under the sun-flower?—I am sure no time is to be lost; because it is my wonder, that Mrs. Jewkes is not jealous about this key; for she forgets not the minutest thing. But, sir, if I had a key, and, if these ladies would *not* shelter me, I could get away from hence. And if once out of the house, they could have no pretence to force me in again; for I have done no harm, and hope to make my story good to any compassionate person; and by this means *you* need not be known. Torture should not wring from me anything to your detriment, I assure you.

"One thing more, good sir. Have you no correspondence with my master's Bedfordshire family? I inclose a letter of a deceitful wretch (for I can trust you with any thing) poor John Arnold. Its contents will tell you why I enclose it. Perhaps, by John's means, I might be informed of my master's motions, and particularly as to his intentions of coming hither, and the time; for come he will, I have no doubt; and that is my dread. You will see, sir, that John seems desirous to atone for his treachery to me. I leave this hint for you to improve upon, and am, Reverend Sir,

"YOUR FOR EVER OBLIGED AND THANKFUL SERVANT."

"I hope, sir, by your favour, I could send a little packet, now and

then, somehow, to my father and mother. I have a little stock of money, about five or six guineas : shall I put half into your hands, to defray the charge of a man and horse, or any other incidents?"

I had but just time to transcribe this letter, before I was called to dinner ; and I put that for Mr. Williams, with a wafer in it, into my bosom, to get an opportunity to deposit it.

Of all the flowers in the garden, the sun-flower surely is the loveliest !—It is a propitious one to me ! How nobly my plot succeeds ! But I begin to be afraid my writings may be discovered ; for they grow bulky : I stitch them hitherto in my under-coat, next my linen. But if this brute should search me !—I must try to please her, and then she will not.

I am but just come from a walk in the garden ; and have deposited my letter by a simple wile. I got some horse-beans ; and we took a turn in the garden, to angle. She baited the hook, and I held it, and soon hooked a noble carp.—Play it, play it, said she. I did, and brought it to the bank. A sad thought just then came into my head ; and I took it gently off the hook, and threw it in again ; and O the pleasure it seem'd to have, on flouncing in, when at liberty !—Why this ? says she.—O Mrs. Jewkes ! I was thinking this poor carp was the unhappy Pamela. I was comparing myself to my naughty master. As *we* deceived and hooked the poor carp, so was I betrayed by false baits ; and when you said, *play it, play it*, it went to my heart, to think I should sport with the destruction of the fish I had betray'd : I could not but fling it in again ; and did you not see the joy with which it flounced from us ? O that some good merciful person would procure me my liberty in like manner ; for I cannot but think my danger equal.

Lord bless thee ! said she, what a thought is that !—Well, I can angle no more, said I.—I'll try *my* fortune, said she, and took the rod.—Do, answered I, and I will plant life, if I can, while you are destroying it. I have some horse-beans here, and will go and stick them into one of the borders, to see how long they will be coming up ; and I will call the bed I put them in my garden.

By this simple contrivance, I hope, my dear father and mother, I shall have an opportunity to convey to you my letters, if I cannot get away myself. Let the wicked woman smile at my simplicity, if she will ; I have now a pretence to bend my steps to that spot ; and if the mould should look a little fresh, it won't be so much suspected.

She mistrusted nothing of this ; and I went and stuck in here and there my beans, for about the length of five ells, on each side of the sun-flower ; and easily deposited my letter. And not a little proud am I of this contrivance. Sure something will do at last !

Friday, Saturday.

I have just now told you a trick of mine : I will now tell you a trick of this wicked woman's. She came to me—I have a bill, said she, which I cannot change till to-morrow ; and a tradesman instantly wants his money ; and I don't love to turn poor trades-folks away without their money : have you any about you ?—I have a little, reply'd I : how much will do ?—Oh ! said she, I want ten pounds.—Alas ! said I, I have but six guineas, and a very trifle of silver.—Lend me what you have, said she, till to-morrow. I will return it you then without fail.—O my folly ! I gave her the six guineas, and she went down stairs : and when she came up again, she laughed, and said—Well, I have paid the tradesman.—I

hope, said I, you'll repay me to-morrow.—The wretch, laughing loud, replied—Why, what occasion have you for money? To tell you the truth, lambkin, I did not want it. I only fear'd you might make a bad use of it; and now I can trust Nan with you a little oftener, especially as I have got the key of your portmanteau; so that you can neither corrupt her with money nor fine things.

Never did any body look more silly than I! How I fretted to be so foolishly taken in! And the more, as I had hinted to Mr. Williams, that I would put part of it into his hands to defray the charges of my sending to you. I cry'd for vexation! And now, my dear father, I have not five shillings left to support me, were I to get away!—Was ever such a fool! I *must* be priding myself in my contrivances, truly!—Was this vile trick in your instructions, *wolfkin?* said I, as she called me *lambkin*. Jezebel, you mean, child! said she. Well, I now forgive you heartily; let's kiss and be friends!—Out upon you! said I; I cannot bear you. But I durst not call her names again, being afraid of the weight of her huge paw, which I have once felt.

The more I think of this thing, the more am I grieved, and the more do I blame myself.

This night the man from the post-house brought a letter for Mrs. Jewkes, in which was one inclosed to me: she brought it up to me.—Well, my good master don't forget us, said she. He has sent you a letter; and see what he writes to *me*. So she read—"That he hoped her fair charge was well, happy, and contented. That he did not doubt her care and kindness to me; and that she could not use me too well."

There's a master for you! said she: sure you will love and pray for him.—I desir'd her to read the rest.—No, no, said she, but I won't.—Are there, said I, any orders for taking away my shoes, and for beating me?—No, said she; nor does he call *me* Jezebel; but I thought we had forgiven one another.

This is a copy of his letter to me:

"MY DEAR PAMELA,—I begin to repent already, that I have bound myself by promise, not to see you till you give me leave. Can you place so much confidence in me, as to *invite* me down? Assure yourself, that you shall not have cause to repent of your obligingness. Consider *who* it is that urges you to give him leave to go to his own house, as a favour. I the more earnestly press for your consent, as Mrs. Jewkes acquaints me, that you take your restraint very heavily; and that you neither eat nor rest well; and yet I cannot take off this restraint, till I have had some discourse with you, that must tend to make you one of the happiest of women. It is your *interest*, therefore, my dear girl, to give me a dispensation from my promise, in order to shorten the time of this restraint. John, on his return from you, acquainted me with your uneasiness, in such terms, as, I must own, somewhat alarmed me. But surely your resentment will not throw you upon a rashness that might encourage a daring hope. This fellow hinted to me (in his superabundant concern for you) that Mrs. Jewkes used you with unkindness. If, on my arrival at the *Hall*, I find this to be so, I will put that woman entirely in your power; you shall, if you please, dismiss her for ever from my service; and Mrs. Jervis, or whom else you please, shall attend you in her place.

"Till I have settled two or three points of consequence with Lady Davers, I do not think myself at liberty to explain further my intentions

in your favour. But of this you may assure yourself, that I mean to act by you with the utmost honour ; for your merit and innocence have very tenderly impressed me. But you must place some confidence in me. I cannot bear to be mistrusted by those to whom I intend kindness.

“ I look upon the letter you wrote at my request, to be shewn to your father and mother (who are entirely easy upon it) as one instance of the confidence I wish for. And you shall not, I repeat, have reason to repent it.

“ Mrs. Jewkes will convey to me your answer. Let it be such as I wish for. And you will inexpressibly oblige
“ YOUR TRUE FRIEND.”

I was so much convinced of his baseness by this very letter, that, comparing its contents with the trick he had played me, and with the situation I am in with this bad woman set over me, I became the more impatient in my hopes to find a letter from Mr. Williams, that might open a prospect for me to escape the alarming danger.

I took an evening turn, as I called it, in Mrs. Jewkes’s company ; and coming to the place, I stopt, and said—Do you think, Mrs. Jewkes, any of my beans can have struck since yesterday ? She laugh’d, and said—You are a poor gardener ; but I love to see you divert yourself.

She passing on, I found a letter my good friend had deposited, and slipping it into my bosom (for her back was towards me)—Here, said I, drawing her back by the sleeve, having a bean in my hand, is one of them ; but it has not stirr’d.—No, to be sure, said she, and turn’d upon me a most wicked jest, unbecoming a woman’s mouth. When I came in, I hurried to my closet, and read as follows :

“ I am sorry to tell you, that I have had a repulse from Mrs. Jones. She is concern’d at your case, she says ; but don’t care to make herself enemies. I apply’d to Lady Darnford, and told her, in the most pathetic terms I could think of, your sad story, and shew’d her your more pathetic letter. I found her well-dispos’d ; but she would advise with Sir Simon, she said, who, by-the-by, is not a man of a character famous for virtue. She did, in my presence ; and he said—Why, what is all this, my dear, but that our neighbour has a mind to his mother’s waiting-maid ! And if he takes care she wants for nothing, I don’t see any great injury will be done her. He hurts no *family* by this.” *Lane Smitars*

So, my dear father and mother, it seems, that *poor* people’s virtue is to go for nothing.

“ And I think, Mr. Williams, you, of all men, should not engage in this affair, against your friend and patron.

“ He spoke this in so determin’d a manner, that it silenced the lady ; and I had only to beg no notice should be taken of the matter, as proceeding from *me*.

“ I have hinted your case to Mr. Peters, the minister of this parish ; but I am concern’d to say (for he bears an irreproachable character) that he imputed selfish views to me, as if I would make an interest in your affections, by my zeal. And when I represented the duties of our function, and the like, and protested my disinterestedness, he coldly said, I was very good ; but was a young man, and knew little of the world. And tho’ it was a thing to be lamented, yet when he and I should set about to reform mankind in this respect, we should have enough upon our hands ; since, such attempts, he said, were too common and too fashionable to be decried with success by private clergymen. And then he utter’d some re-

reflections upon the conduct of the present fathers of the church, in regard to the first personages of the realm, as a justification of his coldness on this score.

“I represented the different circumstances of your case: that other women lived in a state of guilt *by their own consent*; but to serve you, was to save an innocence that had but few examples. And then I shewed him your letter.

“He said, it was prettily written; and he was sorry for you: and that your good intentions ought to be encourag’d—But what, said he, would you have *me* to do, Mr. Williams?—Why, suppose, sir, said I, that if she can make her escape, you should give her shelter in your house, with your spouse and niece, till she can get to her friends!—What, and embroil myself with a man of Mr. B’s. power and fortune! Not I, I assure you! And I would have you consider what you are about: for Mr. B. is a man of strong passions: and by what you have told me, and the letter you have shewed me, seems determined to carry his point. I am sorry, added he, for the young woman; but see not that our embroiling ourselves for her, with such a man as he is, will do her any service. The case, the more’s the pity! is too common. And if she is so pretty as you say, she might have fallen into worse hands; for he is not an ungenerous man, nor profligately wicked, except in this case: and it is what all young gentlemen will do.

“This is what Mr. Peters was pleased to say; and I am greatly concern’d for him, I assure you. However, I am not discouraged by this ill success, let will follow as to myself, if I can serve you.

“I besought Mr. Peters to take no notice of my application to him. He promised that he would not: and I am sure I may rely upon his word. He would be glad you were safe, I dare say: but, poor gentleman! he is like too many of us. He wants courage, when a man of power is in the case

“I do not hear, as yet, that Mr. B. is coming. I am glad of your hint relating to that unhappy fellow, John Arnold. Something, perhaps, will strike out from that, which may be useful.

“As to your packets, if you seal them up, and lay them in the usual place (if you find it not suspected) I will watch an opportunity to convey them; but if they are large, you had best be very cautious. This evil woman, I find, mistrusts me.

“I just hear, that the gentleman is dying, whose living Mr. B. has promised me. I have almost a scruple to take it, as I am acting so contrary to his desires; but I hope he will one day thank me for it.

“As to money, don’t think of it at present. Command all in my power to do for you, without reserve.

“I believe, when we hear he is coming, it will be best to make use of the key, which I shall soon procure you; and I can borrow a horse for you, I believe, to wait within half a mile of the back door, that opens to the pasture; and will contrive by myself, or by somebody else, to have you conducted to some place of present safety. So don’t be discomfited, I beseech you. I am, excellent Mrs. Pamela,

“YOUR FAITHFUL FRIEND, &c.”

I made a thousand sad reflections upon the former part of this honest gentleman’s kind letter; and, but for the hope he gave me at last, should have given up my case as quite desperate. I then wrote to him, to thank

him most gratefully for his kind endeavours. In my letter, “ I lamented the little concern the gentry he applied to, had shewn for a case so circumstanced ; the wickedness of the world, first to give way to such iniquitous fashions, and then plead the frequency of them, in order to excuse themselves from attempting to amend them ; and how unaffected people were with the distresses of others. I waved my former hint of writing to Lady Davers ; since *that*, I fear’d, would only serve to harden her brother, and make him come down the sooner, and to be more determined on my ruin ; besides, that it might make Mr. Williams suspected to be the person by whose means such a letter was conveyed. My lady, I told him, both loved and feared her brother ; and it was a doubt whether, if her ladyship *would* interest herself in by behalf, it would have any effect upon him : that, therefore, I would entirely rely upon his assistance in the key and the horse, which he had offered to procure for me. I acquainted him with my master’s desire to be permitted, as he called it, to come down : a condescension vastly too great, did he not build upon that my requested permission (could he obtain it) a kind of indirect consent to his vile views. I was fearful, I said, that his coming might be sudden, and therefore thought no time was to be lost : and acquainted him with the abominable trick of this base woman, in borrowing my little money, and refusing to restore it ; on the contrary, glorying in her artful wickedness in getting it from me.”

I was so closely watched, that I had not opportunity to take a copy of the letter I wrote. But when I had it ready in my bosom, I was easy.

I was guilty of art in my turn ; for I told her, that I wanted to have her advice upon the letter of my master to me. She was highly pleased.—Ay, said she, this is something like, and now we will take a turn in the garden, or where you please. I pretended it was indifferent to me ; but at the same time led into the garden, and began to talk to her of my master’s letter ; though I did not acquaint her with *all* the contents ; mentioning to her only that he wanted my consent to come down, and hop’d she us’d me kindly, and the like. And I said—Now, Mrs. Jewkes, let me have your advice as to this.—Why, then, said she, I will give it you freely : e’en send to him to come down : it will highly oblige him, and I dare say you’ll fare the better for it.—How the *better* ? said I. I dare say, you think yourself, that he intends my ruin.—I hate, said she, that foolish word *ruin* ! Why ne’er a lady in the land lives happier than you may do, if you will, or be more honourably us’d.

Well, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I shall not at this time dispute with you about the words *ruin* or *honourable* ; for I find we have quite different notions of both : but now I will speak plainer than ever I did. Do you think he intends to make proposals to me, as to a kept mistress, or kept slave rather, or do you not ?—Why, lambkin, said she, what dost thou think thyself ?—I fear, said I, he does.—Well, said she, but if he does, (for I know nothing of the matter, I assure you) you may have your own terms. I see that you may do anything with him.

I could not bear this to be spoken, tho’ it was what I had long fear’d ; and began to exclaim in passionate terms—Nay, said she, he may marry you, as far as I know.—No, no, said I, that cannot be. I neither desire nor expect it. His high condition in the world does not permit me to have such a thought. And the whole of his conduct by me shews but too plainly what his base views are ; yet you would have me invite him to come down, would you ? What, Mrs. Jewkes, invite my ruin ?

Ruin! said she, and put up her ugly horse-lip. It is what *I* would do, in your place; and if it was to be as you *think*, I should rather be out of my pain, than live in continual apprehensions, as you do.—An *hour* of innocence, replied I, is worth an *age* of guilt: and were my life to be made ever so miserable by it, I should never forgive myself, if I were not to lengthen out to the longest minute the time of my innocence. Who knows what Providencce may do for me?

Who knows, said she, as he loves you so well, but you may move him in your favour by your prayers and tears? Prayers and tears you are a good one at, lambkin.—[Was she not an odious wretch? A woman! surely she cannot have the nature of a woman!]
—And for that reason, continued she, I should think you had better let him come down.

A *good one at prayers and tears*, Mrs. Jewkes! You are a wicked woman—(Jezebel, said she)—thus to make a jest of the calamity of a poor young creature, designed, as perhaps you know, for a sacrifice!

She only laughcd—Ugly creature! She only laughed—You cannot imagine how ugly she is when she laughs.—How must she look when she cries?

I will write to him, continued I, because he expects an answer; else, perhaps, he will make my silence a pretence to come down. How can a letter go?

I will take care of that, said she; it is in my instructions.—Ay, thought I, so I suppose, by the hint Mr. Williams gave me about the post-house.

The gardencr coming by, I said—Mr. Jacob, I have planted a few beans, and I call the border where I have planted them my garden. It is just by the door, out yonder, I'll shew it you; pray, don't dig them up. I went on with him; and when we had turn'd the alley, out of her sight, and were near the place—Pray, said I, fetch me a few more beans, or a few pease. He smil'd, I suppose, at my foolishness, but went on, nodding his compliance; and I popp'd my letter to Mr. Williams under the mould, and stepp'd back, as if waiting for his return. She was not far off. He presently came back with some beans. She followed him; and whispering me—I am afraid of some fetch! said she. You don't use to send on such simple errands.—I was frighted.—My master writes, proceeded she, that I must have all my eyes about me; for tho' you are as innocent as a dove, yet you are as cunning as a serpent. But I'll forgive you, if you cheat *me*.

I then thought of my money, and could have call'd her names, had I dar'd: and I said—Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, now you talk of forgiving me if I cheat *you*, be so kind as to pay me my money; for tho' I have no occasion for it, yet I know you was but in jest, and intended to give it me again.—You shall have it in a proper time, said she; but, indeed, I was in earnest to get it out of your hands, for fear you should make an ill use of it.

We cavilled upon this subject as we walk'd in, and I went up to write my letter to my master; and, as I intended to shew it her, I wrote accordingly as to her part of it.

“HONOURED SIR,—When I consider how easily you might make me happy, since all I desire is to be permitted to go to my father and mother: when I reflect upon your former proposal to me, in relation to a certain person, not one word of which is now mentioned; and upon my being in so strange a manner run away with, and still kept here a miserable prisoner; do you think, sir, (pardon your poor servant's freedom; my fears

make me bold) that your general assurances of honour, can have the effect upon me, that, were it not for these things, all your words ought to have? —O sir! I too much apprehend, that *your* notions of honour and *mine* are very different. And I have no other hope but in your continued absence. If you have any proposals to make me, that are consistent with your *honourable* professions, in *my* humble sense of the word, a few lines will communicate them to me, and I will return such an answer as befits me.

“Why, sir, must I be close watch’d, a wretched prisoner! hinder’d from stirring out, from speaking to any body, from going so much as to church to pray for you, who have been till of late so generous a benefactor to me; why, sir, I humbly ask, why all this, if you mean honourably? Pardon me, I hope you will; but as to *seeing you*, I cannot bear the dreadful apprehension. Whatever you have to propose, whatever you intend by me, let my assent be that of a free person, mean as I am, and not of a slave, who is to be threaten’d and frighten’d into a compliance with measures which you yourself, if I may judge by your conduct towards me, think I would naturally abhor. My restraint is indeed hard upon me. I am very uneasy under it. Shorten it, I beseech you, if you would wish me to avoid a rashness worse than that you seem to be apprehensive of. For, let me say, that if I am made desperate, you know not what the wretched Pamela *dare do*, rather than submit to dishonour. I am, sir,

“YOUR GREATLY OPPRESSED AND VERY UNHAPPY SERVANT.”

After I had taken a copy of this, I folded it up; and Mrs. Jewkes coming, just as I had done, sat down by me, and said, when she saw me direct it—I wish you would tell me if you have taken my advice, and consented to my master’s coming down.—If it will oblige you, said I, I will read the whole letter to you.—That’s good, said she; then I’ll love you dearly.

I read it to her, and she prais’d me much for my wording it; but said, she thought I push’d the matter very close; and it would better bear *talking* of, than *writing* about. She wanted an explanation of what I wrote about the proposal in relation to a *certain person*; but I said, she must take it as she heard it. Well, well, said she, I make no doubt you understand each other, and will do so more and more.

I sealed up the letter, and she undertook to send it away.

Sunday.

MR. WILLIAMS came yesterday, and this day, as usual, and took my letter; but having no good opportunity, we avoided speaking to each other: but I was concern’d I had not the key; for I would not have lost a moment to procure one, had I been *him*, and he *me*. Mrs. Jewkes came up, and wanted me sadly to sing her a psalm, as she had often on common days importun’d me for a song upon the harpsichord, which I always declin’d, because of my sad situation; as now I did, on account of my spirits being so low that I could hardly speak, nor car’d to be spoken to; but when she was gone, I remembering the cxxxviith psalm to be affecting, turn’d to it, and took the liberty to alter it somewhat nearer to my case, as follows:

When sad I sat in Brandon-hall,
All guarded round about,
And thought of ev’ry absent friend,
The tears for griet burst out.

My joys and hopes all overthrow'd,
 My heart-strings almost broke,
 Unfit my mind for melody,
 Much more to bear a joke ;
 Then she to whom I pris'ner was,
 Said to me tauntingly—
 Now cheer your heart, and sing a song,
 And tune your mind to joy.
 Alas! said I, how can I frame
 My heavy heart to sing,
 Or tune my mind, while thus enthral'd
 By such a wicked thing !
 But yet, if from my innocence
 I, e'en in thought, should slide,
 Then let my fingers quite forget
 The harpsichord to guide.
 And let my tongue within my mouth
 Be lock'd for ever fast,
 If I rejoice, before I see
 My full deliv'rance past.
 And thou, Almighty, recompence
 The evils I endure,
 From those who seek my said disgrace,
 So causeless, to procure.
 I remember, Lord, this Mrs. Jewkes,
 When with a mighty sound,
 She cries—Down with her chastity,
 Down to the very ground !
 E'en so shalt thou, O wicked one,
 At length to shame be brought ;
 And happy shall all those be call'd,
 That my deliv'rance wrought.
 Yea, blessed shall the man be call'd
 That shames thee of thy evil ;
 And saves me from thy vile attempts,
 And thee too, from the d——l.

• *Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday.*

I WRITE now with a little more liking, because Mr. Williams has got a large parcel of my papers safe, in his hands, to send them to you, as he has opportunity ; so I am not quite *uselessly* employed ; and I am deliver'd, besides, from the fear of their being found, if I should be search'd. I have been permitted to take an airing five or six miles, with Mrs. Jewkes : but, tho' I know not the reason, she watches me more closely than ever ; so that Mr. Williams and I have, by consent, discontinued, for these three days, the sun-flower correspondence.

The poor cook-maid has had a sad mischance ; for she has been hurt by a vicious bull in the pasture, by the side of the garden, not far from the back-door. Now this pasture I am to cross, which is about half a mile, and then is a common, and near that a private horse-road, where I hope to find an opportunity for escaping, as soon as Mr. Williams can get me a horse, and has made all ready for me : for he has got me the key, which he put under the mould, just by the door, as he found an opportunity to hint to me.

He just now has signified, that the gentleman is dead, whose living he has had hope of ; and he came pretendedly to tell Mrs. Jewkes of it ; and so could speak this to her, before me.

She wish'd him joy. See what the world is ! one man's death is another

man's joy : thus we thrust out one another ! My hard case makes me serious.

He found means to slide a letter into my hands, and is gone away : he look'd at me with such respect and solemnness at parting, that Mrs. Jewkes said—Why, madam, I believe our young parson is half in love with you.—In love with me, Mrs. Jewkes ! said I ; Mr. Williams knows better.—Why, said she, (I believe to sound me) I can't see you can either of you do better ; and I have lately been so touch'd for you, seeing how heavily you apprehend dishonour from my master, that I think it is pity you should not have Mr. Williams.

I knew this must be a fetch of her's, because, instead of being troubled for me, as she pretended, she watch'd me closer, and him too : I therefore said—There is not a man living that I desire to marry. To keep myself honest, and to be a comfort and assistance to my poor parents, is the very top of my ambition.—Well, but, said she, I have been thinking very seriously, that Mr. Williams would make you a good husband ; and as he will owe all his fortune to my master, he will be very glad, to be sure, to be oblig'd to him for a wife of his chusing : especially such a pretty one, and one so ingenious, and genteelly educated.

This gave me a doubt, whether she knew of my master's intimation of that sort formerly : I asked her, if she had reason to surmise, that *that* was in view?—No, she said ; it was only her own thought ; but it was very likely, that my master had either that in view, or something better for me. But, if I approv'd of it, she would propose such a thing to our master directly.

Well, I see that I shall be under no necessity to make advances to Mr. Williams, if I were disposed to think of him, as I am sure I am not. This is his letter :

“ I AM at a loss to express myself, lest I should appear to you to have a selfish view in the service I wish to do you. But I really know but one effectual and honourable way for you to extricate yourself from the dangerous situation you are in. It is that of marriage with some person whom you could make happy in your approbation. As for my own part, an engagement of that kind would be, as things stand, my *apparent* worldly ruin. But yet, so great is my veneration for you, and so entire my reliance on Providence upon so just an occasion, that I should think myself but too happy, if I might be accepted. I would, in this case, forego all my expectations, and be your conductor to some safe distance. But why do I say, *in this case* ? That I will do, whether you think fit to reward me so eminently or not. And I will, the moment I hear of Mr. B.'s setting out, (and I think now I have settled a very good method of intelligence of all his motions) get a horse ready, and myself to conduct you. I refer myself wholly to your goodness and direction, and am, with the highest respect,
“ YOUR MOST FAITHFUL HUMBLE SERVANT.

“ Don't think this a sudden resolution. I always admir'd your character ; and the moment I saw you, wished to serve so much excellence.”

What shall I say, my dear father and mother, to this unexpected declaration ? I want now, more than ever, your advice. But, after all, I have no mind to marry : I had rather live with you. But yet, I would marry a man who begs from door to door, and has no home nor being, rather than endanger my honesty. Yet I cannot, methinks, young as I am, bear

the thoughts of being a wife. After a thousand different thoughts, I wrote as follows :

“REVEREND SIR,—I am greatly confounded at the contents of your last. You are much too generous, and I cannot bear you should risque all your future prospects for me. Yet I cannot think of your offer without equal concern and gratitude ; since nothing but to avoid a ruin, that would be otherwise unavoidable, could induce me, young as I am, to think of a change of condition ; and so, sir, you ought not to accept of such an involuntary compliance, as mine would be, were I, upon the *last* necessity, to yield to your very generous proposal. I will rely wholly upon your goodness, in assisting my escape ; but shall not, on *your* account principally, *think* of the honour you propose for me, at present ; and never, but at the pleasure of my parents, who, low as they are in circumstances, in such a weighty point, are as much entitled to my duty, as if they were ever so rich. I beg you, therefore, sir, not to think of anything from me, but everlasting gratitude, which will always bind me to be

“YOUR MOST OBLIGED SERVANT.”

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, the 14th, 15th, and 16th of my Bondage.

Mrs. Jewkes has received a letter, and is much civiller to me, and Mr. Williams too, than she used to be. I wonder I have not one in answer to mine to my master. I suppose he is angry. I am not the more pleased for her civility ; for she is very cunning, and as watchful as ever. I laid a trap to get at her instructions, which she carries in the bosom of her stays ; but it has not succeeded.

My last letter went safe to Mr. Williams, by the old conveyance, so that he is not suspected. He has intimated, that though I have not come so readily as he hop'd I would into his scheme, yet his diligence shall not be slacken'd, and he will leave it to Providence and myself, to dispose of him as he shall be found to deserve. He has signified to me, that he shall soon send a special messenger with the paquet to you, and I have added to it what has occurred since.

Sunday.

I AM just now quite astonish'd ! I hope all is right ! But I have a strange turn to acquaint you with.

Mr. Williams and Mrs. Jewkes came to me both together ; he in ecstasies, she with a strange fluttering sort of air.—Well, said she, Mrs. Pamela, I give you joy ! I give you joy ! Let nobody speak but me ! Then she sat down, as out of breath, puffing and blowing.—Every thing, proceeded she, turns as I said it would ! Why, there is to be a match between you and Mr. Williams ! Well, I always thought it. Never was so good a master !——Go to, go to, naughty mistrustful Mrs. Pamela—Nay, you Mr. Williams, said the forward creature, I may as good as call you ; you ought on your knees to beg my master's pardon a thousand times for mistrusting him.

She was going on ; and he, poor man ! wanted, I saw, to edge in a joyful word ; but I said—Don't torture me thus, I beseech you, Mrs. Jewkes. Let me know all !——Ah ! Mr. Williams, said I, take care, take care !——Mistrustful again ! said she ; why, Mr. Williams, shew her your letter ; and I will shew her *mine* : they were brought by the same hand.

I trembled at the thoughts of what this might mean ; and said—You have so surpris'd me, that I cannot stand, nor hear, nor read ! Why did

you come up in such a manner to attack such weak spirits?—Shall we, Mrs. Jewkes, said Mr. Williams, leave our letters with Mrs. Pamela, to give her time to recover from her surprize?—Ay, said she, with all my heart; here is nothing but flaming honour and good-will! And so saying, they left me their letters, and withdrew.

My heart was quite sick with the surprize; so that I could not presently read them, notwithstanding my impatience; but after a-while, recovering, I found the contents thus strange and unexpected:

“MR. WILLIAMS,—The death of Mr. Fownes has now given me the opportunity I have long wanted, to make you happy, and that in a double respect: for I shall soon put you in possession of his living, and (if you have the art of making yourself well receiv'd) of one of the loveliest wives in England. She has not been used (as she has reason to think) according to her merit; but when she finds herself under the protection of a man of virtue and probity, with a competency to maintain her in the handsome manner to which she has been of late years accustom'd, I am persuaded she will forgive those seeming hardships which have paved the way to so happy a lot, as I hope it will be to you both. I have only to account for my conduct, and good intentions with regard to her, which I shall do, when I see you: but as I shall soon set out for London, I believe it will be a month first. Mean while, if you can prevail with Pamela, you need not suspend for *that* your mutual happiness; only let me have notice of it first, and that she approves of your addresses; since, in so material an article, she ought entirely to be her own mistress; as I assure you, on the other hand, I would have you be absolutely your own master, that nothing may be wanting to complete your mutual felicity. I am, my old school-fellow,
“YOUR FRIEND.”

Was ever the like heard!——Lie still, my throbbing heart! This is the letter Mrs. Jewkes left with me:

“MRS. JEWKES,—You have been very careful and diligent in the task, which, for reasons I shall hereafter explain, I had impos'd upon you. Your trouble is now almost at an end: for I have written my intentions to Mr. Williams so particularly, that I need say the less here, because he will not scruple, I believe, to let you know the contents of my letter. I have only one thing to mention; it is, that if you find what I have hinted to him will be in the least disagreeable to either, you assure them both, that they are at entire liberty to pursue their own inclinations. I hope you continue your civilities to the mistrustful, uneasy Pamela, who now will begin to think justly of my honour in the discharge of the promise I made to my mother in the girl's favour.

“When I have a few lines from her in acknowledgment of her injurious mistrusts of my honour, and to express her gratitude on this occasion, I shall not scruple to write a letter to her, to assure her, and Mr. Williams, of my further intentions for their mutual benefit. “YOUR FRIEND, &c.”

I had hardly time to transcribe these letters, tho', writing so much, I write pretty fast, before they came up again, in high spirits; and Mr. Williams said—I am glad at my heart, dear Mrs. Pamela, that I was *before-hand* in my declarations to you: this generous letter has made me the happiest man on earth; and, Mrs. Jewkes, you may be sure, that if I can procure this fair-one's consent, I shall think myself—

I interrupted the good man (for considering my master's treatment of me

before at his other house, my being carried off as I was, and kept a prisoner here, I could not but be upon my guard; this woman too, so very artful and wicked) and said—Ah, Mr. Williams, take care, take care; don't let—There I stopp'd, and Mrs. Jewkes said—Still mistrustful! I never saw the like in my life! But I see, said she, I was not wrong, whilst my old orders lasted, to be wary of you both. I should have had a hard task to prevent you, I find; for, as the saying is, *Nought can restrain consent of twain.*

I wondered not at her taking hold of his joyful indiscretion. I took her letter, and said—Here, Mrs. Jewkes, is your letter. I thank you for letting me see it; but I have been so long in a maze, that I can say nothing of this for the present. Time will bring all to light.—Here, sir, is yours: may every thing turn to your happiness! I give you joy of my master's goodness in the living.—It will not be a *living*, replied he, without you.—Forbear, sir, said I; while I have a father and mother, I am not my own mistress: and I will see myself quite at liberty, before I shall think myself fit to make a choice.

Mrs. Jewkes held up her eyes and hands, and said—Such art, such caution, such cunning, for thy years! Well!—Why, said I (that he might be more on his guard) tho' I hope there cannot be deceit in this, I have been so used to be made a fool of by fortune, that I can hardly tell how to govern myself; and am almost an infidel as to mankind. But, I hope, I may be wrong; henceforth, Mrs. Jewkes, I will consult you in every thing—(*that I think proper*, said I to myself)—for to be sure, tho' I may forgive her, I can never love her.

She left Mr. Williams and me, a few minutes, together; and I said—Consider, sir, consider what you have done.—'Tis impossible, said he, there can be deceit.—I hope so, replied I: but what necessity was there for you to talk of your *former* declaration? Let *this* be as it will, *that* could do no good, especially before this woman. Forgive me, sir; they talk of women's promptness of speech; but, indeed, I see an honest heart is not to be trusted with itself in bad company.

He was going to reply; but, tho' her task is said to be ALMOST (I took notice of that word) at an end, she came up to us again; and said—Well, I had a good mind to shew you the way to church to-morrow.

I was glad of this, because, tho' in my present doubtful situation I should not have chosen it, yet I would have encourag'd her proposal, to be able to judge, by her being in earnest or otherwise, whether one might depend upon the rest. But Mr. Williams again indiscreetly help'd her to an excuse, by saying, that it was now best to defer it *one* Sunday, and till matters were riper; and she readily took hold of it, and confirm'd his opinion.

After all, I hope the best; but if this should turn out to be a plot, nothing I fear but a miracle can save me. But sure the heart of man is not capable of such black deceit. Besides, Mr. Williams has it under my master's own hand, and he dare not but be in earnest; and then again, his education, and parents' example, have neither of them taught him such very black contrivances. So I will hope for the best!

Mr. Williams, Mrs. Jewkes, and I have been all thrice walking together in the garden; and she pull'd out her key to the back-door, and opening it, we walk'd a little way in the pasture. Mr. Williams pointed at the sun-flower, as we passed it, but I was forc'd to be very reserved to him; for the good man has no guard, no caution at all. In the pasture, at a distance, we look'd at the bull that hurt the cook-maid, who is got pretty

well again. An ugly, surly, grim creature. Mrs. Jewkes said, that was not the first mischief he had done. You know, my dear mother, that I was always from childhood afraid of a bull; and you used to tell me, that as cows for their meekness and usefulness were to be liken'd to good women; so bulls, when fierce and untameable, were to be compared to wicked men: and thence you gave me such cautions and instructions, to avoid such libertine men, as have had a place in my memory ever since.

Mr. Williams, Mrs. Jewkes, and I, have just supp'd together; and I cannot yet think but all must be right. Only I am resolved not to marry, nor to give any encouragement to Mr. Williams, beyond the civility due to so good a man: at least till I am with you, and have the approbation of you both. So young a girl! I think I should be very forward were I to shew any inclination to be so soon a wife. My reverence for the character is too great to make me hope, that I could, for one while, acquit myself tolerably in the station of a good clergyman's wife; and if I were ever to be so preferr'd, I hope, by God's grace, not to disgrace the character.

Mr. Williams said, *before* Mrs. Jewkes, he would send a messenger with a letter to my father and mother. How indiscreet! But I desire you will give no answer, till I have the happiness of seeing you; which now I hope for soon.

YOUR EVER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

Monday morning.

Alas! alas! we have bad news from poor Mr. Williams. He has had a sad mischance; fallen among rogues in his way home last night; but by good chance has sav'd my papers. This is the account he gives of it:

"GOOD MRS. JEWKES,—I have had a sore misfortune in going from you. When I had got as near the town as the dam, and was going to cross the wooden bridge, two fellows got hold of me, and swore bitterly they would kill me, if I did not give them what I had. They rummag'd my pockets, and took from me my snuff-box, my seal-ring, my cork-screw, and half a guinea, and some silver, and half-pence; also my handkerchief, and two or three letters I had in my pocket. By good fortune the letter Mrs. Pamela gave me was in my bosom, and so that escap'd; but they bruised my head and face, and cursing me for having no more money, tipp'd me into the dam, crying—Lie there, parson, till to-morrow! My shins and knees were bruised much in the fall against one of the stumps; and I had like to have been suffocated in water and mud. To be sure, I shall not be able to stir out this day or two: for I am a fearful spectacle! My hat and wig I was forced to leave behind me, and go home a mile and a half without; but they were found next morning, and brought me with my snuff-box, which the rogues must have dropp'd. My cassock is sadly torn, as is my band. You need not question, but that I was much frightened; for a robbery in these parts has not been known of many years. Diligent search is making after the rogues. My kindest respects to good Mrs. Pamela. If *she* pities my misfortunes, I shall be the sooner well, and fit to wait on her and you. This did not hinder me writing a letter, tho' with great pain, as I do this;" [*To be sure, this good man can keep no secret!*]
 "and sending it away by a man and horse, this morning. I am, good Mrs. Jewkes,

"YOUR MOST OBLIGED HUMBLE SERVANT.

"Heaven be praised, it is no worse! I find I have got no cold, tho' miserably wet from head to foot. My fright, I believe, prevented me from catching cold; for I was not rightly myself for some hours, and

know not how I got home. I will write a letter of thanks this night, if I am able, to my kind patron, for his inestimable goodness to me. I wish I was enabled to say all I hope, with regard to the *better part* of his bounty to me, incomparable Mrs. Pamela."

The brute laughed, when she had read this letter, till her fat sides shook. —I can but think, said she, how the poor parson look'd, after parting with his pretty mistress in such high spirits, when he found himself at the bottom of the dam! And what a figure he must cut in his tatter'd band and cassock, and without hat and wig! I warrant, added she, he was in a sweet pickle when he got home. I said—I thought it was very barbarous to laugh at such a misfortune. But she reply'd—As he was safe, she laugh'd; otherwise she should have been sorry; and she was glad to see me so much concern'd for him. It look'd *promising*, she said.

I heeded not her reflection; but as I have been used to causes for mistrusts, I cannot help saying, that I don't like this thing: and their taking his letters most alarms me. How happy it was, they miss'd my packet! I know not what to think of it! But why should I let every accident break my peace? Yet it *will* do so, while I stay here.

Mrs. Jewkes is very earnest with me, to go with her in the chariot, to visit Mr. Williams. She is so officious to bring on the affair between us, that being a cunning, artful woman, I know not what to make of it. I have refus'd her absolutely, urging, that except I intended to encourage his suit, I ought not to do it. And she is gone without me.

I have strange temptations to get away in her absence, notwithstanding all these fine appearances. 'Tis sad to have nobody to advise with! I know not what to do. But, alas for me! I have no money, if I should get away, to buy any body's civilities, or to pay for necessaries or lodging. But I will go into the garden, and resolve afterwards.

I have been in the garden, and to the back-door: and there I stood, my heart up at my mouth. I could not see I was watch'd: so this looks well. But now, if any thing should happen amiss; if my master should come down, and use me ill, I should never forgive myself for losing such an opportunity as this. Well, I will go down again, and see if all is clear, and how it looks out at the back-door in the pasture.

I have been down again, and ventur'd to open the door, and went out about a bow-shot into the pasture; but there stood that horrid bull, staring me full in the face, with fiery saucer eyes, as my antipathy to the creature made me think; and especially as the poor cook-maid's misfortune came strongly into my mind. So I got in again for fear he should come at me. And here again I am at my pen. Nobody saw me, however.

Do you think there are such things as witches and spirits? If there be, I believe in my heart, Mrs. Jewkes has got this bull on her side. But yet, what could I do without money or a friend? O this wicked woman, to trick me so! Then I know not one step of the way, nor how far to any house or cottage; or whether I could obtain protection if I got to a house: and now the robbers are abroad too, I may run into dangers as great as those I want to escape from; nay, much greater, if the present not unpromising appearances hold: and sure my master cannot be so black a creature, as that they should not! What can I do? I have a good mind to try for it once more; but then I may be pursued and taken; and it will be worse for me; and this wicked woman perhaps will again beat me, take my shoes away, and lock me up.

I went down resolved to get away, if possible; but the gardener was at work in sight of the door. I loitered about, in the hopes he would leave that quarter: but he continued digging there. So I came up again. Fool that I was! could I not have thought of some errand to send him out of the way? As I continue writing here, when I ought to act, that will shew you my strange irresolution, and how I am distress'd between my hopes and my fears! But I will go down again, and contrive and send this busy gardener with a message, that will keep Mrs. Jewkes still longer with Mr. Williams, in hopes of my fetching her home, with the maid Nan to bear me company! What a contriver has your Pamela become! *Necessity is truly said to be the mother of invention.*

Well, here I am, come back again! frighted, like a fool, out of all my purposes! The gardener was in another part of the garden, far enough from the back-door; and I had unlocked it, and actually got a good way over the pasture; when I looked, and saw the horrid bull, as I thought, making to get between me and the door, and another bull coming towards me the other way—Well, thought I, here seems to be the spirit of my master in one bull, and Mrs. Jewkes's in the other; and now I am gone for certain! O help! cried I, like a fool, nobody near me! and ran back to the door, as swift as if I flew. When I had got the door in my hand, I ventur'd to look back, to see if these supposed bulls were coming; and I saw they were only two poor cows, grazing in distant places, that my fears had made so terrible to me.

I then locked the door, and put the key in my pocket; and was but just come from the door, when the maid Nan appeared in sight, and made my escape impossible, if I would have attempted it.

Monday Afternoon.

MRS. JEWKES is return'd from her visit.—I would have you set your heart at rest, said she to me; for Mr. Williams will do very well again. He is not half so bad as he fancy'd. O these scholars! they have not the hearts of mice! He has only a few scratches on his face; which I suppose he got by grabbing among the gravel, at the bottom of the dam, to try to find a hole in the ground, to hide himself from the robbers. His shin and his knee are hardly to be seen to ail anything. He says in his letter, he was a frightful spectacle: he might be so when he first came in-a-doors; but, only for a few groans when he thinks of his danger, or tells his story, I see nothing is the matter with him. So, Mrs. Pamela, I would have you be very easy about it.

I am glad of it, said I, for all your jokes, Mrs. Jewkes.

Well, continued she, he talks of nothing but you; and when I told him, I would fain have persuaded you to come with me, the man was out of his wits with his gratitude to me: and so has laid open all his heart to me, and told me all that has pass'd, and all that was contriving between you two.

This alarm'd me prodigiously; and the more, as I had seen, in two or three instances, that his honest heart could keep nothing, believing every one as undesigning as himself.

Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, this might have done, had he had any thing that he could have told you of. But you know well enough that had we been disposed to hold the most innocent conversation with each other, we had no opportunity for it.

No, said she, that's very true, Mrs. Pamela; not so much *as for that declaration*, that he own'd before me he had found opportunity to make

you. Come, come, no more of these shams with me! Perhaps, I am as cunning as you. However, added she, all is well now; because my *watchments* are now over, by my master's direction. How have you employ'd yourself in my absence?

I could not conceal my apprehensions of what might have pass'd between Mr. Williams and her; and she said—Well, Mrs. Pamela, since all matters are likely to be so soon and so happily ended, let me advise you to be a little less concern'd at his discoveries: and make *me* your confident, as *he* has done, for I shall think you have some favour for me, and reliance upon me, and perhaps you will not repent it.

She was so earnest, that I mistrusted that her kindness to Mr. Williams in her visit to him was only to get out of him what she could.—Why, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, is all this fishing about for something, where there is nothing, if there be an end of your *watchments*, as you call them?

Nothing, said she, but womanish curiosity, I assure you; for one is naturally led to find out matters, where there is such privacy affected.

Let me know, Mrs. Jewkes, what he has told you; and then I'll give an answer to your curiosity.

I don't care, said she, whether you do or not; for I have as much as I wanted from him; and I despair of getting out of you, my little dear, any thing you have not a mind I should know.

Well, said I, let him have said what he will, I care not; for I am sure he can say no harm of me; and so let us change the talk.

I was the easier, indeed, because she gave me no hint of the key and the door, which she would have done, had he told her every thing. And so she gave up me, and I her, as despairing to gain our ends of each other.

But I am sure he must have said more than he should. And I am the more apprehensive, because she has now been actually, these two hours, writing; tho' she pretended she had given me up all her stores of paper, and that I should write for her.

I begin to wish that I had ventur'd every thing, and gone off when I might. To what evils does a cowardly heart expose one! O when will this state of doubt and uneasiness end!

She has just been with me, and says she shall send a messenger to Bedfordshire; and he shall carry a letter of thanks for me, if I will write it, for my master's favour to me.—I have no thanks to give, said I, till I am with my father and mother: and, besides, I sent a letter, as you know, but have had no answer to it.—She said, she thought her master's letter to Mr. Williams was sufficient; and the least I could do, was to thank him, if but in two lines.—No need of that, replied I; for I don't intend to have Mr. Williams: what then is that letter to me?—Well, said she, I see thou art quite unfathomable!

I don't like all this. O my foolish fears of bulls and robbers! for now all my uneasiness begins to double upon me. What can this uncautious man have said! What she has got out of him, is no doubt, the subject of her long letter.

Tuesday, Wednesday.

MR. WILLIAMS has been here; but we have had no opportunity to talk together: he seem'd confounded at Mrs. Jewkes's change of temper and reservedness, after her kind visit; and much more at what I am going to tell you.

He ask'd, if I would take a turn in the garden with Mrs. Jewkes and

him.—No, said she, I can't go.—May not Mrs. Pamela, said he, take a walk? No, replied she, I desire she won't.—Why, Mrs. Jewkes? said he; I am afraid I have somehow disoblged you.—Not at all, answer'd she; but I suppose you will soon be at liberty to walk together as much as you will: and I have sent a messenger for my last instructions, about *this* and *more* weighty matters; and when they come, I shall leave you to do as you think fit; but till then, it is no matter how little you are together.

This alarm'd us both; and he put on, as I thought, a self-accusing countenance. So I went behind her back, and held my two hands together, flat, with a bit of paper, I had between them, and looked at him. He seemed to take me, as I intended, intimating the renewing of the correspondence by the tiles.

I left them together, and retired to my closet, to write a letter for the tiles; but having no time for a copy, I will give you the substance only.

"I expostulated with him in it on his too great openness and easiness to fall into Mrs. Jewkes's snares; told him my apprehensions; and gave briefly the reasons for my fears, I desir'd to know what he had told her; and intimated, that I thought there was the highest reason to resume our project of escaping by the back-door."

I put this in the usual place, in the evening, and now wait with impatience for an answer.

Thursday.

I have the following answer:—

"DEAR MRS. PAMELA,—I am utterly confounded, and must plead guilty to all your just reproaches. I wish I were master of but half your discretion. I hope, after all, this is only a touch of this ill-woman's temper, to shew her power and importance: for I think Mr. B. neither can nor dare deceive me in so black a manner. I would expose him all the world over, if he did. But it *is not, cannot* be in him. I have receiv'd a letter from John Arnold, in which he tells me, that his master is preparing for his London journey; and believes, he will come into these parts afterwards: but he says, Lady Davers is at their house, and is to accompany her brother to London, or meet him there, he knows not which. John professes great zeal to serve you: and I find he refers to a letter he sent me before, but which is not come to my hand. I *think* there can be no treachery; for it is a particular friend at Gainsborough to whom I have order'd him to direct; and this letter of John's is come safe to my hands by this conveyance; for well I know, I durst trust nothing to Brett, at the post-house here. I own I am in a little pain, at present; for I was, indeed, too open with Mrs. Jewkes; led to it by her dissimulation, and by her warm wishes to make me happy with you. I hinted, that I would not have scrupled to have procured your deliverance by any means: and that I had proposed to you, as the only honourable one, marriage with me. But I assured her, tho' she would hardly believe me, that you discouraged my application. Which is too true! But not a word did I mention to her of the back-door, or key.

"But don't be too much concerned. I hope all will end well: we shall soon hear, whether it will be necessary to resume our former scheme. If it be, I will lose no time to provide a horse for you, and another for myself; for I can never do either God or myself better service, tho' I were to forego all my expectations for it in this world.—I am

"YOUR MOST FAITHFUL HUMBLE SERVANT."

Mrs. Jewkes continues still sullen and ill-natur'd, and I am almost afraid to speak to her. She watches me as close as ever, and pretends to wonder why I shun her company as I do.

I have just put under the tiles this earnest letter :—

“REVEREND SIR,—Every thing gives me additional disturbance. The miscarried letter of John Arnold makes me suspect a trick. Yet am I loth to think myself of so much importance, as to suppose every one in a plot against me. Are you sure, however, that the London journey is not to be a Lincolnshire one? May not John, who has been once a traitor, be so again? Why *need* I be thus in doubt? If I could have the hoped-for horse, I would, rather than live thus in terror, throw the reins on his neck, and trust to Providence as my only safeguard. I am loth to think of embroiling you; now just upon the edge of your preferment. Yet, sir, I fear your fatal openness will make you suspected as an accessory to my escape, were I to be able to effect it, even without you.

“Were my *life* in question, instead of my *virtue*, I would not wish to involve any body in the least difficulty for so worthless a poor creature. But, O sir! my *soul* is of equal importance with the soul of a princess, though in quality I am but upon a foot with the meanest slave.

“Save thou, my innocence, good Heaven! and happy shall I be, altho' an early death were to be my lot; since that would put an end to all my troubles.

“Forgive my impatience: but my presaging mind bodes horrid mischiefs! Every thing looks dark around me; and this woman's impenetrable sullenness and silence (without any apparent reason for either) from a behaviour of a sudden so very *contrary*, bid me fear the worst. Blame me, sir, if you think me wrong; and let me have your advice what can be done by

“YOUR MOST AFFLICTED SERVANT.”

Friday.

I have received this half-angry answer from Mr. Williams; but what is dearer to me than all other letters in the world could be, was yours, my dear father, inclos'd in his.

“MADAM,—I think you are too apprehensive by much. I am sorry for your uneasiness. You may depend upon me, and all I can do. But I make no doubt of the journey being really intended to London, nor of John's contrition and fidelity. I have just received, from my *Gainsborough* friend, this letter, as I suppose, from your father, in a cover, directed for me, as I had desir'd. I hope it contains nothing to add to your uneasiness. Pray, dearest Mrs. Pamela, lay aside your fears, and wait a few days for the issue of Mrs. Jewkes's letter, and mine of thanks to Mr. B. Things, I hope, *must* be better than what you expect. Providence will not desert such piety and innocence; and be this your comfort and reliance: which is the best advice that can at present be given by

“YOUR MOST FAITHFUL HUMBLE SERVANT.”

The above is Mr. Williams's sharp letter. But, O my dear father, what inexpressible comfort has your letter given me! You ask, *What* can you do for me? What is it you *cannot do* for your child! You can give her the advice she *has so much* wanted, and *still* wants, and will *always* want: you can confirm her in the paths of virtue, into which you first conducted her; and you can pray for her, with hearts more pure, than are to be met with in palaces! Oh! how I long to throw myself at

the feet of you both, and receive from your lips, the blessings of such good parents ! But, alas ! how are my prospects again overclouded to what they were when I closed my last parcel ! More trials, more dangers, I fear, must your poor Pamela have to struggle with : but thro' the Divine Goodness, and your prayers, I hope, at last to get well out of all my difficulties, and the rather, as they proceed not from my own vanity and presumption !

But I will proceed with my hopeless story.

I saw Mr. Williams was a little nettled at my impatience ; and so I wrote to assure him I would be as easy as I could, and wholly directed by him ; especially as my father, whose respects to him I mention'd, had assured me, my master was setting out for London, which he must have somehow from his own family, or he would not have written me word of it.

Monday, Tuesday, the 25th and 26th days of my heavy Restraint.

I HAVE still stranger things to write than I had before. A messenger is return'd, and now (O wretched ; wretched Pamela ! what at last will become of me !) all is out ! The messenger brought two letters, one to Mrs. Jewkes, and one to me : but, as the greatest wits may be sometimes mistaken, they being folded and sealed alike, that for *me*, was directed to Mrs. Jewkes ; and that for *her*, was directed to me. But the contents of both are equally dreadful and abominable.

She brought me up that directed for me, and said—Here's a letter for you. I will ask the messenger a few questions, and then I will read that which is brought me with it.

She went down, and I broke open in my closet that she gave me, and found it directed, *To Mrs. PAMELA ANDREWS*. But when I open'd it, it began, Mrs. Jewkes. I was quite confounded ; but, thought I, this may be a lucky mistake ; I may discover something. And so I read on these horrid contents :

“MRS. JEWKES,—What you write has given me no small disturbance. For a girl, distinguished by me, to be so ready to run away with a fellow, and that upon so short an acquaintance, in order to avoid me ; and at a time when I had given her the strongest assurances of my honour, is what I cannot bear to think of. Ungrateful creature ! But I reserve the *fool's plaything* for my future vengeance ; and I charge you to double your diligence, that she may not escape it.

“I send this by an honest Swiss, who attended me in my travels ; a man I can trust ; and let him be your assistant : for the *artful creature*, by her seeming innocence and simplicity, may have got a party, perhaps, among my few servants with you, as she has here. Even John Arnold, whom I confided in, and favour'd more than any other of my fellows, has prov'd an execrable villain ; and shall meet his due reward for it.

“As to that *college novice*, Williams, I need not bid you take care he see not this *forward creature* ; for I have order'd Mr. Shorter, my attorney, to throw him instantly into gaol, for money he has had of me, which I had intended never to carry to account against him.

“Holy hypocrite ! How knew he that I designed dishonour to the *painted gewgaw* ? Had he been governed by no worse motives than those of compassion for a young creature whom he had thought innocent and in danger, ought he not, as his function and my favour for him would have warranted, to have expostulated with me ? But he was not content to enter into an intrigue with the *saucy designer*, to supplant me his patron

and best friend: he has exposed me by an application in her behalf, to the whole family of Sir Simon Darnford, to receive and protect against me, this *plotting little villain of a girl*, when he had got her away from my house.—Of this Sir Simon has informed me. Disgraceful application! Officious and base intermeddler! It is easy to guess at his vile motives: more impure, more sensual than those of him, whom he wanted to rob of the *fair idiot*. Yet, ungrateful wretch! to expect preferment from me! Well does he deserve that ruin, that utter ruin, which awaits so black, so odious a treachery!

“Colbrand, my trusty Swiss, will obey you without reserve, if you cannot confide in my other servants with you.

“As for the girl’s denying, that she encourag’d his declaration, I believe it not. ’Tis certain the *speaking picture*, with all that pretended innocence and bashfulness, would have run away with him. I now hate her perfectly; and tho’ I will do nothing to her *myself*, yet I can bear, for the sake of my revenge, and my *injur’d honour*, and *slighted offers*, to see any thing, even what *she most fears*, be *done to her*; and then she may be turn’d loose to her evil destiny, and echo to the woods and groves her piteous lamentations for the loss of her fantastic innocence, which the romantic idiot pretends to value herself upon.

“I shall go to London with my sister Davers; and the moment I can disengage myself, which may be in three weeks from this time, I will be with you, and decide *her fate*. Mean time, be doubly careful; for this innocent, as I have warn’d you, is full of contrivances. I am, &c.”

I had but just read this dreadful letter thro’ when Mrs. Jewkes came up, in a great fright, guessing at the mistake, and that I had her letter; and she found me with it open in my hand, just ready to faint.

What business, said she, had you to read my letter? and snatch’d it from me.—You see, said she, looking upon it, it begins Mrs. Jewkes at top: you ought, in manners, to have read no further.—Add not, said I, to my afflictions! I shall soon be out of all your ways! This is too much! too much! I never can support this—And threw myself upon the couch in my closet, and wept bitterly.

She went out, and when she had read my letter, came in again:—Why this, said she, is a sad letter indeed. I am sorry for it: but I fear’d you would carry your niceties too far.—Leave me, leave me, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, for a-while: I cannot talk!—Poor heart! said she; well, I’ll come up again presently, and hope to find you better. But here, take your own letter: I wish you well; but this is a sad mistake! And so she put down by me that which was intended for me. But I had no spirit to read it at that time. O man! man! hard-hearted, cruel man! what mischiefs art thou not capable of!

I sat ruminating, when I had a little come to myself, upon the contents of this wicked letter; and had no inclination to look into my own. The bad names, *fool’s plaything*, *artful and forward creature*, *painted gewgaw*, *villain of a girl*, *speaking picture*, *romantic idiot*, are hard words for your poor Pamela! and I began to think, whether I was not indeed a very naughty body, and had not done vile things: but when I thought of his having discover’d poor John, and of Sir Simon’s mean officiousness, in telling him of Mr. Williams, together with what he had resolv’d against him, in revenge for his goodness to me, I was quite dispirited.

At last, I took up the letter directed for Mrs. Jewkes, but design’d for

me; and I found *that* little better than the other. These are the hard words it contains:

“WELL have you done, perverse, forward, artful, yet foolish Pamela, to convince me, before it was too late, of my weakness in believing you to be a mirror of bashful modesty, and unspotted innocence. Specious hypocrite! Mean-spirited girl! It was *degree*, not *man*, that gave you apprehension. You could not repose the least confidence in one whom you had known for years, and who, under my good mother’s misplaced favour for you, in a manner had grown up with you; but you could enter into an intrigue, and even lay plots to run away with a man you never knew, till within these few days past. Mean-spirited, ungrateful, forward, and low girl, as I *think* you, I must repeatedly *call* you!

“What tho’ I had excited your fears, in sending you one way, when you hop’d to go another; yet, had I not engaged, in order to convince you of my resolution to do honourably by you, not to come near you without your own consent? Yet how have you requited me? The very first fellow that came in your way, you have practised upon, corrupted too, and thrown your *forward* self upon him; after having by your insinuating arts, and bewitching face, induced him to break thro’ all the ties of honour and gratitude to me; and that at a time when the happiness of his future life depended upon my favour.

“As, therefore, you would place no confidence in me, my honour owes you nothing; and in a little time you shall find how much you have err’d in treating, as you have done, a man, who was once

“YOUR AFFECTIONATE AND KIND FRIEND.”

What cruel reproaches! *Mean-spirited*, and *low*, and *forward*: if I am *low*, I am not *mean-spirited*. I wish I could not say—It is he that, *high* as he thinks himself, is *mean-spirited*.—It is *degree*, not *man*, he says, that gives me apprehension. What can he mean by it?—A *mirror of bashful modesty and unspotted innocence*, he thought me! What business has he to think of me at all? And so, because he thought me modest and innocent, he must seek to make me impudent and guilty.

His dear mother, my good lady, did not, and would not to this day, have thought her favours *misplaced*, I dare say: but I know what she would have thought of him, for such vile doings to her poor servant-girl.

In a manner grown up with me! What an abasement does wickedness make pride submit to! *Brought up with him!* How can he say so! Was he not abroad for some time? And when, of late, at home, how has he eyed me with scorn sometimes! How has the *mean* girl been ready to tremble under his disdainful eye! How have I sought for excuses to get from my lady, when he came to visit her in her apartment, tho’ bid to stay, perhaps!—*Brought up with him!* I say—*Brought up with him!* He may as well say—The poor frighted pigeon brought up with the hawk! He has an eye like a hawk’s, I am sure! and a heart, I verily think, as cruel! *Mean-spirited!* he says not true when he calls me *mean-spirited*. *Forward* he shall not find me. *Ungrateful!* I should abhor myself if I were capable of *ingratitude*. *Low!* what a poor reproach is that from a gentleman! But if I am *low*, I am *honest*; so am in this better than those who are high and dishonest.—*What tho’ he had excited my fears!* What business had he to excite my fears? What business had he to *send me one way*, to his wicked house, and vile woman, *when I hoped to go another*, to you, my dear, worthy parents!—*The very first fellow!* I scorn his reflection! He is mistaken in your Pamela. You know what I writ about Mr.

Williams; and if you, and my mother, and my own heart acquit me, what care I?—I had almost said. But these are after reflections. At the reading of his letter, I was quite broken-hearted.

When Mrs. Jewkes came up to me again, she found me bathed in tears. She seem'd, as I thought, to be moved to some compassion; and finding myself now entirely in her power, and that it is not for me to provoke her, I said—It is now, I see, in vain for me to contend against my evil destiny, and the superior arts of my barbarous master. I will resign myself to Providence; that, I hope, will still protect me. But you see how this poor Mr. Williams is drawn in and undone; I am sorry I am made the cause of *his* ruin: poor, poor man! to be thus involv'd, and for my sake too! But, if you'll believe me, said I, I gave no encouragement to what he propos'd, as to marriage; nor would he have propos'd it I believe, but as the only honourable way he thought left to save me: and his principal motive to it all, was virtue and compassion to one in distress. What other view could he have? You know I am poor and friendless. All I beg of you is, to let the worthy gentleman have notice of my master's resentment; and let him fly the country, and not be thrown into gaol: this will answer my master's end as well; for it will as effectually hinder him from assisting me, as if he were in a prison.

Ask me, said she, to do any thing that is in my power, consistent with my duty and trust, and I will do it; for I am sorry for you both. But, to be sure, I shall keep no correspondence with him, nor allow you to do it.

I offer'd to talk of a duty superior to that she mention'd, which would oblige her to help distressed innocence, and not permit her to go the lengths enjoin'd by lawless tyranny; but she plainly bid me be silent on that head; for it was in vain to attempt to persuade her to betray her trust.—All I have to advise you, said she, is to be easy; lay aside all your contrivances and arts to get away, and make me your friend, by giving me no reason to suspect you; for I glory in my fidelity to my master: and you have both practis'd some strange sly arts, to make such a progress as he has own'd there was between you, so seldom as, I thought, you saw one another; and I must be more circumspect than I have been.

This doubled my concern; for I now apprehended I should be much closer watch'd than before.

Well, said I, since I have, by this strange accident, made such a discovery, let me read over again that horrid letter of yours, that I may get it by heart, and with it feed my distress, and make calamity familiar to me.—Then, said she, let me read yours again. I gave her mine, and she lent me hers; and so I took a copy of it, with her leave; because, as I said, I would by it prepare myself for the worst. And when I had done, I pinn'd it on the head of the couch—This, said I, is the use I shall make of this wretched copy of your letter; and here you shall always find it wet with my tears.

She said—She would go down to order supper, and insisted upon my company, when it was ready: I would have excused myself; but she putting on a commanding air, I was forced to submit. The moment I went down, she took my hand, and presented me to the most hideous monster I ever saw in my life.—Here, Monsieur Colbrand, said she, here is *your* pretty ward, and *mine*; let us try to make her time with us easy. He bow'd, and put on his foreign grimaces, and seem'd to bless himself! and, in broken English, told me—I was happy in de affections of de vinest gentleman in de varld! I was quite terrified, I will describe him to you,

my dear father and mother, if now you will ever see this ; and you shall judge if I had not reason, especially as I knew not that he was to be at supper.

He is a giant of a man, for stature ; taller, by a good deal, than Harry Mawldige, in your neighbourhood, and large-bon'd, and scraggy ; and has a hand—I never saw such a one in my life. He has great staring eyes, like the bull's that frighten'd me so ; vast jaw-bones sticking out ; eyebrows hanging over his eyes ; two great scars upon his forehead, and one on his left cheek ; huge whiskers and a monstrous wide mouth ; blubber lips, long yellow teeth, which his lips hardly cover, even when he is silent ; so that he has always a hideous grin about his mouth. He wears his own frightful long hair, ty'd up in a great black bag ; a black crape neck cloth, about a long ugly neck ; and he has something on his throat, that sticks out, as I may say, like a wen. As to the rest, he was dress'd well enough, and had a sword on, with a dirty red knot to it ; leather garters, buckled below his knees ; and a foot—near as long as my arm, I verily think.

I fright de younglady, said he ; and offer'd to withdraw ; but she forbid him. I sat not long with them ; but went up to my closet. My heart ach'd all the time I was at table, being unable to look upon him without horror ; and this brute of a woman, tho' she knew how great my distress was, *before* this addition to it, no doubt did it on purpose to strike more terror into me. And indeed it had its effect ; for when I went to bed, I could think of nothing but his hideous person, and my master's more hideous actions. These thoughts so affected me, that I dreamed they were both coming to my bed-side with the worst designs ; and jumped out of bed, waking in terror. Mrs. Jewkes was alarmed. I told her my dream : the wicked creature only laugh'd, and said—All I fear'd was no more than a dream ; and when it was over, and I was well awake, I should laugh at it as such. Was there ever such an abominable wretch ?

And now I am come to the close of Wednesday, the 27th day of my imprisonment.

POOR Mr. Williams is actually arrested, and carried away to Stamford. Unhappy man ! his over-security and openness of heart have ruin'd us both ! I was but too well convinc'd, that we ought not to have lost a moment's time. But he was half angry, and thought me impatient : and then his fatal confessions, and the detestable artifice of my master ! What will become of us both !

But one stratagem I have just thought of, tho' attended with this discouraging circumstance, that I have neither friends nor money, nor know one step of the way, were I actually out of the house. But let bulls, and bears, and lions, and tigers, and, what is worse, false, treacherous, deceitful man, stand in my way, I cannot be in more danger than I now think myself in : for I rely not upon his three weeks ; since, now he is in such a rage, and has already begun his vengeance on poor Mr. Williams, it is but too probable, that he may come down to Lincolnshire before he goes to London.

My device is this : I will endeavour to get Mrs. Jewkes to go to bed before me ; as she often does, while I sit lock'd up in my closet. Her first sleep is generally very sound, and the moment she drops into it, she never fails by snoring to give one notice of it. And if, on her doing so, I can but get out between the two bars of the window (for you know I am very slender, and I have tried, and find I can get my head thro'), then I can drop upon the leads underneath, which are little more than my height.

These leads are over a little summer parlour, which juts out towards the garden ; and as I am light, I can easily drop from them ; for they are not high from the ground : then I shall be in the garden ; and shall not fail to make use of the key of the back-door, which I have, and so let myself out. But I have another piece of management still in store ; good Heaven succeed to me my well-meant devices !

I have read of a great captain, who, being in danger, leap'd overboard, into the sea ; and his enemies, as he swam, shooting at him with bows and arrows, he unloos'd his upper garment, and took another course, while they stuck that full of their darts and arrows ; and he escaped, and lived to triumph over them all. So I will slip off my upper petticoat, and throw it into the pond, with my handkerchief ; for it is likely, when they miss me, and cannot find me elsewhere, they will go to the pond, supposing that I may have drown'd myself ; and, when they see some of my clothes floating there, they will be all employ'd in dragging the pond, which is a very large one. I shall not, perhaps, be miss'd till the morning, and this will give me opportunity to get a great way off : and I am sure I will run for it when I am out. And so I trust that Providence will direct my steps to some place of safety.

Just now, just now ! I heard Mrs. Jewkes, who is in her cups, own to the horrid Colbrand, that the robbing of poor Mr. Williams was a contrivance of her's, and executed by the groom and a helper, in order to seize my letters upon him, which they miss'd. They are now both laughing at the dismal story, which they little think I overheard. O how my heart aches ! for what are not such wretches capable of ?

Past eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Jewkes is come up, and gone to bed ; and bids me not stay long after her. O for a dead sleep for the treacherous brute ! I never saw her so much in liquor, and that gives me hopes. I have tried again, and find I can get my head through the iron bars. I am now all prepared. I hope soon to hear her fast ; and now I'll seal up these and my other papers, my last work, and to Providence commit the rest ! Once more, God bless you both ! and send us a happy meeting ! if not here, in his heavenly kingdom ! *Amen.*

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, the 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st days of my distress.

And distress indeed ! For here I am still ! And every thing has been worse and worse ! O the unhappy Pamela ? Without any hope left, and ruin'd in all my contrivances ! But do you, my dear parents, rejoice with me, even in this low plunge of my distress ; for your poor child has escap'd from an enemy worse than any she ever met with ; an enemy she never thought of before, and was hardly able to stand against : I mean the weakness and presumption, both in one, of her own mind ! which, had not the Divine Grace interposed, would have sunk her into everlasting perdition !

I will proceed, as I have opportunity, with my sad relation : for my pen and ink (in my now doubly-secur'd closet) is all I have to employ myself with ; and indeed I have been so weak, that till yesterday evening, I have not been able to hold a pen.

I took with me but one shift, besides what I had on, and two handkerchiefs, and two caps, which my pocket held (for it was not for me to encumber myself), and all my stock of money, which was but five or six shillings, to set out for I knew not whither ; and got out of the window,

not without some difficulty, sticking a little at my shoulders and hips ; but I was resolved to get out, if possible. The distance from the window to the leads was greater than I had imagined, and I was afraid I had sprain'd my ankle ; and the distance from the leads to the ground was still greater ; but I got no hurt considerable enough to hinder me from pursuing my intentions. So, being now in the garden, I hid my papers under a rose-bush, and cover'd them over with mould, and there I hope they still lie. Then I hy'd away to the pond : the clock struck twelve, just as I got out ; and it was a dark misty night, and very cold ; but I was not then sensible of it.

When I came to the pond-side I flung in my upper coat, as I had design'd, and my handkerchief, and a round-ear'd cap, with a knot pinned upon it ; and then ran to the door, and took the key out of my pocket, my poor heart beating all the time, as if it would have forc'd its way through my stays. But how miserably was I disappointed, when I found that my key would not open the lock ! The wretch, as it proved, had taken off the old lock, and another was put on ! I try'd and try'd before I was convinced it was so ; but feeling about found a padlock on another part of the door : then how my heart sunk ! I dropp'd down with grief and confusion, unable to stir for a while. But my terror soon awaken'd my resolution ; for I knew that my attempt, if I escaped not, would be sufficient to give a pretence for the most outrageous insults from the woman ; and for the cruelest treatment from my master ; and to bring him down the sooner to put his horrid purposes in execution ; I therefore was resolved, if possible, to get over the wall ; but that being high, had no other hope to do it, than by help of the ledges of the door, which are very strong and thick. I clamber'd up, therefore, upon them, and upon the lock, which was a great wooden one ; and reached the top of the door with my hands ; which shut not close to the wall ; and then, little thinking I could climb so well, I made shift to lay hold on the top of the wall with my hands : but, alas for me ! nothing but ill luck ! no escape for poor Pamela ! The wall being old, the bricks I held by, gave way, just as I was taking a spring to get up ; and down came I, and received such a blow upon my head, with one of the bricks, that it quite stunn'd me ; and I broke my shins and my ankle besides, and beat off the heel of one of my shoes.

In this dreadful way, flat upon the ground, I lay, for I believe five or six minutes ; and then trying to get up, I sunk down again two or three times. My left hip and shoulder were sadly bruised, and pained me much ; and besides my head bled quite down into my neck, as I could feel, and ak'd grievously with the blow I had with the brick. Yet these hurts I valued not ; but crept a good way upon my knees and hands, in search of a ladder I just recollected to have seen against the wall two days before, on which the gardener was nailing a nectarine branch, that was loosen'd from the wall : but no ladder could I find. What, now, thought I, must become of the miserable Pamela ! Then I began to wish myself again in my closet, and to repent of my attempt, which I now confessed as rash ; but that was because it did not succeed.

God forgive me ! but a sad thought came just then into my head ! I tremble to think of it ! Indeed my apprehensions of the usage I should meet with, had like to have made me miserable for ever ! O my dear, dear parents, forgive your poor child ! But being then quite desperate, I crept along, till I could raise myself on my staggering feet ; and away limped I ! What to do, but to throw myself into the pond, and so put a period to all

my terrors in this world ! But, oh ! to find them infinitely aggravated in a miserable *eternity* ! had I not by the *Divine Grace* been withheld.

It was well for me, as I have since thought, that I was so bruised as I was ; for this made me the longer before I got to the water ; and gave time for a little reflection, for a ray of grace to dart in upon my benighted mind ; and so, when I came to the pond-side, I sat myself down on the sloping bank, and began to ponder my wretched condition ; and thus I reasoned with myself :

“Pause here a little, Pamela, on what thou art about, before thou takest the dreadful leap ; and consider whether there be no way yet left, no hope, if not to escape from this wicked house, yet from the mischiefs threatened thee in it ?”

I then consider’d, and after I had cast about in my mind, every thing that could make me hope, and saw no probability ; a wicked woman, devoid of all compassion ! a horrid abettor just arrived in this dreadful Colbrand ! an angry and resenting master, who now hated me, and threaten’d me with the most dreadful evils ! and that I should, in all probability, be soon depriv’d even of the opportunity I now had before me, to free myself of all their persecutions !—“What hast thou to do, distressed creature, *said I to myself*, but to throw thyself upon a merciful God, (who knows how innocently thou sufferest) to avoid the merciless wickedness of those who are determined on thy ruin ?”

“And then, thought I,” (and O that thought was surely of the devil’s instigation ; for it was very soothing and powerful with me) “these wicked wretches, who now have no remorse, no pity on me, will then be moved to lament their mis-doings ; and when they see the dead corpse of the miserable Pamela dragg’d out to these dewy banks, and lying breathless at their feet, they will find that remorse to soften their obdurate hearts, which, now, has no place in them ! And my master, my angry master, will then forget his resentments, and say, Alas ! and it may be, wring his hands—This is the unhappy Pamela ! whom I have so causelessly persecuted and destroy’d ! Now do I see she prefer’d her honesty to her life. She, poor girl ! was no hypoerite, no deceiver ; but really was the innocent creature she pretended to be !

“Then thought I, will he, perhaps, shed a few tears over the corpse of his persecuted servant ; and, though he may give out, it was disappointment, and (in order to hide his own guilt) love for poor Mr. Williams ; yet will he be inwardly grieved, and order me a decent funeral, and save me, or rather *this part* of me, from the dreadful stake, and the highway interment : and the young men and maidens in my father’s neighbourhood will pity poor Pamela ! But yet I hope I shall not be the subject of their ballads and their elegies, but that my memory, for the sake of my dear father and mother, may quickly slide into oblivion !”

I was once rising, so indulgent was I to this sad way of thinking, to throw myself in : but again my bruises made me slow ; and I thought—“What art thou about to do, wretched Pamela ? How knowest thou, tho’ the prospect be all dark to thy short-sighted eye, what God may do for thee, even when all human hearts fail ? God Almighty would not lay me under these sore afflictions, if he had not given me strength to grapple with them, if I will exert it as I ought : and who knows, but that the very presenee I so much dread, of my angry and designing master, (for he has had me in his power before, and yet I have escaped) may be better for me, than these persecuting emissaries of his, who, for his money,

are true to their wicked trust, and are harden'd by that, and a long habit of wickedness, against compunction of heart? God *can* touch his heart in an instant: and if this should *not* be done, I can *then* but put an end to my life by some other means, if I am so resolved.

“But how do I know, thought I, on the other hand, that even *these bruises* and *injuries* that I have got, while I pursued only the laudable escape I had meditated, may not have been the means of furnishing me with the kind opportunity I now have of surrendering up my life, spotless and unguilty, to that merciful Being who gave it!

But then recollecting—“Who gave thee, said I to myself, presumptuous as thou art, a power over thy life? Who authoris'd thee to put an end to it? Is it not the weakness of thy mind that suggests to thee that there is no way to preserve it with honour? How knowest thou what purposes God may have to serve, by the trials with which thou art now exercised? Art *thou* to put a bound to the Divine Will, and to say—*Thus much will I bear, and no more?* And wilt thou *dare* to say—That if the trial be augmented and continued, thou wilt sooner die than bear it? Was not Joseph's exaltation owing to his unjust imprisonment?

“What then, presumptuous Pamela, dost thou *here?* thought I: quit with speed these perilous banks, and fly from these dashing waters, that seem in their meaning murmurs, this still night, to reproach thy rashness! Tempt not God's goodness on the mossy banks, which have been witnesses of thy guilty purpose; and while thou hast power left thee, avoid the temptation, lest thy grand enemy, now, by Divine Grace, repuls'd, return to the assault with a force that thy weakness may not be able to resist! And lest thou in one rash moment destroy all the convictions, which now have awed thy rebellious mind into duty and resignation to the Divine Will!”

And so saying, I arose; but was so stiff with my hurts, so cold with the dew of the night, and the wet grass on which I had sat, as also with the damps arising from so large a piece of water, that with great pain I got from this pond, which now I think of with terror; and bending my limping steps towards the house, took refuge in the corner of an out-house, where wood and coals are laid up for family use: there, behind a pile of fire-wood, I crept, and lay down, as you may imagine, with a heart just broken; expecting to be soon found out by cruel keepers, and to be worse treated than ever I yet had been.

It seems Mrs. Jewkes awaked not till day-break; and not finding me in bed, she called out for me; and no answer being return'd, arose and ran to my closet. Finding me not there, she search'd under bed, and in another closet; having before examined the chamber-door, and found it as she had left it, quite fast, and the key, as usual, about her wrist. For if I could have stole that from her, in her deep sleep, and got out at the chamber-door, there were two or three passages, and doors to them all, double-lock'd and barr'd, to go thro', into the great garden; so that there was no way to escape, but out of the window; and out of that window I dropped from, because of the summer parlour under it; the other windows being a great way from the ground.

She says, she was excessively alarmed. She instantly rais'd the two maids, who lay not far off, and then the Swiss; and finding every door fast, she said, I must be carry'd away, as St. Peter was, out of prison, by some angel. It is a wonder she had not a worse thought.

She says, she wept, wrung her hands, and ran about like a mad woman,

little thinking I could have got out of the closet-window, between the iron bars ; and indeed I don't know whether I could do so again. But at last, finding that casement open, they concluded it must be so ; and ran out into the garden, and found my footsteps in the mould of the bed which I dropp'd down upon from the leads : and so speeded away all of them, that is to say, Mrs. Jewkes, Colbrand, Nan, and the gardener, who by that time had joined them, towards the back door, to see if that was fast, while the cook was sent to the out-offices to raise the men-servants, and make them get horses ready, to take each a several way to pursue me.

But it seems, finding that door double-locked and padlock'd, and the heel of my shoe, and the broken bricks, they verily concluded I was got away by some means over the wall ; and then, they say, Mrs. Jewkes seem'd like a distracted woman : till at last Nan had the thought to go towards the pond, and there seeing my coat, and cap and handkerchief, in the water, cast almost to the banks by the motion of the waves, she thought it was me, and screaming out, ran to Mrs. Jewkes, and said—O madam, madam ! here's a piteous thing ! Mrs. Pamela lies drown'd in the pond !

Thither they all ran ; and finding my clothes, doubted not but I was at the bottom ; and then they all, Swiss among the rest, beat their breasts, and made most dismal lamentations ; and Mrs. Jewkes sent Nan to the men, to bid them get the drag-net ready, and leave the horses, and come to try to find the poor innocent, as she, it seems, *then* call'd me, beating her breast, and lamenting my hard hap ; but most what would become of them, and what account they should give to my master.

While everyone was thus differently employ'd, some weeping and wailing, some running here and there, Nan came into the wood-house ; and there lay poor I, so weak, so low, and so dejected, and withal so stiff with my bruises, that I could not stir nor help myself to get upon my feet. And I said, with a low voice, (for I could hardly speak) Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann ! The creature was sadly frighted, but was taking up a billet to knock me on the head, believing I was some thief, as she said ; but I cry'd out—O Mrs. Ann, Mrs. Ann ! help me, for pity's sake, to Mrs. Jewkes ! for I cannot get up.—Bless me ! said she, what ! you, madam ! Why our hearts are almost broken, and we were going to drag the pond for you, believing you had drown'd yourself. Now, said she, shall we be all alive again !

Without staying to help me, she ran away to the pond, and brought all the crew to the wood-house. The wicked woman, as she entered, said—Where is she ? Plague of her spells, and her witchcrafts ! She shall dearly repent of this trick, if my name be Jewkes ; and coming to me, took hold of my arm so roughly, and gave me such a pull, as made me scream out (my shoulder being bruis'd on that side) and drew me on my face. O cruel creature ! said I, if you knew what I have suffer'd, it would move you to pity me !

Even Colbrand seem'd to be concern'd, and said—Fie, madam, fie ! you see she is almost dead ! You must not be so rough with her.—The coachman Robin seem'd to be sorry for me too, and said, with sobs—What a scene is here ! Don't you see she is all bloody in her head, and cannot stir ?—Curse of her contrivances ! said the horrid creature ; she has frighted *me* out of my wits, I'm sure. How the d—l came you here ? —O, said I, ask me now no questions, but let the maids carry me up to

my prison ; and there let me die decently, and in peace ! Indeed I thought I could not live two hours.

I suppose, said the tygress, you want Mr. Williams to pray by you, don't you ? Well, I'll send for my master this minute ! Let him come and watch you himself, for me ; for there's no such thing as a woman's holding you, I'm sure.

The maids took me up between them, and carry'd me to my chamber ; and when the wretch saw how bad I was, she began a little to relent.

I was so weak, that I fainted away, as soon as they got me up stairs ; and they undress'd me, and got me to bed, and Mrs. Jewkes order'd Nan to bathe my shoulder, and arm, and ankle, with some old rum warm'd ; and they cut from the back part of my head, a little of the hair, for it was clotted with blood ; and put a family plaster to the gash, which was pretty long, but not deep. If this woman has any good quality, it is, it seems, in a readiness and skill to manage in cases where sudden accidents happen in a family.

After this, I fell into a pretty sound and refreshing sleep, and lay till near twelve o'clock, tolerably easy, yet was feverish, and aguishly inclin'd. The wretch took a great deal of care of me : but for what end ? Why, to fit me to undergo more troubles ; for that is the sad case.

She would have made me rise about twelve ; but I was so weak, I could only sit up till the bed was made, and then was helped into it again ; and was, as they said, delirious some part of the afternoon. But having a tolerable night on Thursday, I was a good deal better on Friday, and on Saturday my feverishness seeming to be gone, arose. I was so amended by evening, that I begg'd her to allow me to sit in my closet by myself. I assured her, that all my contrivances to escape were at an end. She had caused it to be double barred the day before ; and consented ; but first she made me tell her the whole story of my enterprise ; which I did very faithfully. She expressed her wonder at my resolution, but told me frankly, that I should have found it a hard matter to get out of my master's power, let me have escaped to whom I would ; for that she was provided with a warrant from my master (who is a justice of peace in this county, as well as in the other) to get me apprehended, on suspicion of wronging him.

Sunday Afternoon.

MRS. Jewkes has thought fit to give me an airing for three or four hours this afternoon. I am a good deal better ; but health is a blessing hardly to be coveted in my circumstances, since that but exposes me to the danger I am in continual apprehensions of ; whereas a weak and sickly state might possibly move compassion for me. O how I dread the coming of this angry and incensed master ! Yet why is he angry ? Why incensed ? I am sure I have done him no harm !

Just now we heard, that he had like to have been drown'd in crossing a stream, a few days ago, in pursuing his game. What is the matter, that, with all his ill usage of me, I cannot hate him ? To be sure, in this, I am not like other people ! He has certainly done enough to make me hate him ; but yet when I heard his danger, which was very great, I could not in my heart forbear rejoicing for his safety ; though his death would have set me free. Ungenerous master ! If you knew this, you surely would not be so much my persecutor ! But for my late good lady's sake, I must wish him well ; and O what an angel would he be in my eyes yet, if he would give over his attempts, and reform !

Well, I hear by Mrs. Jewkes, that John Arnold is turn'd away, being detected in writing to Mr. Williams; and that Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan, the butler, have incur'd his displeasure, for offering to speak in my behalf. Mrs. Jervis too is in danger; for all these three, it seems, went together to beg in my favour; for now it is known where I am.

Mrs. Jewkes has receiv'd a letter; but she says the contents are too bad for me to know. They must be bad indeed, if they be worse than what I have already seen.

Just now the horrid creature tells me, as a secret, that she has reason to think my master has found a way to satisfy my scruples: it is, by marrying me to this dreadful Colbrand, and buying me of him on the wedding-day, for a sum of money! Was ever the like heard? She says it will be my duty to obey my husband; and that Mr. Williams, as a punishment, will be forced to marry me to that dreadful wretch; and that when my master has paid for me, and I am surrender'd up, the Swiss is to go home again, with the money, to his former wife and children; for, she says, it is the custom of those people to have a wife in every nation.

But this, to be sure, is horrid romancing! Yet, improbable as it is, it may possibly serve to introduce some plot now hatching.

Friday, the 36th day of my imprisonment.

I TOOK the liberty yesterday afternoon, finding the gates open, to walk out before the house; and ere I was aware, had got to the bottom of the long row of elms; and there I sat myself down upon the steps of a sort of broad stile, which leads into the road that goes towards the town. Seeing myself got thus far from the house, why cannot I now, thought I, get quite off? But I was discouraged on seeing the country on this side quite open as far as the eye could reach. The warrant Mrs. Jewkes told me of, also helped to intimidate me. But before I could resolve, or if I had resolv'd, could get out of sight of pursuers, I saw a whole posse of men and women from the house, running towards me, as in a fright. At first I wonder'd what was the matter, till they came nearer; and I found they were all alarm'd thinking I had attempted to get off. There was first the horrible Colbrand, running with his long legs, well-nigh two yards at a stride; then there was one of the grooms, poor Mr. Williams's robber, a sad fellow! Then I spy'd Nan, half out of breath; and the cook-maid after her; and, lastly, came, waddling, as fast as she could, Mrs. Jewkes, exclaiming most bitterly, as I found, against me. Colbrand said—O how you have frighted us all! And went behind me, lest I should run away, as I suppose.

I sat still, that they might suppose I had no view to get away. When Mrs. Jewkes came within hearing, I found she was in a rage, charging me with my contrivances; and when she came up to me, the barbarous creature struck at me with her horrid fist, and, I believe, would have fell'd me, had not Colbrand interposed and said—He saw me sitting still, looking about me, and not seeming to have the least inclination to get away. But this would not serve: she ordered the two maids to take me each by an arm, and lead me back into the house, and up stairs; and there I have been lock'd up ever since, without shoes; and last night I was forced to lie between her and Nan. And I find she is resolv'd to make a handle of this against me, and in her own behalf. Indeed what with *her* usage, and my own apprehensions of *still worse*, I am quite weary of my life.

Just now she has been with me, and given me my shoes, and has laid

her insolent commands upon me, to dress myself in a suit of clothes out of the portmanteau, which I have not seen lately, against three or four o'clock; for, she says, she is to have a visit from Lady Darnford's two daughters, who come purposely to see me. And so she gave me the key of the portmanteau. But I will not obey her; and I told her I would not be made a shew of, nor see the ladies. She left me, saying—It should be worse for me, if I did not. But how can that be?

Five o'clock is come.

AND no young ladies! So that I fancy—But, hold! I hear their coach, I believe. I'll step to the window. I won't go down to them, I am resolv'd.

Mercy on me! What will become of me! Here is my master come in his fine chariot! What shall I do? Where shall I hide myself? What shall I do? Pray for me! But, oh! you will not see this!

Seven o'clock.

THO' I dread to see him, yet do I wonder I hear not. To be sure something is revolving against me, and he stays to hear all her stories. I can hardly write; yet, as I can do nothing else, I know not how to lay down my pen. How crooked and trembling the lines! Why should the guiltless tremble so, when the guilty can possess their minds in peace?

Saturday Morning.

Now let me give you an account of what pass'd last night; for I had no power to write, nor yet opportunity, till now.

This vile woman held my master in talk till half an hour after seven; and he came hither about five in the afternoon. And then I heard his voice on the stairs, as he was coming up to me. What he said was about his supper. He ordered a boil'd chicken, with parsley and butter. And up he came!

He put on a stern and haughty air.—Well, perverse Pamela, ungrateful creature! said he (for my first salutation) you do well, don't you, to give me all this trouble and vexation?

I could not speak; but throwing myself on the floor, hid my face, and was ready to die with grief and apprehension.—Well may you hide your face! said he, well may you be sham'd to see me, vile forward creature, as you are!—I sobb'd, and wept, but could not speak. And he let me lie, and went to the door, and call'd Mrs. Jewkes.—There, said he, take up that fallen angel! Once I thought her as innocent as an angel of light; but now I have no patience with her. The little hypocrite prostrates herself thus, in hopes to move my compassion, and expects, perhaps, that I will raise her from the floor myself. But I shall not touch her; no, said the cruel man, let such fellows as Williams be taken in by her artful wiles! I know her now, and plainly see, that she is for any fool's turn, that will be caught by her.

I sighed, as if my heart would break! And Mrs. Jewkes lifted me up upon my knees; for I trembled so, I could not stand.—Come, said she. Mrs. Pamela, learn to know your best friend! confess your behaviour, and beg his honour's forgiveness of all your faults.

I was ready to faint; and he said—She is mistress of arts, I assure you; and will mimick a fit, ten to one, in a minute.

I was struck to the heart at this; but could not speak presently. I only lifted up my eyes to heaven! And at last made shift to say—God forgive you, sir!

He seem'd in a great passion, and walk'd up and down the room, casting sometimes an eye upon me, and seeing as if he would have spoken, but check'd himself. At last he said—When she has *acted* this her *first part* over, perhaps I will see her again, and she shall *soon* know what she has to trust to.

And so he went out of the room : and I was sick at my very heart !—Surely, said I, I am the wickedest creature that ever breathed !—Well, said the impertinent, not so wicked as *that* neither ; but I am glad you begin to see your faults. There is nothing like humility ! Come I'll stand your friend, and plead for you, if you'll promise to be more dutiful for the future.—Come, come, added the wretch, this may be all made up by to-morrow morning, if you are not a fool.—Begone, hideous woman ! said I ; and let not my afflictions be added to by thy inexorable cruelty, and unwomanly wickedness.

She gave me a push, and left me in a violent passion, and as I found, made a story of this ; and told my master that I had such a spirit, there was no bearing it.

I laid me down on the floor, and had no power to stir, till the clock struck nine, when the wicked woman came up again.—You must come downstairs, said she, to my master ; that is, if you please, spirit.—I believe, said I, I cannot stand.—Then, said she, I'll send up Mons. Colbrand to carry you down.

I called her cruel creature. She lifted me up by my arm, and insisted on my going down. I could not resist, she pulling me along to the stair's-head. I trembled all the way down-stairs ; and when I came to the bottom, she stepped into the parlour before me ; and a new servant who waited on him instead of John, withdrew as soon as I came in. By-the-way, he has a new coachman too, which looks as if he has also turned away Bedfordshire Robin.

I thought, said he, when I came down, you should have sat at table with me, while I was in these parts, and when I had not company : but as I find you unworthy of that honour, and that you prefer my menials to me, I call you down to wait on me, while I sup, that I may have some talk with you, and throw away as little time as possible upon you.

Sir, said I, I think it an honour to be allowed to wait upon you. But I was forced to stand behind his chair, that I might hold by it.—Fill me, said he, a glass of that Burgundy. I went to do it ; but my hand shook so, that I could not hold the salver with the glass on it, and spilt some of the wine. So Mrs. Jewkes pour'd it for me, and gave it me to carry on the salver. I carried it as well as I could ; and made a low court'sy in offering it. He took it, and said—Stand behind me, out of my sight.

You tell me, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, that she remains very sullen still, and eats nothing.—No, said she, not so much as to keep life and soul together.—And is always crying, you say too?—Yes, sir, answered she, I think she is, for one thing or other.—Ay, said he, your young wenches will feed upon their tears ; and their obstinacy will serve them for meat and drink. I think I never saw her look better in my life ! But I suppose she lives upon love. This sweet Mr. Williams, and her little villainous plots together, have kept her alive and well : for mischief, love, and contradiction, are the natural food of women.

My heart was too full to allow me to speak.

And so you say that she had *another* project, but yesterday, to get away ?—She denies it herself, said she ; but it had all the appearance of one. I'm sure she put me into a fearful pucker about it. I am glad, with

all my heart, your honour is come ; and hope, whatever be your honour's intention concerning her, you will quickly let her know her fate ; for you will find her as slippery as an eel, I assure you !

Sir, said I, falling on my knees at his feet, and, not knowing what I did, clasping his knees—Have mercy upon me, and hear me, concerning that wicked woman's usage of me——

He cruelly interrupted me, and said—I am satisfy'd she has done her duty : it signifies nothing what you say against Mrs. Jewkes. That you are here, little hypocrite as you are, pleading your cause before me, is owing to her care of you ; else you had been with the parson.—Wicked girl, added he, to tempt a man to undo himself, at a time when I was on the point of making him happy for his life !

I arose, but said, with a deep sigh—I have done ! I have done ! I have a strange tribunal to plead before. The poor sheep, in the fable, had such a one ; when it was tried before the vulture, on the accusation of the wolf !

So, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, you are the wolf, I the vulture, and this the poor harmless lamb, on her trial before us. You don't know how well read this innocent is in reflection. Her memory always serves her, when she has a mind to display her own romantic innocence, at the price of other people's characters.

Well, said the aggravating creature, this is nothing to what she has call'd me. I have been a Jezebel, a London prostitute, and what not. But I am contented with her ill names, now I see it is her fashion, and she can call your honour a vulture.

I had no thought, said I, of comparing my master——and was going on : but he said—Don't prate, girl !—No, said she, it don't become you, I'm sure.

Well, said I, since I must not speak, I will hold my peace : but there is a righteous Judge, who knows the secrets of all hearts ! and to him I appeal.

See there ! said he : now this meek, good creature, is praying for fire from heaven upon us ! She can curse most heartily, in the spirit of Christian meekness, I assure you ! Come, saucy-face, give me another glass.

I poured out the wine, and offered it to him, as well as I could ; but wept so, that he said—I suppose I shall have some of your tears in my wine !

When he had supp'd, he stood up, and said, looking at me, I don't know how, yet with a jeering look too—How happy for you it is, that you can at will, make your speaking eyes overflow in this manner, without losing any of their brilliancy ! You have been told, I suppose, that you are *most* beautiful in your tears !—Did you ever, said he to *her*, (who all this while was standing in one corner of the parlour) see a more charming creature than this ? Is it to be wonder'd, that I undervalue myself thus to take notice of her ? See, and took the glass with one hand, and turn'd me round with the other, what a shape ! what a neck ! what a hand ! and what a bloom in that bewitching face ! But who can describe the tricks and artifices, that lie lurking in her little, plotting, guileful heart ! 'Tis no wonder the poor parson was infatuated with her ! I blame *him* less than I do *her* ; for who could expect such artifice in so young a sorceress ?

I went to the further part of the room, and leaned my face against the

wainscot ; and, in spite of all I could do to refrain, sobb'd as if my heart would break.—I am surpris'd, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, with a very careless air, at the mistake of the letters you tell me of ! But I am not afraid any body should read what I write. I don't carry on private correspondences, and reveal every secret that comes to my knowledge, and then corrupt people to carry my letters, against their duty, and all good conscience.

Come hither, hussy, added he ; you and I have a long reckoning to make up. Why don't you come, when I bid you?—Fie upon it ! Mrs. Pamela, said she : what ! not stir, when his honour commands you to go to him ! Who knows but his goodness will forgive you ?

He came to me (for I had no power to stir) and put his arms about my neck, and would kiss me ; I struggled.—Don't be a fool, Pamela, said he. And then loosing his arms with an air—Well, Mrs. Jewkes, were it not for the thought of this cursed parson, I believe in my heart, I could yet forgive this intriguing girl ; and so great is my weakness, take her to my bosom.

O, said the sycophant, you are very good, sir ! very forgiving indeed ! But, added the profligate wretch, I hope your honour *will* be so good as to forgive her still, and take her to yourself. If you do, you will certainly bring her to a better sense of her duty, by to-morrow morning.

Could any thing in womanhood, be so vile ? I had no patience : but yet grief and indignation choaked up the passage of my words ; and I could only stammer out a passionate exclamation to Heaven, to protect my innocence : but the word *innocence* was the subject of their ridicule.

Forgive her, said he, and paused, as if he was considering whether he could forgive me or not—No, I cannot yet forgive her neither. She has given me great disturbance ; she has brought great discredit upon me, both abroad and at home ; she has corrupted all my servants at the other house ; she has despised me for my condescension, and sought to run away with this ungrateful parson. And surely I ought not to forgive her.

Yet, with all this wretched grimace, he put his arm about my neck, and so rudely kissed me, that I struggling said—I will *die*, sir, before I will submit to this treatment !—Consider, Pamela, said he, in a threatening tone, consider where you are ; and don't play the fool : if you do, a more dreadful fate awaits you than you can imagine.—But take her up-stairs, Mrs. Jewkes, and I'll send a few lines to her to consider of ; and let me, Pamela, have your answer in the morning. Till then you have to resolve : and after that, if you stand in your own light, your doom will be irrevocable. Thus dismissed, I hurried up-stairs, and gave myself up to grief, in expectation of what he would send : but yet I was glad of this night's reprieve !

Twelve o'clock, Saturday Noon.

JUST now he has sent me up, by Mrs. Jewkes, his proposals. They are, my dear parents, to make me a vile kept mistress. So here are the *honourable intentions* all at once laid open ! But you will see how they are accommodated to what I should have most desir'd, with regard to your welfare, could I have honestly promoted it. I have answer'd, as I'm surc you will approve. I fear there will be nothing omitted to ruin me, and tho' my poor strength may not be sufficient to defend me, yet I will be innocent of crime in the sight of God ; and to him leave the avenging of all my wrongs.

I shall write to you my answer against his articles ; and hope the best, tho' I dread the worst.

HIS PROPOSALS.

“*The following ARTICLES are proposed to your serious consideration. Let me have an answer, in writing, to them. Only remember, that I will not be trifled with; and that what you give for answer, will absolutely decide your fate, without expostulation or further trouble:*

“I. If you can convince me, that the hated Williams has had no encouragement from you in his addresses; and that you have no inclination for him, in preference to me; then I will offer the following proposals to you, which I will punctually make good.

“II. I will directly make you a present of five hundred guineas, which you may dispose of as you please: and will give it into the hands of any person you shall appoint to receive it; and expect no favour from you till you are satisfied in the irrevocable possession of it.

“III. I will likewise directly make over to you a purchase I lately made in Kent, which brings in 250*l.* per annum, clear of all deductions. This shall be made over to you in full property to you and your descendants for ever. Your father shall be immediately put into possession of it in trust for you and yours. And I will make up deficiencies, if such should happen, to the amount of that clear yearly sum, and allow your father, besides, fifty pounds a-year, for his life, and for that of your mother, for his care and management of this your estate.

“IV. I will, moreover, extend my favour to any other of your relations, that you may think worthy of it.

“V. I will order patterns to be sent you for chusing four complete suits of rich clothes, that you may appear with reputation, as if you were my wife. And I will give you the two diamond rings, and ear-rings, the solitaire and diamond necklace, and buckles that were bought to present to Miss Tomlins, if the treaty of marriage that was so near taking place between her and me had been brought to effect: and will confer upon you still *other* favours, as I shall find myself obliged, by your affection and good behaviour.

“VI. Now, Pamela, will you see what a value I set upon the free-will of a person *already* in my power; and who, if these proposals are not accepted, shall find, that I have not taken all these pains, and risked my reputation, as I have done, without resolving to gratify my passion for you at all adventures. And it will behove you to consider, whether it is not better for you to comply upon terms so advantageous to you, and so beneficial to your father and mother, and other friends, than to be mine without condition or equivalent.

“VII. You shall be mistress of my person and fortune, as much as if the foolish ceremony had passed. All my servants shall be yours; and you shall chuse any one of them for your particular attendant: and if your conduct be such, as I have reason to be satisfy'd with it, I know not (tho' I will not engage for this) but I may, after a twelvemonth's cohabitation, marry you; for if my love increases for you, as it has done for many months past, it will be impossible for me to deny you any thing.

“And now, Pamela, consider well of the premises. Consider, that it is in your power to make yourself, and all your friends, happy: but this will be over this very day, irrevocably over; and you shall find, if obstinate, all you would be thought to fear, without the least benefit to yourself. But if you signify to me your compliance, and this you need only to do by desiring to see me, I will instantly set about scuring to you the full effect of these proposals. One word *only* more: if, my dear girl, you

value yourself, your friends, or my favour, let me experience a grateful return on this occasion : and I will forgive you all that's past!"

MY ANSWER.

"*Forgive, sir, the spirit your poor servant is about to shew in her answer to your ARTICLES. Not to be warm, and in earnest, on such an occasion, would shew a degree of guilt, that my soul abhors. I will not trifle with you, sir, nor act like one who is doubtful of her own mind in a point that wants not one moment's consideration. And I therefore return the ANSWER following, let what will be the consequence:*

"I. As to the first article, sir, it may behove me (that I may not deserve, in your opinion, the opprobrious terms of *forward*, and *artful*, and such-like) to declare solemnly, that Mr. Williams never had the least encouragement from me; and I believe his principal motive was the apprehended duty of his function, to assist, so contrary to his apparent interest, an innocent person, in distress. You may, sir, the rather believe me, when I declare, that I know not the man breathing I would wish to marry.

"II. As to your second proposal, I reject it with all my soul. Money, sir, is not my chief good: may God Almighty desert me, whenever I make it so; and whenever, for the sake of that, I can give up my title to that blessed hope which will stand me instead, at a time when millions of gold will not purchase one happy reflection on a past mis-spent life!

"III. Your third article, sir, I reject for the same reason; and am sorry you could think my poor honest parents would enter into their part of it, and be concern'd for the management of an estate, which would be owing to the prostitution of their daughter. Forgive, sir, my warmth on this occasion; but you know not the poor man, and the poor woman, my ever dear father and mother, if you think, that they would not much rather chuse to starve in a ditch, or rot in a noisome dungeon, than accept of the fortune of a monarch, upon such wicked terms. I dare not say all that my full mind suggests to me on this grievous occasion.----But indeed, sir, you know them not; nor shall the terrors of death, in its most frightful forms, ever make me act unworthy of such poor honest parents!

"IV. Your fourth article I take upon me, sir, to answer as the second and third. If I have any friends that want the favour of the great, may they *ever* want it, if they are capable of desiring it on unworthy terms.

"V. I do assure, sir, that I have greater pride in my honest poverty and meanness, than I can have in dress and finery purchased with guilt. Believe me, sir, I think such things less become the low born Pamela, than the rags your good mother rais'd me from. Your rings, sir, your solitaire, your necklace, your ear-rings, and your buckles, will better befit some lady of degree, to whom you may give a lawful claim to them than me. To lose the best jewel, my virtue, would be poorly recompens'd by the jewels you propose to give me. What should I think, when I looked upon my finger, or saw, in the glass, those diamonds on my neck, and in my ears, but that they were the price of my honesty; and that I *wore* those jewels outwardly, because I had none inwardly? When I come to be proud and vain of gaudy apparel, and outside finery, then (which I hope will never be) may I rest my principal good in such trifles, and despise for them the more solid ornaments of a good fame and a chastity inviolate.

"VI. I know, sir, by woeful experience, that I am in your power: I know all the resistance I can make will be poor and weak, and perhaps stand me in little stead: I dread your *will* to ruin me is as great as your *power*: yet, sir, will I dare to tell you, that I will make no free-will offer-

ing of my virtue. All I *can* do, poor as that *may* be, I *will* do, to preserve my honour : and then, if I cannot escape the violence of man, I can safely appeal to the great God my only refuge, with this consolation, that my will bore no part in the violation.

“VII. Give me leave to say, sir, that to the ceremony you call *foolish*, you yourself owe your being, and the mother, my dear and ever honoured lady and mistress who bore you. Would she, sir, think you, have stooped to be the mistress of the *person* and fortunes of a king on such terms? For her sake, as well as for God’s sake, let me beseech you, sir, it is all I beg, to be allowed to return to my native poverty unviolated. I heard you once say, that a certain great commander, who could live upon lentils, might well refuse the bribes of the greatest monarch: and, I hope, as I can contentedly live in the meanest manner, that I am above making an exchange of my honesty for all the riches of the Indies.

“Give me leave to say, in answer to what you hint, that you may, in a twelvemonth’s time, marry me, if you shall be satisfied with my good behaviour; that *this* weighs less with me, if possible, than any thing else you have said. For, in the first place, there is an end of all merit, and all good behaviour, on my side (if I have *now* any) the moment I consent to your proposals. And I shall be so far from *expecting* such an honour, that I will pronounce, that I should be most *unworthy* of it.

“Yet, after all, dreadful is the thought, that I, a poor, weak, friendless, unhappy creature, am too fully in your power! But permit me, sir, to pray, as I now write, on my knees—That before you resolve upon my ruin, you yourself will weigh well the matter. Think, O think, before it is yet too late, what remorse will attend your dying hour, when you come to reflect, that you have ruin’d, perhaps soul and body, a wretched creature, whose only pride was her virtue! And how pleas’d you will be, on the contrary, if in that tremendous moment you shall be able to acquit yourself of a crime so foul, and to plead in your own behalf, that you suffer’d the earnest supplications of an unhappy wretch to prevail with you to be innocent yourself, and let her remain so!

“Finally, sir, have pity, I beseech you have pity on

“YOUR POOR OPPRESSED BROKEN-SPIRITED SERVANT.”

I took a copy of this for your perusal, my dear parents, if I shall ever be so happy to see you again ; and at night, when Sir Simon was gone, my master sent Mrs. Jewkes to *remind me*, was the word, that I had not let him know, *I desired to see him*: my answer was—I had written as he commanded ; giving the paper to her for him.

She carried it down to him ; but returned presently with it, saying, I must go down with it myself.

I went trembling ; and yet I heartened myself up, so as that, in such a cause, I might shew as little fear as possible.

Well, said he, as soon as I came into his presence—Have you consider’d my proposals?—I have, sir, said I ; and there is my answer : but pray let me not stay to see you read it.

Is it owing to your bashfulness, said he, or to your obstinacy, that you would not have me read it before you ?

I offer’d to go away ; and he said—Don’t run from me ; I won’t read it till you are gone. But taking hold of my struggling hand—Tell me, Pamela, whether you comply with my proposals, or not ?

Sir, said I, you will see presently ; pray don’t hold me.—Did you well consider, said he, before you wrote?—I did, sir, replied I.—If it be not

what you think will please me, return'd he, take it back again, dear girl, and reconsider it; for if I have this as your absolute answer, and don't like it, you are undone. Let me tell you, I will not meanly sue where I can command. I fear, added he, looking sternly in my face, by your manner, it is not what I like. If the terms I have offer'd are not sufficient, I will augment them to two-thirds of my estate; for, said he, and swore a dreadful oath, I cannot live without you. He then clasp'd me in his arms, and kissed me two or three times.

I got from him, and ran up stairs, and shut myself in the closet, extremely terrified and uneasy.

Sunday Morning.

Knowing that my master was dressing, in order to go to church, and seeing through my window the chariot getting ready—How happy, thought I, should I be, if I could go to that holy place, where I have not been of so long a time! How can such a wicked wretch as my master, with such bad designs in his heart, have the courage to shew his face there! I would pray for him as well as for myself, thought I, if I might be permitted to go: and should even be glad to interest the whole congregation in my prayers. In this thought I took up my pen—And what, said I to myself, should be the form of such an address to the congregation? Perhaps this—and I wrote down this for myself:—

The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desired by a poor distressed creature, for the preservation of her virtue and innocence. And this for my master and myself:—

The prayers of this congregation are earnestly desir'd for a gentleman of great worth and honour, who labours under a temptation to exert his great power to ruin a poor, distressed, worthless maiden.

Mrs. Jewkes came up: always writing! said she; and would see it. And strait, against my earnest entreaties, carry'd it down to my master. He look'd upon it, and said, tell her, she shall soon see how her prayers are answer'd. She is very bold, but as she has rejected all my favours, her reckoning for all is not far off.

I look'd after him out of the window, and he was charmingly dress'd. to be sure, he is a handsome, fine gentleman: what pity his heart is not so good as his appearance! Why can't I hate him? But don't be uneasy, if you should see this; for it is impossible I should love him; for his vices all *ugly him over*, as I may say.

My master sends word, that he shall not come home to dinner: I suppose he dines with this Sir Simon Darnford.

I am much concern'd for poor Mr. Williams. Mrs. Jewkes says, he is confin'd still, and takes on much. All his trouble is brought upon him for my sake: my master, it seems, will have his money from him. This is very hard, for it is three fifty pounds, which he gave him, as he thought, as a salary for three years that he has been with him. But there was no agreement between them; and he absolutely depended on my master's favour. How generous was he to run these risques for the sake of oppressed innocence! I hope he will meet with his reward in due time.

Sunday Evening.

Mrs. Jewkes has received a line from my master. I wonder what it is; for his chariot is come home without him. But she will tell me nothing; so it is in vain to ask her. I am so fearful of plots and tricks, I know not what to do. For, now my disgrace is avow'd, what can I think?

This woman left upon the table, in the chamber, the following letter of

my master's to her; and on seeing it there, I bolted myself in till I had transcrib'd it: you'll see how tremblingly, by the crooked lines. I wish poor Mr. Williams's release at any rate; but this letter makes my heart ache. Yet I have another day's reprieve, thank Heaven!

"MRS. JEWKES,—I have been so press'd on Williams's affair, that I shall set out this afternoon, in Sir Simon's chariot-and-six, and with Mr. Peters, who is his intercessor, for Stamford; and shall not be back till to-morrow evening, if then. As to your ward, I am thoroughly incensed against her. She has withstood her time; and now, would she sign and seal to my articles, it is too late. I shall discover, something, perhaps, by him; and will, on my return, let her know, that all her ensnaring speciousness shall not save her from the fate that awaits her. But let her know nothing of this, lest it put her upon plots and artifices. Be sure trust her not without another with you at night, lest she venture the window in her foolish rashness: for I shall require her at your hands.

"YOURS, &c."

I had but just finished taking a copy of this, and laid the letter where I had it, and unbolted the door, when she came up in a great fright, for fear I should have seen it; but I being in my closet, and that lying as she left it, she did not mistrust.—O, said she, I was afraid you had seen my master's letter here, which I carelessly left on the table.—Well, continued she, I wish poor Mr. Williams well off; I understand my master is gone to make up matters with him; which is very good of him. To be sure he is a very forgiving gentleman.—Why, said I, as if I had known nothing of the matter, how can he make up matters with him? Is not Mr. Williams at Stamford?—Yes, said she, I believe so; but Parson Peters pleads for him, and he is gone with him to Stamford, and will not be back to-night: we have, therefore, nothing to do, but to eat our suppers betimes, and go to bed.

So I have one more good honest night before me: who can tell what the next may be? But I know that I have your prayers at all times joined with my own.

Tuesday Night.

For the future, I will always mistrust most, when appearances look fairest. O your poor daughter, what has she not suffer'd since Sunday night, the time of her worst trial, and fearfullest danger!

O how I shudder to write you an account of this wicked interval of time! For, my dear parents, will you not be too much frighten'd and affected with my distress, when I tell you, that his journey to Stamford was all abominable pretence?

The maid Nan is fond of liquor, if she can get at it; and Mrs. Jewkes happen'd, or design'd, as is too probable, to leave a bottle of cherry-brandy in her way, and the wench drank more of it than she should; and when she came to lay the cloth, Mrs. Jewkes perceiv'd it, and rated at her most sadly. The wretch has too many faults of her own, to suffer any of the like sort in any body else, if she can help it; and she bade her get out of her sight, when we had supp'd, and go to bed, to sleep off her liquor, before we came to bed. And so the poor maid went muttering upstairs.

About two hours after which was near eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jewkes and I went up to go to bed; I pleasing myself with what a charming night I should have. We lock'd both doors, and saw poor Nan, as I thought, sitting fast asleep, in an elbow-chair, in a dark corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head and neck. But oh! it was my abomi-

nable master, as you shall hear by and by. And Mrs. Jewkes said—There is that beast of a wench fast asleep! I knew she had taken a fine dose.—I will wake her, said I.—Let her sleep on, answered she, we shall lie better without her.—So we shall, said I; but won't she get cold?

I hope, said the vile woman, you have no writing to-night.—No, replied I, I will go to bed when you go, Mrs. Jewkes.—That's right, answered she; indeed I wonder what you can find to write about so continually. I am sure you have better conveniences of that kind, and more paper than I am aware of. Indeed I had intended to rummage you, if my master had not come down; for I spy'd a broken tea-cup with ink, which gave me a suspicion: but as he is come, let him look after you, if he will. If you deceive him, it will be his own fault.

All this time we were undressing; and I fetching a deep sigh—What do you sigh for? said she.—I am thinking, Mrs. Jewkes, answered I, what a sad life I live, and how hard is my lot. I am sure the thief that has robb'd is much better off than I, bating the guilt; and I should, I think, take it for a mercy to be hang'd out of the way, rather than live in these cruel apprehensions. So, being not sleepy, and in a prattling vein, I began to give a little history of myself, in this manner.

“My poor honest parents,” said I, “in the first place, took care to instil good principles into my mind, till I was almost twelve years of age; and taught me to prefer goodness and poverty, if they could not be separated, to the highest condition; and they confirm'd their lessons by their own practice; for they were of late years remarkably poor, and always as remarkably honest, even to a proverb; for, *As honest as Good-man ANDREWS*, was a bye-word.

“Well, then comes my late dear good lady, and takes a fancy to me, and said she would be the making of me, if I was a good girl: and she put me to sing, to dance, to play on the harpsichord, in order to divert her melancholy hours; and also taught me all manner of fine needle-works; but still this was her lesson—*My good Pamela, be virtuous, and keep the men at a distance*. Well, so I did; and yet, tho' I say it, they all respected me; and would do any thing for me, as if I were a gentlewoman.

“But then, what comes next? Why, it pleased God to take my good lady; and then comes my master: and what says he? Why, in effect, it is—*Be not virtuous*, Pamela.

“So here have I lived above sixteen years in virtue and reputation; and, all at once, when I come to know what is good, and what is evil, I must renounce all the good, all the whole sixteen years' innocence, which, next to God's grace, I owed chiefly to my parents and to my lady's good lessons and examples, and chuse the evil; and so, in a moment's time, become the vilest of creatures! And all this, for what, I pray? Why, truly, for a pair of diamond earrings, a solitaire, a necklace, and a diamond ring for my finger; which would not become me: for a few paltry fine clothes; which, when I wore them, would make but my former poverty more ridiculous to every body that saw me; especially when they knew the base terms I wore them upon. But, indeed, I was to have a great parcel of guineas beside; I forget how many; for had there been ten times more, they would not have been so much to me, as the honest six guineas you trick'd me out of, Mrs. Jewkes.

“Well, but then I was to have I know not how many pounds a year for my life; and my poor father (fine encouragement indeed!) was to be the manager for the abandon'd prostitute, his daughter: and then (there was

the jest of it!) my kind, forgiving, virtuous master would pardon me all my misdeeds.

“And what, pray, are all these violent misdeeds? Why, they are, for daring to adhere to the good lessons that were taught me; for not being contented, when I was run away with, in order to be ruin’d; but contriving, if my poor wits had been able, to get out of danger, and preserve myself honest.

“Then was he once jealous of poor John, tho’ he knew John was his own creature, and helped to deceive me.

“Then was he outrageous against poor Mr. Williams; and him has this good, merciful master thrown into gaol! and for what? Why, truly, for that being a divine, and a good man, he was willing to forego all his expectations of interest, and assist a poor creature, whom he believed innocent!

“But, to be sure, I must be *forward, bold, saucy*, and what not, to dare to attempt an escape from certain ruin, and an unjust confinement. Poor Mr. Williams! how was he drawn in to make marriage proposals to me? O Mrs. Jewkes! what a trick was that! The honest gentleman would have had but a poor catch of me, had I consented to be his wife; but he, and *you* too, know I did not want to marry *any body*. I only wanted to go to my poor parents, and not to be laid under an unlawful restraint, and which would not have been attempted, but only that I am a poor destitute young creature, and have no friend that is able to right me.

“So here, Mrs. Jewkes,” said I, “have I given my history in brief. I am very unhappy: and whence my unhappiness? Why, because my master sees something in my person that takes his present fancy; and because I would not be ruined; why, therefore, to chuse, I must, and I shall be ruined! And this is all the reason that can be given!”

She heard me run on all this time, while I was undressing, without any interruption; and I said—Well, I must go to the two closets, ever since an affair of the closet at the other house, tho’ he is so far off. And I have a good mind to wake this poor maid.—No, don’t, said she, I charge you. I am very angry with her, and she’ll get no harm there; and if she wakes, she will find her way to bed well enough, as there is a candle in the chimney.

So I looked into the closets; and kneeled down in my own, as I used to do, to say my prayers, and this with my underclothes in my hand; and passed by the supposed sleeping wench, in my return. But little did I think, it was my wicked, wicked master in a gown and petticoat of her’s, and her apron over his face and shoulders.

Mrs. Jewkes by this time was got to bed, on the further side, as she used to do. Where are the keys? said I, and yet I am not so much afraid to-night. In less than a quarter of an hour, hearing the supposed maid in motion—Poor Nan is awake, said I; I hear her stir.—Let us go to sleep, reply’d she, and not mind her: she’ll come to bed, when she’s quite awake.—Poor soul! said I, I’ll warrant she will have the head-ache finely to-morrow for this.—Be silent, answered she, and go to sleep; you keep me awake. I never found you in so talkative a humour in my life.—Don’t chide me, said I; I will say but one thing more: do you think Nan could hear me talk of my master’s offers?—No, no, reply’d she, she was dead asleep.—I am glad of that, said I; because I would not expose my master to his common servants; and I knew you were no stranger to his *fine* articles.—I think they *were* fine articles, replied she, and you were bewitch’d you did not close with them: but let us go to sleep.

So I was silent: and the pretended Nan (O wicked, base, villainous

designer ! what a plot, what an unexpected plot was this !) seem'd to be awaking ; and Mrs. Jewkes, abhorred creature ! said—Mrs. Pamela is in a talking fit, and won't go to sleep one while. At that, the pretended she came to the bedside, sitting down in a chair concealed by the curtain.—Poor Mrs. Ann, said I, I warrant your head aches most sadly !—How do you do ? No answer was returned. But he kissed me with frightful vehemence ; and then his voice broke upon me like a clap of thunder.—I screamed out for help ; but there was no body to help me.

O sir, exclaimed I, leave me, do but leave me, and I will do any thing I ought to do.—Swear then to me, said he, that you will accept my proposals!

With terror, I quite fainted away, and did not come to myself soon ; so that they both thought me dying. And I remember no more, than that, when, with great difficulty, they brought me to myself, she was sitting on one side of the bed, with her clothes on ; and he on the other, in his gown and slippers. I talked quite wild, and knew not what ; for I was on the point of distraction.

He most solemnly, and with a bitter imprecation, vow'd, that he was frighten'd at the terrible manner I was taken with the fit ; and begg'd but to see me easy and quiet, and he would leave me directly.—O then, said I, take with you this most wicked woman, this vile Mrs. Jewkes, as an earnest that I may believe you !

I fainted away once more ; and when I came a little to myself, I saw him sit there, and the maid Nan holding a smelling-bottle to my nose, and no Mrs. Jewkes.

He said, taking my hand—Now will I vow to you, my dear Pamela, that I will leave you the moment I see you better, and pacify'd. Here's Nan knows, and will tell you, my concern for you. And since I found Mrs. Jewkes so offensive to you, I have sent her to the maid's bed. The maid only shall stay with you to-night ; and but promise me, that you will compose yourself, and I will leave you.—But, said I, will not Nan let you come in again ? He swore that he would not return that night.—Nan, said he, do you go to bed to the dear creature, and say all you can to comfort her : and now, Pamela, give me but your hand, and say you forgive me, and I will leave you to your repose.

I held out my trembling hand, which he vouchsafed to kiss ; and again demanding my forgiveness—God forgive you, sir, said I, as you will be just to what you promise ! And he withdrew, with a countenance of remorse, as I hoped ; and Nan shut the doors, and, at my request, brought the keys to bed.

This, O my dear parents ! was a most dreadful trial. I tremble still to think of it.

I was so weak all day on Monday, that I could not get out of bed. My master shew'd great tenderness for me ; and I hope he is really sorry.

He came in the morning, as soon as he heard the door open : and I began to be fearful. He stopp'd short, and said—Rather than give you apprehensions, I will come no further.—Your honour, sir, said I, and your merey, is all I have to beg.

He sat down on the side of the bed, and asked kindly—How I did ? He bid me be compos'd ; and said—I still look'd a little wildly.—Pray, sir, said I, let me not see this infamous Mrs. Jewkes : I cannot bear her in my sight.—She shan't come near you all this day, if you will promise to compose yourself.—Then, sir, I will try. He pressed my hand very tenderly, and went out. What a change does this shew ! May it be

lasting! But, alas! he seems only to have alter'd his method of proceeding; and retains, I doubt, his wicked purpose!

On Tuesday about ten o'clock, when he heard I was up, he sent for me down into the parlour. As soon as he saw me, he said—Come nearer to me, Pamela. I did, and he took my hand, and said—You begin to look well again: I am glad of it. You little rogue, was his free word, how did you frighten me on Sunday night! Sir, said I, pray name not that night; my eyes overflowing at the remembrance: and I turn'd my head aside.

Place some little confidence in me, said he. I do assure you, that the moment you fainted away, we both did all we could to restore you; and my passion for you was all swallow'd up in the concern I had for your recovery; for I thought I never saw a fit so strong and violent in my life; and fear'd we should not bring you to yourself again. My apprehensions for you might possibly be owing to my folly, and my unacquaintedness with what your sex *can* shew when they are in earnest. You have nothing, therefore, to make yourself uneasy at, or to reproach me with on the occasion you take so much at heart.

What you refer to, sir, said I, was very bad: and it was too plain, you had the worst designs.—When I tell you the truth in one instance, replied he, you may believe me in the other; and tho' I would not too much alarm you now, I could curse my weakness and my folly, which makes me own, that I cannot live without you. But, if I am master of myself, and my own resolution, I will not attempt to compel you to anything.—Sir, said I, you may easily keep your resolution, if you will send me out of your way, to my parents; and that is all I beg.

'Tis a folly to talk of it, said he. You must not, shall not go. And if I could be assur'd you would not attempt it, your stay here should be made agreeable to you.—But to what end, sir, am I to stay? said I: you yourself seem not sure you can keep your own present good resolutions; and what would you think of me, were I to stay to my danger, if I *could* get away in safety? And what will the world—

The world, pretty simpleton! interrupted he: what has the world to do between you and me?—But I now sent for you for two reasons; the first is, to engage you to promise me for a fortnight to come, that you will not offer to go away without my consent; and this I expect for *your own* sake, that I may give you more liberty. The second, that you will see Mrs. Jewkes, and forgive her. She is much concern'd, and thinks, that, as all her fault was her obedience to me, it would be very cruel to sacrifice her, as she calls it, to your resentment.

As to the first, sir, said I, it is a hard injunction: and as to the second, considering Mrs. Jewkes' vile unwomanly wickedness, and her endeavours to instigate you to ruin me, when you, from your returning goodness, seem'd to have some compassion for me, it is still harder. But to shew my compliance in all I *can* comply with [for you know, my dear parents, I might as well make a merit of complying, when my refusal would stand me in no stead], I will consent to both.

That's my good girl! said he, and kiss'd me. This is quite prudent, and shews me, that you don't take insolent advantage of my passion for you; and will, perhaps, stand you in more stead than you are aware of.

He then rung the bell, and said—Call down Mrs. Jewkes. She came down, and he took my hand, and put it into hers; and said—Mrs. Jewkes, I am oblig'd to you for your diligence and fidelity; but Pamela must be allowed to think *she* is not; because the service I employ'd you in was not

so agreeable to her, as I could have wish'd she would have thought it ; and you were not to favour her, but obey me. But yet I assure you, at the very first word, she has *once* obliged me, by consenting to be reconciled to you ; and if she gives me no great cause, I shall not, perhaps, put you on such disagreeable service again. Now, therefore, be you once more bed-fellows and board-fellows, as I may say, for some days longer ; and see that Pamela sends no letters nor messages out of the house, nor keeps a correspondence unknown to me, especially with that Williams ; and, as for the rest, shew the dear girl all the respect that is due to one I must love, and who yet, I hope, will deserve my love ; and let her be under no unnecessary restraints. But your watchful care is not, however, to cease : and remember, that you are not to disoblige *me*, to oblige *her* ; and that I will not, cannot, yet part with her.

Mrs. Jewkes look'd very sullen, and as if she would be glad still to do me a good turn, if it lay in her power.

I took courage then to drop a word or two for poor Mr. Williams ; but he was angry, and said, he could not endure to hear his name, in *my* mouth.

I begg'd for leave to send a letter to you, my dear father. So I should, he said, if he might read it first. But this did not answer my design ; and yet I would have sent you such a letter as he might have seen, if I had been sure my danger was over. But that I cannot ; for he now seems to be taking another method : a method which I am still more apprehensive of, than I was of his more open and haughty behaviour ; for now he seems all kindness. He talks of love without reserve ; and makes nothing of allowing himself the liberty of kissing me, which he calls innocent ; but which I do not like ; since for a master to take such freedoms with a servant, has meaning too much in it, not to alarm.

Just this moment I have a confirmation of what I thought of his designs in his change of behaviour to me ; for I over heard him say to the wicked woman, who very likely (for I heard not what she said) had been instigating him again—"I have begun wrong. Terror does but add to her frost. But she is a charming girl ; and may be thawed by kindness. I should have sought to melt her by love."

What an abominable man is this ! Yet his mother so good a woman ! He says I must stay a fortnight. What a dangerous fortnight may this be to your poor girl ! But I trust that God will enable me (as is my constant prayer) to be proof against his vileness.

Wednesday Morning.

This wicked man—He cannot deserve to be called a gentleman.—I believe I shall lose all my reverence for him. He seems to be putting in practice his vile arts. He sent for me down. I went. There was no helping that, you know.—We will take a walk in the garden, said he, taking my hand, and led me into it. What signified denying to go ?—Should he have base designs, thought I, I am as much in danger in the house, with such a vile woman, as in the garden. But what I had heard, you may suppose, was in my head, and I could not but be apprehensive : tho' I dared not to own I had over heard what he said, lest he should think me a listener : but if I was, in such a situation, I am excusable.

He presently began by squeezing my hand ; and then, truly, all the way we walked, he would put his arm about my waist. I would have removed his arm : but he called me little fool ! and bid me not mistrust his honour. Had he not told me, he said, that I might rely upon it ? And it would be better for me if I did.

He then said abundance of kind and praiseful things, enough to make me proud, had not his designs been so apparent.

After walking about, he led me into a little alcove in the further part of the garden, which having a passage thro' it, I the less resisted; and still the less, as he had led me thro' once without stopping; but then stopping in it, he began to be very teasing. He made me sit on his knee; and still on my struggling against such a freedom, he bid me rely on his honour, solemnly assuring me that I might. But then kissing me very often, tho' I resisted every time, I told him, at last, and would have got from him, that I would not stay with him in this place. I would not be so freely used. And I wonder'd he could so demean himself. I told him, moreover, that he would level all distance between us, and I should lose all reverence for him; tho' he was the son of my ever-honoured lady.

He then walk'd out with me, still bragging of his honour, and his love. —Yes, yes, sir, said I, your honour is to destroy mine; and your love is to ruin me, I see it too plainly. But, indeed, I will not walk out with you, sir, any more.

Do you know, said he, whom you talk to, and where you are?

You may believe I had reason to think him not so decent as he should be; for I said—As to *where I am*, sir, I know it too well, and that I have no creature to befriend me: and, as to *whom I talk to*, sir, let me ask you, what you would have me answer?

He put his arm round me; which made me more angry and bold; and he said—Who then am I?—Why, said I (struggling from him, and in a great passion), to be sure, you are Lucifer himself in the *shape* of my master, or you could not use me thus.—These are too great liberties, said he, in anger; and I desire, that you will not repeat them, for your own sake.

I was running from him; and had got at a little distance, when he in a haughty tone, called out—Come back! Pamela, come back when I bid you!—Too well I knew, as I told you before, that every place was alike dangerous to me; and that I had nobody to run to for safety: and I stopped at his call; for he stopped too, as if to see if I would obey him, and perhaps to have a pretence against me if I did not; or in disdain to run after such a girl as me.—How can I, sir, said I, throwing abroad my supplicating arms, how can I go back, to a gentleman who has so demeaned himself to his poor servant girl?—Come back, repeated he, in a still more haughty tone, throwing out in a threatening manner one arm, and looking taller than usual, as I thought, and he is a tall, and very majestic man.—Come back, when I bid you; still not moving a pace towards me.

What could I do? With unwilling feet, and slow, I went back; and seeing him look angry, I held my hands together, and wept, and said—Pray, sir, forgive me.—No, said he, rather say, pray, Lucifer, forgive me. You have given me a character, Pamela, and blame me not if I act up to it.

Sir, said I, let me beg you to forgive me. I am really sorry for my boldness; but indeed you don't use me like a gentleman; and how can I express my resentment, if I mince the matter, while you are indecent?

Precise fool! said he, what indecencies have I offer'd you? But begone, said he, taking my hand, and tossing it from him, and learn more wit. I will lay aside my foolish regard for you, and assert myself. Begone, said he, again, with a haughty air.

If, sir, said I, I am not to go for good, I cannot quit your presence till you pardon me. On my knees I beg you will: and I kneel'd to him. I am truly sorry for my boldness. But I see how you go on: now you

soothe me, and now threaten me: and have you not as good as avow'd my ruin? What then is left me but words? And can these words be other than such strong ones as shall shew the detestation, which, from the bottom of my heart, I have for every attempt upon my virtue? Judge for me, sir, I hope you are not the most hard-hearted of men! judge for me, and pardon me.

Pardon you, said he, what! when you have the boldness to justify yourself in your fault? Why don't you say, you never will again offend me?—I will endeavour, sir, said I, always to preserve that decency towards you, that veneration for you, which is due from me to the son of that ever-honoured lady, who taught me to prefer my honesty to my life. Command from me, sir, that life, and I will lay it down with pleasure, to shew my obedience to you. But I cannot be patient, I cannot be passive, when my virtue is in danger. For God's sake, sir, seek not to destroy the fabric which your good mother took so much pleasure in building up.

He seemed affected, yet angrily said, he never saw such a fool in his life! And walking by the side of me some yards without saying a word, he at last went in, bidding me attend him in the garden after dinner.

Wednesday Night.

I HAVE now, my dear parents, such a scene to open to you, that I know will alarm both your hopes and your fears, as it does mine. And this it is:

After my master had din'd, he took a turn into the stables, to look at his stud of horses; and afterwards, when he came in, he open'd the house-keeper's parlour door, where Mrs. Jewkes and I sat at dinner. At his entrance, we both rose up; but he said—Sit still, sit still: proceed with your dinner. Mrs. Jewkes has told me, that you have but a poor appetite.—A poor one, indeed, said Mrs. Jewkes.—A pretty good one, sir, said I, *considering*.—None of your *considerings*! said he, pretty-face; and tapp'd me on the cheek. I blush'd, but was glad he was so good-humour'd; tho' I could not tell how to sit before him, nor how to behave myself.—I know, Pamela, said he, you are a carver: my mother used to say so.—My lady, sir, said I, was very good to me, in every thing; and would always make me do the honours of her table, when she was with her few select friends that she lov'd. He bid me carve that chicken. I I did so.—Now, said he, taking a fork, and putting a wing upon my plate, let me see you eat that. I obeyed; but was much abashed at his freedom and condescension. And you can't imagine how Mrs. Jewkes looked, and how respectful she seem'd to me, and call'd me *good madam*, I assure you, urging me to take a little bit of tart.

My master took two or three turns about the room, musing and more thoughtful than ever before I had seen him; and at last he went out, saying—I am going into the garden: you know, Pamela, what I said to you before dinner. I stood up, and court'sy'd, saying—I would attend his honour.—Do, good girl, said he.

Well, said Mrs. Jewkes, I see how things will go. O *madam*, as she called me again, I am sure you are to be our mistress; and then I know what will become of me.—Ah! Mrs. Jewkes, said I, if I can but keep myself virtuous, 'tis the most of my ambition; and I hope no temptation shall make me otherwise.

Notwithstanding I had no reason to be pleas'd with his treatment of me before dinner, yet I made haste to attend him.

I found him walking by the side of that very pond, which, thro' a sinful despondence, had like to have been so fatal to me. And it was by the

side of this pond, and not far from the place where I had that dreadful conflict, that my present hopes, if I am not to be betrayed by them, began to dawn. And sometimes I have the presumption to hope for an happy omen from hence ; as if the Almighty would shew your poor daughter, how well she did, to put her affiance in his goodness, and not to throw away herself, because her ruin, in her shortsighted apprehension, seem'd at the time to be inevitable.

Well, Pamela, he was pleas'd to say, I am glad you wanted not intreaty, or a new command, to come to me. I love to be obliged. Give me your hand. I did so ; and he look'd at me very steadily, and pressing my hand all the time, at last said—I will now talk to you in a serious manner.

You have a good deal of prudence, and a penetration beyond your *years*, and, as I thought, beyond your *opportunities*. You seem to me to have an open, frank, and generous mind ; and in person you are so lovely, that in my eyes, you excel all your sex. All these accomplishments have engag'd my affections so deeply, that, as I have often said, I cannot live without you ; and I would divide, with all my soul, my estate with you, to make you mine upon my own terms. Here he paused.—Ah, sir, said I, offering gently to withdraw my hand ; but he held it the faster.—Hear me out, said he. These terms you have absolutely rejected ; yet in such a manner as makes me admire you more. Your pretty chit-chat to Mrs. Jewkes the last Sunday night, so full of beautiful simplicity, half disarm'd my resolution. And I see you on all occasions so watchful for your virtue, that tho' I hop'd to find it otherwise, I cannot but confess, my passion for you is increas'd by it. But now what shall I say further, Pamela ? I will make you my adviser in this matter ; tho' not, perhaps, my definitive judge.

You cannot believe, proceeded he, that I am a *very* abandoned man. I have hitherto been guilty of no *very* enormous actions. The causing you to be carried off to this house, and confining you here, may, perhaps, be one of the most violent actions of my life. Had I been utterly given up to my passions, I should before now have gratify'd them, and not have shewn that remorse and compassion for you, which have repriev'd you more than once when absolutely in my power.

But, what can I do ? Consider the pride of my condition. I cannot endure the thought of marriage, even with a person of equal or superior degree to myself ; and have declin'd several proposals of that kind : how, then, with the distancè between us, in the world's judgment, can I think of making *you* my wife ? Yet I must have you ; I cannot bear the thoughts of any other man's supplanting me in your affections. And the very apprehension of that has made me hate the name of Williams, and use him in a manner unworthy of my nature.

Now, Pamela, judge for me ; and, since I have told you thus candidly my mind, and I see yours is big with some important meaning, by your eyes, your blushes, and that sweet confusion which I behold struggling in your bosom, tell me with like openness and candour, what you think I ought to do, and what you would have me do.

It is impossible for me to express the agitations of my mind on this unexpected declaration, and made in so condescending a manner ; for, alas for me ! I found I had need of all my poor discretion, to ward off the blow which this treatment gave to my most guarded thoughts. I threw myself at his feet ; for I trembled, and could hardly stand.—O sir, said I, spare your poor servant's confusion ! O spare the poor Pamela ?—Speak out, said he, and tell me, what you think I ought to do ?—I cannot say what

you *ought* to do, answer'd I : but I only beg you will not seek to ruin me ; and if you think me virtuous, if you think me sincerely honest, let me go to my poor parents. I will vow to you, that I will never suffer myself to be engag'd without your approbation.

Still he insisted upon a more explicit answer to his question, of what I thought he *ought* to do. And I said—As to *my* poor thoughts, of what you ought to do, I must needs say, that, indeed, I think you ought to regard the world's opinion, and avoid doing any thing disgraceful to your birth and fortune ; and therefore, if you really honour the poor Pamela with your favour, a little time, absence, and the conversation of worthier persons of my sex, will effectually enable you to overcome a regard so unworthy of your condition : and this, sir, is the best advice I can offer.

Charming creature ! lovely Pamela ! said he, (with an ardour that was never before so agreeable to me) this generous manner is of a piece with all the rest of your conduct. But tell me still more explicitly, what you would advise me to in the case.

O sir, said I, take not advantage of my credulity, and of my free and open heart : but were I the first lady in the land, instead of the poor abject Pamela Andrews, I would, I *could* tell you. But I can say no more. And I held down my face, all covered over with confusion.

O my dear father and mother ! now I know you will indeed be concerned for me, since now I am concerned for myself : for now I begin to be afraid, I know too well the reason why all his hard trials of me, and my black apprehensions, would not let me hate him.

But be assur'd still, by the Divine Aid, that I shall do nothing unworthy of your Pamela ; and if I find that this appearance of true love is only assumed to delude me, I shall think nothing in this world so vile and so odious ; and nothing, if he be not the worst of his kind, (as he says, and I hope, he is not) so desperately guileful as the heart of man.

He generously said, I will spare your confusion, Pamela, but I hope, I may promise myself, that you can love me preferably to any other man ; and that no one in the world has had any share in your affections ; for I am very jealous in my love, and if I thought you had a secret whispering in your soul, though it had not yet come up to a wish, for any other man breathing, I should not forgive *myself* for persisting in my affection for you ; nor *you*, if you did not frankly acquaint me with it.

As I still continued on my knees, on the grass border by the pond-side, he sat himself down on the grass by me, and putting his arm round me—Why hesitates my Pamela ? said he. Can you not answer me with truth, as I wish ? If you cannot, speak, and I will forgive you.

O sir, said I, it is not that I cannot most readily answer your question ; indeed it is not : but what you once said to Mrs. Jewkes, when you thought I was not in hearing, comes across my mind ; and makes me dread, that I am in more danger than ever I was in my life.

I will not answer, too fearful and foolish Pamela, said he, how long I may hold in my present mind ; for my pride struggles hard within me ; and if you doubt me, I have no obligation to your confidence or opinion. But at present I am sincere in what I say : and I expect you will be so too ; and answer directly my question.

I find sir, said I, I know not myself ; and your question is of such a nature, that I only want to tell you what I heard, and to have your kind answer to it ; or else, what I can truly say to your question, may pave the way to my ruin.

Well, said he, you may say what you have over heard ; for, in not answering me directly, you put my soul upon the rack ; and half the trouble I have had with *you*, would have brought to my arms some one of the finest ladies in England.

O sir, said I, my virtue is as dear to me, as if I was of the highest quality ; you know, that I have had but too much reason for apprehensions. But I will tell you what I heard.

You talk'd to Mrs. Jewkes of having begun wrong with me, in trying to subdue me with terror ; and of frost, and such-like ; and that you would, for the future, change your conduct, and try to *melt* me, that was your word, by kindness. I fear not, sir, the grace of God supporting me, that any acts of kindness will make me forget what I owe to my virtue ; but, sir, I may, I find, be made more miserable by such acts, than by terror ; because my nature is frank, and I cannot be ungrateful, and if I should be taught a lesson I never yet learnt, with what regret should I descend to the grave, to think, that I could not hate my worst enemy ! And that, at the last great day, I must stand up as an accuser of the unhappy soul, that I could wish it in my power to save !

Exalted girl ! said he, what a thought is that ! Why, now, Pamela, you excel yourself. You have given me a hint that will hold me long. But, sweet creature, tell me what is this lesson, which you never yet learnt, and which you are so afraid of being taught ?

If, sir, you will again generously spare my confusion, I need not speak it : but this I will say, in answer to the question you seem most solicitous about, that I never yet saw the man to whom I wished to be married. I hop'd for nothing but to return to my poor parents ; and to employ myself in serving God, and comforting them ; and you know not, sir, how you disappointed me in my proposed honest pleasures, when you sent me hither.

Well then, said he, I may promise myself, that neither regard for the parson, nor for any other man, is any the least secret motive of your steadfast refusal of my offers ?—Indeed, sir, you may ; and, as you was pleas'd to ask, I answer, that I have not the least shadow of a wish or thought in favour of any man living.

But, said he, (for I am foolishly jealous, and yet my jealousy shews my fondness for you) have you not encourag'd Williams to think you will be his ?—Indeed, sir, I have not ; but the very contrary.—And would you not have had him, said he, if you had got away by his means ?—I had resolv'd, sir, said I, in my mind, otherwise ; and he knew it, and the poor man—I charge you, said he, say not a word in his favour ! You will excite a whirlwind in my soul, if you name him with kindness ; and then you will be borne away with the tempest.

I have done, sir.—Nay, but do not have done ; let me know the whole. If you have any regard for him, speak out ; for it would end dreadfully for *you*, for *me*, and for *him*, if I found, that you disguis'd any secret of your soul from me, in this nice particular.

If ever, sir, I have given you cause to think me sincere—Say then, said he, interrupting me with great vehemence, and taking both my hands between his, declare, as if you were in the presence of God, that you have not any the least shadow of regard for Williams, or any other man.

As I wish God to bless me, sir, and to preserve my innocence, I have not.—I will believe you, Pamela, said he. In time, perhaps, I may better bear that man's name. If I am convinc'd that you are not prepossess'd, my vanity makes me assur'd, that I need not to fear a place in your regard.

in preference to any other man. But yet it piques my pride, to think that you were so easily, and at such a short acquaintance, brought to run away with that college novice!

May I, sir, be heard one word? Let me not incur your indignation, and I will tell you, perhaps, the unnecessary and imprudent, but yet, the whole truth.

My honesty (I am poor and lowly, and am not intitled to call it *honour*) was in danger. I saw no means of securing myself from your avow'd attempts. You had shew'd you would not stick at little matters; and what, sir, could any body have thought of my sincerity, when I declared that I preferred my virtue to all other considerations, if I had not escaped from these dangers, if I could have found any way to do it? I am not going to say any thing for him; but indeed, sir, it was I that put him upon assisting my escape. I got him to enquire, if there were any gentry in the neighbourhood, who would protect me; and prevail'd upon him—Don't frown at me, good sir, for I must tell you the whole truth!—to apply to a lady named Jones; and to Lady Darnford; and he was so good as to apply to Mr. Peters the minister: but they all refus'd me; and then it was he let me know, that there was no honourable way to avoid the dangers I apprehended but marriage. I declin'd his expedient; and he agreed to assist me for God's sake.

Now, said he, you are going—Interrupting him—Pray, sir, said I, don't be angry; I have just done. I would only say, that rather than have staid to be ruin'd, I would have thrown myself upon the poorest beggar that ever the world saw, if I had thought him honest. And I hope, when you duly weigh all matters, you will forgive me, and not think me so bold and so forward a creature as you have been pleas'd to call me.

Well, said he, even in this your last speech, which, let me tell you, shews more your integrity of heart, than your prudence, you have not overmuch pleas'd me. But I *must* love you; and it vexes me not a little that I must. But tell me, Pamela; for now the former question recurs; since you so much prize your virtue; since all attempts against that, are so odious to you; and since I have avowedly made several of these attempts, do you think it is possible for you to love me *preferably* to any other man?

Ah! sir, said I, and here my doubt recurs, that you may thus graciously treat me, to take advantage of my credulity.

Still perverse and doubting! Cannot you take me as I am at present? I have told you that I am now sincere and undesigning, whatever I may be hereafter.

Ah! sir, what can I say? I have already said too much, if—But do not bid me say how well—And then, my face glowing as the fire, I, all abash'd, lean'd upon his shoulder, to hide my confusion.

He clasp'd me to him with ardour, and said—Hide your dear face in my bosom, my beloved Pamela; your innocent freedoms charm me! But then say—How well—what?

If you will be good, said I, to your poor servant, and spare her, she cannot say too much! But if not, she is doubly undone!—Undone indeed!

I hope my present temper will hold, replied he; for I tell you frankly, that I have known, in this agreeable hour, more sincere pleasure than I ever experienced in the guilty tumults, that my desiring soul drove me into, in the hopes of possessing you on my own terms. And, Pamela, you must pray for the continuance of this temper; and I hope your prayers will get the better of my temptations.

His goodness overpower'd all my reserves. I threw myself at his feet, and embraced his knees—What pleasure, sir, you give me, at these gracious words, is not lent your poor servant to express! I shall be too much rewarded for all my sufferings, if this goodness hold! God grant it may, for your own soul's sake, as well as for mine! And oh! how happy should I be, if——

He stopp'd me, and said—But, my dear girl, what must we do about the world, and the world's censure? Indeed, I cannot marry!

Now was I again struck all of a heap. However, soon recollecting myself—Sir, said I, I have not the presumption to hope for such an honour. If I may be permitted to return in peace and safety to my poor parents, to pray for you there; It is all I at present request. This, sir, after all my apprehensions and dangers, will be a great pleasure to me. And, if I know my own heart, I shall wish you happy in a lady of suitable degree; and rejoice most sincerely in every circumstance that shall make for the happiness of my late good lady's beloved son.

Well, said he, this conversation, Pamela, is gone farther than I intended it. You need not be afraid, at this rate, of trusting yourself with *me*:—But it is I, that ought to be doubtful of myself, when I am with *you*. But before I say any thing further on this subject, I will take my proud heart to task; and, till then, let every thing be as if this conversation had never pass'd. Only, let me tell you, that the more confidence you place in me, the more you will oblige me; and that your doubts will only beget *cause* of doubts. And with this ambiguous saying, he saluted me in a more formal manner, if I may so say, than before, and lent me his hand; and we walked towards the house, side-by-side, he seeming very thoughtful and pensive, as if he had already repented him of his goodness.

What shall I do, what steps take, if all this be designing! To be sure, if he be false, as I may call it, I have gone too far, much too far! I am ready, on the apprehension of this, to bite my forward tongue, for what I said, or rather to beat my more forward heart, that dictated to that poor tongue. But sure, at least, he must be sincere at the *time*! He could not be such a practis'd dissembler. If he could, O how desperately wicked is the heart of man! And where could he learn all these barbarous arts? If so, it must be native surely to the sex! But, silent be my rash censurings! Be hush'd, ye stormy tumults of my disturbed mind! For have I not a father who is a man! A man who knows no guile, who would do no wrong; who would not deceive or oppress, to gain a kingdom: how then can I think it is native to the sex? And I must also hope my good lady's son cannot be the *worst* of men! If he be, hard was the lot of the excellent woman that bore him! But much harder the hap of your poor Pamela, who has fallen into the power of such a man. But yet I will trust in God, and hope the best; and lay down my tir'd pen for this time.

Thursday Morning.

SOMEBODY rapp'd at our chamber-door this morning as soon as it was light: Mrs. Jewkes ask'd who it was? My master said—Open the door, Mrs. Jewkes!—O, said I, for Heaven's sake, Mrs. Jewkes, don't!—Indeed, said she, but I must.—No need of your foolish tears. I shall say but a word or two, and go away.

After you went up-stairs, said he, I had an invitation to a ball, which is to be this night at Stamford, on occasion of a wedding; and I am going to call on Sir Simon, and his lady and daughters; for the bride is a relation of theirs; so I shall not be at home till Saturday. I come therefore

to caution *you*, Mrs. Jewkes, before Pamela, (that she may not wonder at being more closely confin'd, than for these three or four days past) that nobody sees her, or delivers any letter to her in that space ; for a person has been observ'd lurking about, and inquiring after her ; and I have been well inform'd, that either Mrs. Jervis, or Mr. Longman, has written a letter, with a design of having it convey'd to her : and, said he, you must know, Pamela, that I have order'd Mr. Longman to make up his accounts, and have dismiss'd Jonathan, and Mrs. Jervis, since I have been here ; for their behaviour has been intolerable, and they have made such a breach between my sister Davers and me, as we shall never, perhaps, make up. Now, Pamela, I shall take it kindly, if you will confine yourself to your chamber pretty much for the time I am absent, and not give Mrs. Jewkes cause of trouble or uneasiness ; and the rather, as you know she acts by my orders. I durst not refuse.

He and Mrs. Jewkes had a little talk without the door ; and I heard her say—You may depend, sir, upon my care and vigilance.

He went in his coach, very richly dress'd, as I mentioned, which looks as if what he said was true: but I have been used to so many tricks, and plots, and surprises, that I know not what to think. But I mourn for poor Mrs. Jervis.

So here is Mr. Williams ; here is poor wicked John ; here is good Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and Mr. Jonathan, turn'd away for me ! Mr. Longman is rich indeed, and so need the less matter it ; but I know it will grieve him : and for poor Mr. Jonathan, I am sure it will cut that good old servant to the heart. Alas for me ! What mischiefs am I the occasion of ? Or, rather, my master, whose actions towards me, have made so many of my kind friends forfeit his favour !

Friday Night.

I HAVE removed my papers from under the rose-bush ; for I saw the gardener begin to dig near that spot ; and I was afraid he would find them.

Mrs. Jewkes and I were this morning looking thro' the iron gate that fronts the elms, and a gypsy-like woman made up to us, and said—If, madam, you will give me some broken victuals, I will tell you both your fortunes. I said—Let us hear our fortunes, Mrs. Jewkes.—I don't like these sort of people, said she ; but we will hear what she will say to us, however. I shan't fetch you any victuals, woman ; but I will give you some pence. But Nan coming out, she said—Fetch some bread, and some of the cold meat, and you shall have your fortune told, Nan.

This, you'll think, like some of my other matters, a very trifling thing to write about. But, mark the discovery of a dreadful plot, which I have made by it. What can I think of this wicked, this very wicked man ! Now will I hate him most heartily. Thus it was :

Mrs. Jewkes had no suspicion of the woman, the iron gate being lock'd, and she on the outside, and we on the inside ; and so put her hand thro', to be told her fortune. The woman, muttering over a parcel of cramp words, said—Why, madam, you will marry soon, I can tell you. Mrs. Jewkes seem'd pleas'd, and said—I am glad to hear that ; and shook her fat sides with laughing. The woman look'd most earnestly at *me* all the time, as if she had meaning. Then it came into my head, from my master's caution, that possibly this woman might be employ'd to try to get a letter into my hands ; and I was resolv'd to watch all her motions.—What sort of a man shall I have, pray ? said Mrs. Jewkes.—A man younger than yourself, answered the woman, and a very good husband he'll prove.—I am glad of that, said she, and laugh'd again. Come, Mrs. Pamela, let us hear *your* fortune.

The woman came to me, and took my hand.—O ! said she, I can't tell your fortune : your hand is so white and fine, I cannot see the lines : but, said she, and, stooping, pull'd up a little tuft of grass, I have a way for that ; and so rubb'd my hand with the mould part of the tuft—Now, said she, I can see the lines.

Mrs. Jewkes was very watchful of all her ways, and took the tuft, and look'd upon it, lest any thing should be in that. And then the woman said—Here is the line of Jupiter crossing the line of life ; and Mars—Odd, my pretty mistress, said she, you had best take care of yourself ; for you are hard beset, I'll assure you. You will never be marry'd, I can see ; and will die of your first child.—Out upon thee, woman ! said I ; better thou hadst never come hither !

I don't like this, said Mrs. Jewkes, whispering. It looks like a cheat : pray, Mrs. Pamela, go in this moment.—So I will, said I ; for I have enough of fortune-telling.

The woman was very desirous to tell me more ; which added to Mrs. Jewkes's suspicions. She threaten'd her ; and away went the woman, having told Nan her fortune, that she would be drown'd.

This thing ran strongly in all our heads ; and we went, an hour after, to see if the woman was lurking about, and took Monsieur Colbrand for our guard. Looking thro' the iron gate, he 'spy'd a man sauntering about the middle of the walk ; which fill'd Mrs. Jewkes with still stronger suspicions : and she said—Mr. Colbrand, you and I will walk towards this fellow, and enquire what he saunters there for ; and, Nan, do you and Mrs. Pamela stay at the gate.

Then opening the iron gate, they walked down towards the man ; and I, guessing that the woman, if employ'd, must mean something by the tuft of grass, cast my eyes towards the spot whence she pulled it, and saw more grass pull'd up, and in a little heap : then I doubted not something was there for me ; so I walk'd to it, and standing between that and Nan—The wild flower, said I, that grows yonder near that elm, the fifth from us on the left, is a very pretty one ; pray pluck it for me.—It is a common weed, answer'd she.—No matter, replied I ; pray fetch it for me : there are beautiful colours in some weeds.

She went from me to fetch it, and the moment she turned her back, I stoop'd, and pull'd up a good handful of the grass, and in it a bit of paper, which I put instantly into my bosom, dropping the grass, my heart fluttering at the odd adventure ! I then would have gone in ; but the maid desired me to stay till Mrs. Jewkes returned.

I was all impatience to read this paper. And when Colbrand and she came back—Certainly, said she, there is some reason for my master's caution : I can make nothing of this sauntering fellow ; but, to be sure, there was some roguery in the gypsey.—Well, said I, if there was, she lost her aim, you see !—Ay, very true, said she ; but that was owing to my watchfulness ; and you was very good to go away when I spoke to you.

When we came in, I hasted upstairs to my closet, and found the billet to contain, in a hand that seem'd disguised, and the spelling bad, the following words :—

“Twenty contrivances have been thought of to let you know your danger ; but all have prov'd in vain. Your friends hope it is not yet too late to give you this caution, if this paper reaches your hands. Mr. B. is absolutely determin'd upon your ruin : and because he despairs of effect-

ing it any other way, he will pretend great love and kindness to you, and that he will marry you. You may expect a parson for this purpose in a few days, or rather a man in a parson's habit; but who is indeed a sly, artful fellow, a broken attorney, whom he has hir'd to personate a minister. - The man has a broad face, pitted much with the small-pox. So take care of yourself. Doubt not this advice. Perhaps you'll have had but too much reason already to confirm you in the truth of it. From your zealous well-wisher,

"SOMEBODY."

Now, my dear father and mother, what shall we say of this truly diabolical master! How shall I find words to express my griefs! And here too, I have as good as confess'd that I love him! But I will break this forward heart of mine, if it will not be taught to hate him. What a plot is here laid to ruin me, and by my own consent too! This is indeed too much, too much for your poor Pamela! And as I hoped all the worst was over, and that I had the pleasure of beholding a reclaimed gentleman, and not an abandon'd libertine. What *now* must your poor daughter do! O the wretched, wretched Pamela!

Saturday Noon, One o' Clock.

My master is come home, and to be sure, has been where he said. So *once* he has told truth; and this matter seems to be gone off without a plot: no doubt he depends upon this sham-marriage! He has brought a gentleman with him to dinner; and so I have not seen him yet.

Two o' Clock.

I am very sorrowful, and have a new reason to be so; for just now, as I was in my closet, busied in opening the parcel I had hid under the rose-bush, to see if it was damaged by lying so long, who but Mrs. Jewkes should come upon me by surprise! She immediately laid her hands upon it: for she had been looking thro' the key-hole, it seems.

I know not what I shall do! For now he will see all my private thoughts of him, and all the secrets of my heart. What a careless creature am I!

You know I had the good luck, by Mr. Williams's means, to send you all my papers down to Sunday night, the seventeenth day of my imprisonment. But now these papers contain all my matters, from that time, to Wednesday the 27th day of my distress.

How badly I came off, and what follow'd, I still have safe (as I hope) sew'd in my under-coat.

In vain were all the prayers and tears that I could use to this vile woman, to prevail upon her not to shew them to my master. She had now, she said, found out the reason why I chose to be so much alone; and why I was always employ'd in writing. Often and often, she told me, she had search'd every place she could think of, for writings, to no purpose till now. And she hop'd there was nothing in them but what *any body* might see—For, said she, you know, you are *all innocence!*—Insolent creature, said I, I am sure you are *all guilt!* And so you must do your worst; for now I can't help myself; and I see there is no mercy to be expected from you.

Just now, as my master was upon the stairs, (coming up to me, as I believe) she met him, and gave him my papers.—There, sir, said she; you always said Mrs. Pamela was a great writer; but I never could get any thing of hers before.

He took them, and went down to the parlour again. And what with

the gypsey affair, and what with this, I could not think of going down to dinner ; and she told him that too ; and so I suppose I shall have him upstairs, as soon as his company is gone.

Saturday, Six o' Clock.

My master came up, and in a pleasanter manner than I expected, said—So, Pamela, we have seiz'd, it seems, your treasonable papers?—Treasonable ! sir, said I, very sullenly.—Ay, said he, I suppose so; for you are a great plotter ; but I have not read them yet.

Then, sir, said I, it will be truly generous in you *not* to read them ; but to give them to me again unread : they are written to my father and mother only.—What, replied he, can you write to them that I may not see ? I must read them before I return them.—Give me leave to say, sir, said I, that you serv'd me not well in the letters I used to write formerly. Was it worthy of the character of such a gentleman to contrive to get into your hands, by that false John Arnold, what your poor servant wrote to her father and mother?—Yes, said he, by all means, every line that such a servant as *my* Pamela writes, be it to whom it will.

Your Pamela ! thought I. Then the sham-marriage came into my head ; and indeed it has not been out of it since the gypsey affair.—But, said he, have you any thing in these papers you would not have me see ? To be sure, sir, reply'd I, there is ; for what one writes to one's father and mother is not for every body to see.—Nor, answer'd he, am I every body.

It was not to your disadvantage, added he, that I did see the letters you hint at ; for they gave me a very high opinion of you : and if I had not loved you, do you think I would have troubled myself about your letters ?

No great pride, sir, to me *that* ! For they gave you such an opinion of me, that you was resolved to ruin me. And what advantage have they brought *me*, who have been made a prisoner, and used as I have been——

Why, Pamela, interrupted he, a little seriously, why this behaviour, for my goodness to you in the garden ? This is not of a piece with your gentleness there. And you must not give me cause to think, that you are capable of taking advantage of my kindness to you.—Ah ! sir, said I, you know best your own heart and designs ! But I fear I was too open-hearted then ; and that you still keep your resolution to ruin me, and have only changed the form of your proceedings.

I tell you once again, replied he, a little sternly, that you cannot oblige me more, than by placing some confidence in my honour. But I shall possibly account for the *cause* of your foolish and perverse doubts, in these papers. You have been sincere to your *father* and *mother*, I question not, tho' you begin to make *me* suspect you. It is impossible you should be thus disobliging, after what last past in the garden, if you were not prepossessed in some *other* man's favour. And let me tell you, that if I find it so, it shall be attended with such effects as will make your heart bleed in every vein.

He was going away in wrath.—One word, sir, one word, said I, before you read my papers, since you *will* read them : pray make allowances for all the harsh reflections you will find in them, on your own conduct to me : and remember only, that they were not written for your sight ; but were penn'd by a poor creature hardly used, and who was in constant apprehension of receiving from you the worst treatment you could inflict upon her.

If that be all, said he, and there be nothing of *another* nature, you have no cause for uneasiness ; for read I not in your former letters as many

saucy reflections upon myself as there were lines? and yet have I ever up-braided you on that score? Tho', perhaps, I wish'd you had been more sparing of your freedoms of that sort.

I am not afraid, sir, said I, of being found guilty of a falsehood in what I have told you. I remember not all I wrote, yet I know I wrote my heart at the time; and that is not deceitful. And he pleased, sir, to bear in mind, that I always declar'd I thought myself right to endeavour to make my escape from my illegal restraint; and I hope you will not be angry, that I would have done so, if I could.

I will judge you, never fear, said he, as favourably as you deserve: for you have too powerful a pleader within me here, putting his hand to his bosom: and saying so, went down stairs.

About nine o'clock he sent for me into the parlour. I went a little fearfully; and he held the papers in his hand, and said—Now, Pamela, you come upon your trial.—I hope, sir, said I, that I have a *just* judge.—Ay, returned he, and you may hope for a *merciful* one too, or else I know not what will become of you.

I expect, continued he, that you will answer directly, and plainly, to every question I shall ask you. In the first place, here are several love-letters between you and Williams.—Love-letters! sir, said I.—Well, call them what you will, I do not, with all the allowances you desired me to make for you, entirely like them.—Do you find, sir, that I gave any the least encouragement to his proposals?—Encouragement enough, Pamela! for one in your situation! and to a first declaration of love! The discouragement is no other than is practised by all your artful sex, in order to incite ours to pursue you.—I know nothing, sir, said I, of the practices of artful women! I have no art. All I aimed at was all lawful means to preserve my innocence: and to avoid those snares which were laid to bring me to disgrace.

Well, so much for that, replied he. But where (since you have kept so exact a journal of all that has passed) are the accounts *previous* to these here in my hand?—My father has them, sir, said I.—By whose means?—By Mr. Williams's, sir.—Well answered, said he. But cannot you contrive to get me a sight of them?—Contrive to get you a sight of them, sir! said I, I wish I could have contrived to have kept from you those you have.—I *must* see them, Pamela, returned he, or I shall never be easy. I must know how this correspondence between you and Williams began: and if I *can* see them, it shall be better for you, if they answer what these papers in my hand give me hope they will.

I will tell you, sir, very faithfully, said I, what the beginning was; for I was bold enough to be the *beginner*.—That won't do, said he; for tho' this point may appear a punctilio to *you*, to *me* it is of high importance.—If you will permit me, sir, said I, to go to my father, I will send the papers to you by any servant you shall send for them. Will you so?—But I dare say, if you will write for them, they will send them to you: and I desire you will.

As, sir, you have seen all my *former* letters, thro' John's baseness, and now *these*, through your faithful housekeeper's wickedness, I think you *might* see all the *rest*. But I hope you will not desire it, till I know how much my obeying you in this particular, will be of use to myself.

You must trust to my honour for that. But tell me, Pamela, said the artful gentleman, since I have seen *these*, would you have voluntarily shewn me *those*, had they been in your possession?

I was not aware of his inference and said—Yes, truly, sir, I think I should, if you commanded it.—Well, then, Pamela, replied he, as I am sure you have found means to continue your journal, I desire, till the *former part* to these in my hand can come, that you will shew me the *succeeding*.—O sir, sir, said I, have you caught me so ! But indeed you must excuse me.

Why, said he, tell me truly, have you not continued your account till now ? I begged he would not ask me. But I insist upon your answering truly, said he.—Why, then, sir, I will not tell an untruth ; *I have*.—That's my good girl, said he. I love sincerity at my heart. And you will greatly oblige me, to shew me voluntarily what you have written. I long to see the particulars of your plot, and your disappointment where these papers leave off. As I have furnish'd you with a subject, I think I have a title to see how you manage it. Besides, there is such a pretty air of romance, as you tell your story, in *your* plots, and *my* plots, that I shall be better directed how to wind up the catastrophe of the pretty novel.

If I were your equal, sir, returned I, I should say—It is cruel to make a jest of the misfortunes you have studiously involved me in.

My equal, Pamela ? You must have thought yourself my equal, at least, by the liberties you have taken with my character, in your letters.—I would not, sir, pertyly reply'd I, have taken those liberties, if you had not given me the cause: and the *cause*, sir, you know, is before the effect.

You chop logick very prettily, Pamela, said he. What the deuce do we men go to school for ? If our wits were naturally equal to those of women, much time and pains might be spared in our education, since nature teaches your sex, what in a long course of labour and study, ours can hardly attain to. But, continued he, I believe I must assume to myself, half the merit of *your* wit ; for the innocent exercises you have had for it from me, have certainly sharpen'd your invention.

Could I, sir, replied I, have been without those *innocent* exercises, as you are pleased to call them, I should have been glad to have been as dull as a beetle.—But, then, Pamela, I should not have lov'd you so well.—But then, sir, I should have been safe, easy, and happy.—Ay, may be so, and may be not ; and the wife of some clouterly plough-boy.

Sir, I should then have been content and innocent ; and that's better than being a princess, and not so.—And may-be not, said he ; for with that pretty face, some of us keen fox-hunters would have found you out ; and, in spite of your romantic notions, (which then too, perhaps, would not have had so strong a place in your mind) might have been more happy with the plough-man's wife, than I have been with my mother's Pamela.—I hope, sir, said I, you would have been very much mistaken. My father and mother took care to instil into my mind lessons of virtue from my *very cradle*. My dear good lady, your mother, *found* them there, or she would not have honoured me as she did with her countenance. O, had the dear lady but have lived ! And I wiped my eyes.

Well, but, resumed he, with quickness, as if he would fly from that subject, as to these writings of yours, that follow your fine plot, I *must* see them.—Indeed, sir, you *must not*, if I can help it.—Nothing, said he, pleases me better, than to find that, in all your devices, you have had regard to truth ; and have, in all your little pieces of deceit, told very few *wilful* falsehoods. Now, I expect you will continue this laudable regard to it in your answers to my questions. Let me know then, where you found supplies of pen, ink, and paper, when Mrs. Jewkes was so vigilant, and gave you but two sheets at a time ? Tell me truth.

I will, sir. Little did I think I should have such occasion for them as I have had: but, when I went away from your house, good Mr. Longman, at my request, furnished me with a little store of each.—Yes, yes, said he, it must be *good* Mr. Longman! All *your* confederates, every one of them, are good; but such of my servants as have done their duty, and obeyed my orders, and myself too, are painted out by you, in your papers as black as devils.

Sir, said I, I hope you won't be angry; but do you think that I have painted some of your servants in worse colours than the parts they acted require?

I will not lose my question, said he. Tell me, where did you hide your paper, pens, and ink?

Some, sir, in one place, some in another; that I might have some left, if others should be found.—That's a good girl! I love you for your sweet veracity. Now tell me, where it is you hide your other written papers, your saucy journal?—I must beg your excuse, sir.—But, indeed, said he, you will not have it; for I *will* know, and I *will* see them!—This is very hard, sir, said I; but I must say, you shall not, if I can help it.

He then sat down, and took both my hands, and said—Well said, my pretty Pamela, *if you can help it!* But I will not let you help it. Tell me, are they in your pocket?—No, sir, said I, my heart up at my mouth.—I know you won't tell a downright *fib* for the world, said he; but for *equivocation!* no jesuit ever went beyond you. Answer me then, are they in *neither* of your pockets?—No, sir, said I.—Are they not, said he, about your stays?—No, sir, reply'd I; but pray no more questions; for, excuse me, sir, but ask me ever so often, I will not tell you.

O, said he, I have a way for your *will-not's*. I can do as they do abroad, when the criminals won't confess; torture them till they do.—But pray, sir, said I, is this fair, just, or honest? I am no criminal.

O my girl! said he, many an *innocent* person has been put to the torture. But let me know where they are, and you shall escape the *question*, as it is called abroad.

Sir, said I, the torture is not used in England, and I hope you won't bring it up.—Admirably said! reply'd the naughty gentleman. But I can tell you of as great a punishment: if a criminal won't plead with us here in England, we *press* him to death, or till he does plead. And so now, Pamela, this is a punishment shall certainly be yours, if you won't tell without.

Tears stood in my eyes, and I said—This, sir, is very cruel! very barbarous!—No matter, returned he; it is but like a Lucifer, you know. And after I have done so many things by you, which *you* think heinous, what I shall further do on this occasion, ought not to surprize you.

But, sir, said I, (dreadfully afraid he had some notion they were about me) if you *will* be thus unreasonably obeyed, let me go up to them, and read them over again, to see what I have written, that follows the letters you have.

I will see them all, said he, down to this very day, if you have written so far! Or at least till within this week. But say, Pamela, tell me truth; *are* they *above*? I was more affrighted. I saw my confusion.—Tell me truth, said he.—Why, sir, answer'd I, I have sometimes hid them under the dry mould in the garden; sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; and those you have in your hand, were several days

under a rose-bush in the garden.—Artful girl, said he ; what's this to my question ? Are they not *about* you ?—If, said I, I must pluck them from behind the tapestry, won't you see in which apartment ?—Still more and more artful ! said he. Is this an answer to my question ? I have searched every place above, and in your closet, for them, and can't find them ; I *will* therefore know where they are.

I fell on my knees, excessively affrighted ; but yet speechless for a few moments. He seem'd alarm'd at my being ready to faint.—Will you, on your honour, said he, if I let you go up, bring them down to me, uncurtailed, and not offer to make away a single paper ?—I will, sir.—On your honour ?—Yes, sir.

And so he rais'd me, and let me go upstairs, I crying for vexation all the way.

I went to my closet, and there sitting down, and recollecting every thing, I could not bear the thoughts of giving up my papers ; nor of undressing myself, as was necessary to be done, to untack them, so I writ thus :—

“ SIR,—To expostulate with such an arbitrary gentleman, I am afraid will signify nothing. And most hardly do you use the power you so illegally have obtained over me. I can hardly bear the usage I receive from you, and my apprehensions of what I may have still to suffer. Let me beseech you, sir, not to insist upon the performance of the promise you extorted from me. Yet, if you do, allow me till to-morrow morning, that I may just run my papers over, and see what I put into your hands against myself ; and if it must be so, I will then give them to you, without the least addition or diminution.”

In less than half an hour he sent up Mrs. Jewkes for what I had promised ; and I gave her the above note to carry to him. He read it, and sent me word, that I must keep my promise strictly, and he would give me till morning ; but that I must bring to him what he expected, without his asking for them again.

So I took off my under-coat, and with great trouble of mind unsew'd the papers. There is a vast quantity of writing.

From Thursday the 20th day of my imprisonment, to Wednesday the 4th 1st. And here I resolv'd to end ; for only what passed on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, remain to give an account of ; and Thursday he set out to a ball at Stamford ; and Friday was an odd story about a gypsey ; and this is Saturday, his return from a ball at Stamford. But I shall have little heart to take pen in hand for the future, if he is so resolved to see all I write.

These two parcels of papers I have got ready for him against to-morrow morning. I have indeed always used him very freely in my writings ; but he must thank himself for that : since I have only writ the truth ; and I wish he had deserved a better character at my hands, as well for his own sake, as mine.

Sunday Morning.

Remembering he had sent me word, that I must bring him my papers, without obliging him to ask for them again, I thought it was better to do that which I should be forced to do, in such a manner as might shew I would not disoblige on purpose : and therefore on his sending Mrs. Jewkes to tell me, that he should not go church this morning, and was gone into the garden, I went with my two parcels, tho' stomaching the

matter very heavily. Yet, on my entering the garden, as he walked in one walk, I took another; that I might not seem too forward neither.

He soon spy'd me, and said—Do you expect, Pamela, when I complied with your request yesterday, to be entreated to perform conditions with me? Why, take you that walk, if you think of your promise, and of my goodness to you?—I say *goodness!* thought I.—I might not know, returned I (as I crossed the walk to attend him) but I should interrupt you, sir, in your meditations this good day.

Was that the case, said he, truly, and from your heart?—I don't doubt, sir, answered I, but you have very good thoughts sometimes; tho' not towards me!—I wish, said he, I could avoid thinking so well of you, as I do. But where are the papers? I dare say, you had them about you yesterday; for you say in those I have, that you will bury your writings in the garden, for fear you should be *search'd*, if you do not escape. And I hope that you come now rather resolving to trifle with me, than to give them up with a grace; for I assure you, I had rather find them myself.

I did not like this way of talk; and thinking it best, to cut it short, pulling the first parcel out of my pocket, here, sir, said I, since I cannot be excus'd, is the parcel, that goes on with my fruitless attempt to escape, and the terrible consequences it had like to have had. And it goes down to the wicked articles you sent me. You know all that has happened since.

He was going to speak; but I said, to drive him from thinking of any more than that parcel—And I must beg of you, sir, to read them with favour, in such places as I may have treated you with freedom; and allow for the occasions: but if you will be pleased to return them, without breaking the seal, it will be very generous: and I will take it for a great favour, and a good omen.

He took the parcel, and broke the seal instantly. So much for your *omen!* reply'd he.—I am sorry for it, said I, very seriously; and was walking away.—Whither now? said he.—I was going in, sir, that you might read them (since you *will* read them) without interruption. He put them into his pocket, and said—You have *more* than these, I am sure you have. Tell me truth.—I have, sir, I own. But *you* know as well as I all that they contain.—But I don't know, said he, the light you represent things in. Give them to me, therefore, if you have not a mind that I should search for them myself.—Why then, unkind sir, if it must be so, here they are.

And so I gave him, out of my pocket, the second parcel, seal'd up, as the former, with this superscription: *From the wicked articles, down, thro' vile attempts, to Thursday the 42d day of my imprisonment.*—This is last Thursday, is it?—Yes, sir; but now that you seem determined to see every thing I write, I will find some other way to employ my time.

I would have you, said he, continue writing by all means; and I assure you, in the mind I am in, I will not ask you for any papers after these; except something very extraordinary happens. And if you send for those from your father, and let me read them, I may very probably give them all back again to you. I desire therefore that you will.

This hope a little encourages me to continue my scribbling; but, for fear of the worst, I will, when they come to any bulk, contrive some way to hide them, that I may protest I have them not about me, which, before, I could not say of a truth.

He led me then to the side of the pond; and sitting down on the slope,

made me sit by him.—Come, said he, this being the scene of part of your project, and where you so artfully threw in some of your clothes, I will just look upon that part of your relation here.—Sir, said I, let me then walk about at a little distance; for I cannot bear the thought of it.—Don't go far, said he.

When he came, as I suppose, to the place where I mention'd the bricks falling upon me, he got up, and walk'd to the door, and look'd upon the broken part of the wall; for it had not been mended; and reading on to himself, came towards me; and took my hand, and put it under his arm.

Why this, said he, my girl, is a very moving tale. It was a very desperate attempt, and had you got out, you might have been in great danger; for you had a very bad and lonely way; and I had taken such measures, that let you have been where you would, I should have had you.

All I ventured, and all I suffered, was nothing, sir, to what I apprehended. You will be so good from hence to judge—Romantic girl! interrupted he, I know what you'd say, and read on.

He was very serious at my reflections, on what God enabled me to escape. And when he came to my reasonings, about throwing myself into the water, he said—Walk gently before; and seem'd so mov'd, that he turn'd away his face from me; and I bless'd this good sign, and began not so much to repent his seeing this mournful part of my story.

He put the papers in his pocket, when he had read my reflections, and my thanks for escaping from *myself*; and said, taking me about the waist—O my dear girl! you have touch'd me sensibly with your mournful tale, and your reflections upon it. I should truly have been very miserable had that happen'd which might have happen'd. I see you have been us'd too roughly; and it is a mercy you stood proof in that dangerous moment.

Then he most kindly folded me in his arms.—Let us, say I, my Pamela, walk from this accursed piece of water; for I shall never look upon it again with pleasure. I thought, added he, of terrifying you to my will, since I could not move you by love; and Mrs. Jewkes too well obey'd me, when the effect had like to have been so fatal to my girl.

O sir, said I, I have reason to bless my dear parents, and my good lady, for giving me a religious education; since but for that, I should, upon more occasions than one, have attempted a desperate act: and I the less wonder how poor creatures, who have not the fear of God before their eyes, and give way to despondency, cast themselves into perdition.

Give me a kiss, my dear girl, said he, and tell me you forgive me, for plunging you into so much danger and distress. If my mind hold, and I can see these former papers of yours, and that these in my pocket give me no cause to alter my opinion, I will endeavour to defy the world, and the world's censures, and, if it be in the power of my whole life, make my Pamela amend for all the hardships she has undergone by my means.

I could hardly suppress my joyful emotions on this occasion. But fears will ever mingle with one's hopes, where a great and unexpected, yet uncertain good opens to one's view. And this sham-marriage, then coming into my mind—O sir, said I, what do you bid me look up to? Your poor servant can never wish to create envy to herself, and discredit to you? Therefore, sir, permit me to return to my parents, and that is all I have to ask.

He flew into a violent passion. And is it *thus*, said he, in my fond conceding moments, that I am to be answered? Precise, perverse, unseasonable Pamela! begone from my sight, and know as well how to behave in

a hopeful prospect, as in a distressed state; and then, and not till then, shalt thou attract the shadow of my notice.

I was startled, and would have spoken: but he stamp'd with his foot, and said—Begone, I tell you. I cannot bear this romantic, this stupid folly.

One word, said I; but one word, I beseech you, sir.

He turn'd from me in great wrath, and took down another alley, and I went in with a very heavy heart. I fear I was indeed foolishly unseasonable: but if it was a piece of art of his side, as I apprehended, to introduce the sham-wedding (and to be sure he is very full of his devices), I think I was not *so much* to blame.

I went up to my closet; and wrote thus far. He walk'd about till dinner was ready; and is now set down to it. Mrs. Jewkes tells me he is very thoughtful, and out of humour; and ask'd, what I had done to him?

Now, again, I dread to see him! When will my fears be over?

Three o'clock.

He continues exceedingly wroth. He has order'd his travelling chariot to be got ready with all speed. What is to come next, I wonder?

Sure I did not say *so much*! But see the lordliness of a high condition! A person of low degree must not put in a word, when the great take it into their heads to be angry! What a fine time a young creature of unequal condition would have, if she were even to marry such an one! My good lady, his dear mother, spoil'd him at first. Nobody must speak to him, or contradict him, as I have heard, when he was a child; and so he has not been used to be controul'd, and cannot bear the least thing that crosses his violent will. This is one of the blessings attending men of high condition! Much good may do them with their pride of birth, and pride of fortune! All that it serves for, as far as I can see, is to multiply their disquiets, and every body's else, that has to do with them.

So, so! where will this end? Mrs. Jewkes has been with me from him, and she says, I must quit the house this moment!—Well, said I, but whither am I to be carried next?—Why, home, said she, to your father and mother.—And, can it be? said I: no, no, I doubt I am not to be so happy as that! To be sure, some bad design is on foot again! To be sure it is! Sure, sure, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, he has not found out some other house-keeper *worse than you*!

She was very angry, you may well think; and went from me muttering.

She came up again.—Are you ready? said she.—Bless me! said I, you are very hasty: I have heard of this not a quarter of an hour ago. But I shall be soon ready; for I have but little to take with me, and no kind friends in this house to take leave of, to delay me. Yet, like a fool, I could not help crying.—Pray, said I, just step down, and ask, if I may not have my papers?

I don't know what to think, nor how to judge; but I shall never believe I am with you, till I am on my knees before you, begging both your blessings. Yet I am sorry he is *so angry* with me! I thought I did not say *so much*.

There is, I see, the chariot drawn out, the horses too, the grim *Colbrand* going to get on horseback. What will be the end of all this?

I am quite ready now; and only wait for an answer about my papers. And so I will put in my bosom the few I have left. But did I say *so much*?

Sunday Night, near Nine o'clock.

WELL, my dear parents, here I am (would you believe it?) at an inn in a little poor village, almost such a one as yours; I shall learn the name or it by-and-by. And Robin assures me he has orders to carry me to you. O that he may say truth, and not deceive me again! But having nothing else to do (and I am sure I shall not sleep a wink to-night, were I to go to-bed) I will write my time away, and take up my story where I left off, at three o'clock this day.

Mrs. Jewkes came up to me, with this answer about my papers—My master says he will not read them yet, lest he should be mov'd by any thing in them to alter his resolution. But, if he shall think it worth while to read them, he will send them to you afterwards to your father's.—But, said she, here is the money that I borrow'd of you: for all is over with you now, I find.

She saw me weep; and said—Do you repent?—Of what? said I.—Nay, I can't tell, reply'd she; but to be sure he has had a specimen of your sairical flings, or he would not be so angry. Oh! continued she, and held up her hand, thou hast a spirit! But I hope it will now be brought down. I hope so too, said I. I am quite ready, Mrs. Jewkes.

She lifted up the sash, and said—I'll call Robin to take your portmanteau: bag and baggage! I'm glad you're going.—I have no words, reply'd I, to throw away upon *you*, Mrs. Jewkes; but, making her a very low court'sy, I most heartily thank you for all your *virtuous* civilities to me. And so, adieu! for I'll have no portmanteau, I assure you, nor any thing besides what I have on, except these few things that I brought with me in my handkerchief. For I had all this time worn the clothes I had bought, tho' my master several times would have had it otherwise. Nevertheless, I had put up paper, ink, and pens.

So down I went; and as I pass'd by the parlour, she stepp'd in, and said—Sir, you have nothing to say to the girl, before she goes? I heard him reply, tho' I did not see him—Who bid *you* say *the girl*, Mrs. Jewkes, in that manner? She has offended only me!

I beg your honour's pardon, said the wretch; but if I were your honour, she should not, for all the trouble she has cost you, go away scot-free.—No more of this! as I *told you before*, said he: what! when I have such proof, that her virtue is all her pride, shall I rob her of that? No, added he, let her go, perverse and foolish as she is; but she *deserves* to go away virtuous, and she *shall*.

I was so overjoyed at this unexpected goodness, that I open'd the door before I knew what I did, and I said, falling on my knees at the door, with my hands folded and lifted up—May God bless your honour! May God Almighty bless your honour, for this instance of your goodness! I will pray for you as long as I live, and so shall my father and mother!

He turn'd from me, and went into his closet, and shut the door. He needed not; for I would not have gone nearer to him!

Surely I did not say *so much*, that he should be so *very* angry.

I think I was loth to leave the house. Can you believe it? What could be the matter with me, I wonder! I felt something *so* strange, and my heart was *so* heavy! I wonder what ail'd me! But this instance of his goodness was so *unexpected*! I believe that was all! Yet I have a very strange heart still. Surely, surely, I cannot be like the murmuring Israelites of old, who hunger'd after the onions and garlick of Egypt, where they had suffer'd such a heavy bondage? I'll take thee, O contradictory,

ungovernable heart, to severe task for these thy strange emotions, when I get to my father's; and if I find any thing in thee that should not be, depend upon it, thou shalt be humbled, if strict abstinence, prayer, and mortification, will do it!

But yet, after all, this *last* goodness of his has touch'd me too sensibly: I almost wish I had not heard what he said; and yet, methinks I am glad I did; for I should rejoice to think the best of him, for *his own* sake.

Well, and so I went out to the chariot, the same that brought me down.—So, Mr. Robert, said I, here I am again! a fine sporting-piece for the great, a mere tennis-ball of fortune! You have your orders, no doubt.—Yes, madam, said he.—Don't call me madam, said I, nor stand with your hat off to such a one as I.—Had not my master, replied he, *order'd* me not to be wanting in respects to you, I would have shewn you all I could.—That's very kind, Mr. Robert, said I, with my heart full.

Mr. Colbrand (mounted on horseback, with pistols before him) came up to me, as soon as I got in, with *his* hat off too.—What, Monsieur! said I, are *you* to go with me?—Part of the way, he said, to see you safe.—I *hope* that's kind, too, in you, Mr. Colbrand, said I.

I had nobody to wave my handkerchief to now, nor to take leave of; and so I resigned myself to my contemplations, with this strange wayward heart of mine, that I never found so awkward before. And away drove the chariot! And when I had got out of the elm-walk, and into the great road, I could hardly think but I was in a dream all the time—A few hours before, said I to myself, so high in my master's favour, with twenty kind things said to me, and a generous concern for the misfortunes he had brought upon me; and now only for a rash half-word turn'd out of doors at an hour's warning; and all his kindness chang'd to hatred! And I now, from three o'clock to five, several miles off! But if I am going to my dear parents, thought I, all will be well again, I hope.

What strange creatures are men! *Gentlemen*, I should rather say. For you, my good mother, altho' poverty has been your lot, have had better fortune; and you and my father have always been blest in each other! Yet this pleases me too: he was so good, he would not let Mrs. Jewkes speak ill of me, and scorned to take her unwomanly advice. O what a black heart has this poor wretch! So I need not rail against *men* so much; for my master, bad as I have thought him, is not half so bad as this woman! To be sure she must be an atheist! Do you think she is not?

We could not reach further than this little poor place, and sad alehouse, rather than inn; for it soon began to be dark, and Robin did not make so much haste as he might have done. He is forced to make hard shift for his horses.

Mr. Colbrand, and Robert too, are very civil. I see he has got my portmanteau lash'd behind the chariot. I did not desire it: but I shall not come quite destitute.

A thorough riddance of me, I see! Bag and baggage! as Mrs. Jewkes says. Well, my story, surely, will furnish out a surprising kind of novel, if it were to be well told.

Ten o'clock.

MR. ROBERT came up to me just now, and begg'd me to eat something. I thanked him; but said I could not eat. I bid him ask Mr. Colbrand to walk up; and he came; but neither of them would sit, nor put their hats on. What mockery is this to such a poor soul as I! I ask'd them, if

they were at liberty to tell the truth of what they were to do with me? They both said, Robin was order'd to carry me to my father's; and Mr. Colbrand was to leave me within ten miles, and then strike off for the other house, and wait till my master arriv'd there. They both spoke so seriously, that I could not but believe them.

But when Robin was gone down, the other said he had a letter to give me next day at noon, when we baided, as we were to do, at Mrs. Jewkes's relations. May I not, said I, beg the favour to see it to-night? He seem'd so loth to deny me, that I have hopes I shall prevail on him by-and-by.

Well, my dear father and mother, I have got the letter, on great promises of secrecy, and of making no advantage of the contents. I have open'd it, without breaking the seal. This is a copy of it :

“WHEN these lines are deliver'd to you, you will be far on your way to your father and mother, with whom you have so long desired to be : and, I hope, I shall forbear thinking of you with the least shadow of that fondness which my foolish heart had entertained for you. I bear you, however, no ill-will ; but the end of my detaining you being over, I would not that you should stay with me an hour more than needed, after your ungenerous behaviour to me, at a time when I was inclin'd to pass over all other considerations, and make an honourable address to you.

“I will acknowledge another truth—That had I not parted with you as I did, but permitted you to stay till I had read your journal, (freely, as I doubt not you have treated me in it) and till I had heard your bewitching pleas in your own behalf, I fear'd I could not trust myself with my own resolution. And this was the reason, I frankly own, that I determin'd not to see you, nor hear you speak ; for well I know my weakness in your favour.

“But since my fond folly was likely to cost me so dear, I am resolv'd to get the better of it. And yet, I cannot but say, that I could wish you would not think of marrying in haste ; and particularly, that you would not have that cursed Williams. But what is all this to me now? Only I am weak enough to wish that, as I had already look'd upon you as *mine*, and you have so soon got rid of your first husband, you will not refuse, to my *memory*, the regard that every decent woman observes on losing a husband ; that is to say, that you will pay a twelve-month's compliment, tho' but in *mere* compliment, to my ashes.

“Your papers shall be faithfully return'd. I have paid so dear for my curiosity, that you would look upon yourself amply reveng'd, if you knew what they have cost me.

“I thought of writing only a few lines ; but I have run into length. I will now try to recollect my scatter'd thoughts, and resume my reason ; and shall find trouble enough to supply the chasms you have made in my family : since, let me tell you, tho' I can forgive *you*, I never can my *sister*, nor my domesticks ; for my vengeance must be wreaked somewhere.

“I doubt not your prudence in forbearing to expose me any more than is necessary for your own justification ; and for the sake of *that*, I will suffer myself to be accused by you, and will also accuse myself, if it be needful. For I am, and will ever be,

“YOUR AFFECTIONATE WELL-WISHER.”

This letter, when I expected some new plot, has greatly affected me.

For here plainly does he confess his great value for me; and accounts for his rigorous behaviour to me. And so all this wicked gypsey-story is, as it seems, a forgery, and has quite ruin'd me! For, O my dear parents, forgive me! but I found, to my grief, before, that my heart was too partial in his favour: but *now*, to find him capable of so much openness, so much affection, nay, and of so much *honour* too, I am quite overcome. This was a good fortune, however, I had no reason to expect. But to be sure, I must own to you, that I shall never be able to think of any body in the world but him! Presumption! you will say; and so it is: but love, I imagine, is not a voluntary thing——*Love*, did I say! But come, I hope not: at least it is not, I hope, gone so far, as to make me *very* uneasy: for I know not *how* it came, nor *when* it began; but it has crept, crept, like a thief, upon me; and before I knew what was the matter, it look'd *like* love.

I wish, since it is too late, and that my lot is so absolutely, so irrevocably determin'd, that I had not had this letter, nor heard him take my part to that vile woman; for then I should have bless'd myself for having escap'd so happily his designing arts; but *now*, my poor mind is all topsyturvy'd, as I may say, and I have made an escape from my prison, only to be more a prisoner.

But, I hope, since thus it is, that all will be for the best; and I shall, with your prudent advice, and pious prayers, be able to overcome this weakness. But, to be sure, my dear sir, I will keep a longer time than a twelve-month, as a *true* widow, for a compliment, and *more* than a compliment, to your ashes! O the dear request! how kind, how affectionate! O that I had been the greatest duchess in the land! Then might I have been enabled to shew my gratitude to him; and not, as now, labour under the weight of obligation, that presses me to death; and which, had I been a duchess, I never could have return'd, but by a whole life of faithful love, and cheerful duty and obedience!

After all, I must either not shew you this confession of my weakness, or tear it out of my writing.—[*Memorandum*, to consider of this, when I get home.]

Monday Morning, Eleven o'clock.

We are just come in here, to the inn kept by Mrs. Jewkes's relations.

Just as I had sat down, to try to eat a morsel before I set out to pursue my journey, came in Mr. Colbrand, in a great hurry.—O madam! madam! said he, here is the groom from my master, all in a foam, man and horse! How my heart fluttered!—What now! thought I; what is to come next? He went out, and presently return'd with a letter for me, and another, inclosed for himself. I shut the door; and (never, sure, was the like known!) found that to me to contain as follows:

“I FIND it in vain, my Pamela, to struggle against my affection for you. After you were gone, I ventured to look into your journal. Mrs. Jewkes's bad usage of you, after your dreadful temptations and bruises, affected me greatly: but when in one place I read the unexpected declaration of your generous concern for me, on hearing how narrowly I escap'd drowning (tho' my death would have been your *freedom*, and my treatment of you had made it your *interest* to wish it); and in another, your most agreeable confession, that notwithstanding all my hard usage of you, you could not *hate* me; and that expressed in so sweet, so innocent a manner, that I flatter myself you may be brought to *love* me, I began to regret parting with you; but, God is my witness! from no dishonourable motives, but

the very contrary ; and the more, when I reflected upon your behaviour at leaving my house : for, still that melodious voice praying for me at your departure, and thanking me for my rebuke to Mrs. Jewkes, hangs upon my ears, and delights my memory. And tho' I went to-bed, I could not rest ; but about two I arose, and order'd Thomas to get himself and one of the swiftest horses ready to overtake you with a letter, which is this, that I instantly sat down to write to you.

“ Now, my dear Pamela, let me beg of you, on the receipt of this, to order Robin to bring you back to my house. I would have set out myself, for the pleasure of bearing you company back in the chariot ; but am really indisposed ; I believe, with vexation, that I should part thus with the delight of my soul, as I now find you are, and must be, in spite of the pride of my heart.

“ You cannot imagine the obligation your return will lay me under to your goodness : and yet, if you will not so far favour me, you are to be under no restraint, as you will see by my letter unsealed inclosed to Colbrand. But spare me, my dearest girl, the confusion of following you to your father's ; which I must do, if you go on ; for I find I cannot live without you.

“ If you are the generous Pamela I imagine you to be, (for hitherto you have been all unmerited goodness to me) let me see, by your compliance, the further excellency of your disposition. Let me see you can forgive the repeated attempts of a man who loves you more than he loves himself. Let me see by it, that you are not prepossess'd in any *other* person's favour : and one instance more of your consideration for me, I would beg you to give me, and then I will be all gratitude : and that is, that you would dispatch Colbrand with a letter to your father, desiring him to send to you, at my house, the letters you found means, by Williams's conveyance, to transmit to him. You may assure the good man from me, that all must and shall end happily. And when I have all my proud, and, perhaps, *punctilious* doubts answered, I shall have nothing to do, but to make my promise good, and you and myself equally happy : for I must be

“ YOURS, AND ONLY YOURS.”

Monday Morning, near Three o'clock.

WHAT, my dear parents, will you say to this letter? How my exulting heart throbb'd, and even upbraided me for so lately reproaching it for giving way to the love of so dear a man ! But take care thou art not too credulous neither, O fond believer ! said I to myself ; things that we wish, are apt to gain a too ready credit with us. Therefore will I not acquit thee yet, O credulous, fluttering, throbbing mischief ! that art so ready to believe what thou wishest : and I charge thee to keep better guard than thou hast lately done, and tempt me not to follow too implicitly thy flattering impulses.

Thus foolishly dialogued I with my heart ; and yet, all the time, this heart was Pamela.

The letter to Monsieur Colbrand is as follows :

“ I AM sure, my honest Colbrand will excuse the trouble I give him. I have, for good reasons, besought Mrs. Andrews, in a letter, which incloses this to you, wherever Tom shall overtake her, as a favour, to discontinue her journey to her father's, and instantly to set out on her return to Brandon Hall. I hope she will have the goodness to oblige me : but if she chuses to prosecute her journey, Robin is to pursue his first directions, and

set her down at her father's door. If she *will* oblige me in her return, perhaps, she will give you a letter to her father, for some papers to be deliver'd to you for her: and if she do, you will carry it to Mrs. Andrews; and if he give you the papers, you will deliver them into her own hands *here*: but if she give you not such a letter, you will attend her on her return to the Hall, if she pleases to favour me so far; and that with all the expedition that her health will permit. I am, &c.

“On second thoughts, let Tom go forward with Mrs. Andrews's letter, if she pleases to give one, and do you attend her in her return hither.”

Now this is a generous manner of treating me. Surely I am not of an ungenerous mind myself; for I love to be generously treated! I wished at the time that I could have taken your directions in this case. I think I will trust in his generosity: yet is it not too great a trust; especially as I have been treated? Then the gypsey's information came into my mind.—Who, Pamela, thought I, if thou returnest, will pity thee, should he take advantage of this confidence? The world forms its judgment of our actions rather from events, than from reason in undecided cases. And yet, if he meant not honourably now, he might have order'd Colbrand and Robin to carry me back, whether I would or not. And will it not look as if I were *prepossess'd*, as he calls it, if I chuse to proceed to my father's? If he intends *honour* to me, the least I can show on my part, is, that I have *gratitude*, and that my *heart is fix'd*; so that I can return love and duty for it.

He is not now, in my eye, the dreaded master, but the condescending one. And how amiable does he appear to me, to what he did! Then he is indisposed: his illness is owing to his vexation for parting with me. If he should die! (which God forbid.) And could I think that I was the occasion—I will not tell you how this sad thought affected me.

Recovering myself—Away with these fears, thought I, and with all my apprehensions! I will return. I will obey him. The humble Pamela will not lose this opportunity of laying an obligation on her great master. Who knows, but he may owe his life to my return? And if so, that preserved life will enable one to bear the lowering reflections that a sense of my unworthiness might otherwise, at times, fill me with, if he should be good to me. I *will* return. And if he should treat me ill hereafter, double will be his ungenerous guilt—I can then but die!

Having so resolved, I thought it right, to take to myself all the merit I could in obliging him, in hopes to engage the more securely his gratitude: and so I wrote the letter to you which he desired me to write, begging of you to return me, by the bearer, those papers and letters which I had sent you by Mr. Williams's conveyance: for that they import me much, for clearing up a point in my conduct yet my master was desirous to have cleared up, in order to make me happier than ever I could have hoped to be.—But you will have that letter, before you can have *this*; for I would not send you this without the papers that precede it; and those are in my master's hands.

Having written this letter, and given it to Thomas, for him to carry to you, I sent for Monsieur Colbrand and Robin; and gave to the former *his* letter; and when he had read it, I said—You see how things stand. I am resolv'd to return to our master; and as he is not so well as were to be wish'd, the more haste you make, the better: don't mind my fatigue; consider only yourselves, and the horses. Robin, who guess'd the matter,

by his conversation with Thomas (as I suppose), said—God bless you, madam, and reward you, as your obligingness to my good master deserves; and may we all live to see you triumph over Mrs. Jewkes!

So selfish are the hearts of poor mortals, that they are ready to change as favour goes!

They were not long getting ready. I wrote on till they were; and on my knees, prayed to God, that I might have no cause to repent my compliance.

Robin drove on at a very great rate; and when we came to the little town, where we put up on Sunday night, he gave his horses a bait; and said, he would push for his master's that night, as it would be moon-light, if I should not be too much fatigued; because there was no place between that and the village adjacent to Brandon Hall fit to put up at for the night. I said, I wished not to lie on the road; and if it could be performed, I should bear it well enough. And so we pursued our journey.

But it was about one o'clock when we reach'd my master's gate. Every body was gone to rest. But one of the helpers got the keys from Mrs. Jewkes, and open'd the gates. The horses were so tir'd, that they could hardly crawl into the stables. And I, with the over-fatigue, when I went to get out of the chariot, fell down, and thought I had lost the use of my limbs.

Mrs. Jewkes huddled on her clothes, and came down. She lifted up her hands and eyes, as if she wonder'd at my return: and I thought shew'd more care of the horses than of me. Two of the maids came soon after; and I, supporting myself on the arms of each, made shift to get up stairs.

It seems my master was very ill, and had been upon the bed most part of the day. Abraham (who succeeded John) sat up with him. And he stepping out to us, told us, that my master was got into a fine sleep, and heard not the chariot come in. I was glad of that; for altho' his chamber lies towards the garden, on the other side of the house, I thought the coachman and the other servants (being awake themselves) talked loud enough to disturb the soundest sleeper, in the remotest part of the house; and Robin drov in the horses, farther over the rattling pavement, than he needed to have done.

Mrs. Jewkes said, he had a feverish complaint, and had been bled. She prudently forbade Abraham, when my master awak'd, to tell him I was come, for fear of surprising him, and augmenting his fever; or, indeed, to say any thing of me, till she herself broke it to him in the morning, as she should see how he was.

Mrs. Jewkes oblig'd me to drink almost half a pint of burnt wine, made very rich and cordial, with spices; and then gave me a part of her bed; and I fell into a sound sleep, which I had little hop'd for.

Tuesday Morning.

Mrs. Jewkes, as soon as she got up, went to know how my master did, and he had had a good night; and having drank plentifully of sack-whey, his fever was considerably abated. She told him, he must not be surpris'd, and she would tell him news. He ask'd—What? And she said—Pamela was come back. He raised himself up—Can it be? said he: What, already! She told him, I came last night. Colbrand coming to the door to enquire of my master's health, he order'd him to come in, and was highly pleas'd with the account he gave him of my readiness to come back, and of my willingness to reach home that night. And he said—

These tender fair ones, I think, bear fatigue better than we men. But she is very good, to give me such an instance of her readiness to oblige me. Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, take great care of her health. Let her not rise all day. She told him, I had been up two hours.—Ask her, said he, if she will be so good as to make me a visit. If she will not, I will rise, and attend her.—Indeed, sir, said she, you must lie still. To be sure she will think it her duty to wait on your honour.—But don't urge her too much, said he, if she be unwilling.

She came to me, and telling me this, I said, I would most willingly wait upon him. Indeed I long'd to see my master, and was much grieved he was so ill. So I went with her.—Will she come? said he, as I enter'd the room.—Yes, sir, said she; and she said, at the first word—Most willingly.—Sweet excellence! he was pleased to say.

As soon as he saw me, he said—O my Pamela! you have made me quite well. I am concern'd to return my acknowledgments to you in so unfit a place and manner; but will you give me your hand? I did, and he kiss'd it with great eagerness. I expressed myself sorry to see him so ill.—I can't be ill, said he, while you are with me. You need not, Mrs. Jewkes, added he, send for Dr. Harpur from Stamford; for this lovely creature is my doctor, as her absence was my disease.

My master desired me to sit down by his bedside; and I turning my head, as if looking for a chair, the officious woman reach'd one; and, at his repeated command, I sat down. He then asked me, if I had obliged him in the request he had made me, that I would send to my father for my former packet. I told him I had, and hoped it would be brought. It was doubly kind and good, he was pleased to say.

As rest, I said, was necessary for him, I desired leave to withdraw; and added, that I would pray for his honour's speedy recovery.—Dear, good girl, he called me; and bowed his head; and I retired with a look and behaviour, from which, I doubt (as I have since recollected) he might read a good deal of my heart. Forgive me, my dear parents. But if it was so, I could not help it.

He arose in the afternoon, and sent for me into his chamber. He seem'd much amended in his health, as well as, I bless God for it, in his heart. How kind a dispensation is sickness sometimes! He was quite easy, and pleas'd with me. Mrs. Jewkes was there, and he said to her—After this instance of my good Pamela's obligingness in her chearful return, I am sure, Mrs. Jewkes, we ought to leave her entirely at her liberty; and, pray, if she chuses to take an airing in the chariot, let her be oblig'd, without asking her any questions.

He took my hand, and said—One thing I will tell you, Pamela, because I know you will be glad to hear it, and yet will not care to ask about it: I had, before you went, taken Williams's bond for the money he owes me. How the poor man had behav'd, I can't tell; but he could get no bail; and if I have no new reason given me, I shall hardly exact the payment of it. He has now been some time at liberty. But, methinks, I could wish you would not see him at present.

Sir, said I, I will not do any thing to disoblige you wilfully; and I am glad Mr. Williams is at liberty; and the more, because I was the occasion of his misfortunes. I durst say no more, tho' I wanted to plead for the poor gentleman.—I am sorry, sir, added I, that Lady Davers, who loves you so well, should have incurr'd your displeasure. I hope it was not on my account.

He took out of his waistcoat-pocket his letter-case, and said—Here, Pamela; read *that* when you go to your chamber. You will find it to be a letter from Lady Davers; and let me have your thoughts upon it.

He complained of heaviness, and said he would lie down, and indulge for that day; and if he were better in the morning, would take an airing in the chariot. So I withdrew, and went to my closet, and read the letter he was pleased to put into my hands; which is as follows:

“GIVE me leave to tell you, brother, that I have had some people with me, who, with a good design, have made me acquainted with a certain proceeding of yours that *gives* me great uneasiness. I will, without apology, write to you my full mind on the occasion. Could I have thought that a brother of mine would so meanly run away with my mother’s waiting-maid, and keep her a prisoner from all her friends? And yet I might have supposed, when you would not let the wench come to me on my mother’s death, that you meant no good. You must either mean to marry her, or to make a kept creature of her; if the latter, are there not wretches enough to be had, without ruining a poor wench, whom my mother lov’d, and who really was a very good girl? As to marriage, I dare say you don’t think of it. Your pride, surely, will set you above that. If it do not, you will be utterly inexcusable. It has been hinted to me, nevertheless, by *others*, that you have meanness enough in your pride, to think of such a thing; so bewitched are you, it seems, by this girl. This, tho’ I think it must be a groundless surmise, excessively alarms me. Consider, brother, that ours is no upstart family. It is as ancient as the best in the kingdom: and, for several hundreds of years, it has never been known, that the heirs of it have disgraced themselves by unequal matches: and you know you have been sought to by some of the first families in the nation, for your alliance. If you were descended from a family of yesterday, from one who is but a remove or two from the dirt you see so fond of, that would be another thing. Let me tell you, that I, and all mine, will renounce you for ever, if you can descend so meanly. A handsome man, as you are in your person, so happy in the gifts of your mind; and possess’d of such a noble and clear estate; and very rich in money besides, left you by the best of fathers and mothers, with such ancient blood in your veins, untainted—I cannot bear to think of your thus debasing yourself: and yet it would be very wicked in you to ruin the wench. Let me, therefore, beg of you, to restore her to her parents. Give her an hundred pounds or so, and make her happy with some honest fellow of her own degree; and that will equally become your honour, and your usual generosity of spirit.

“You must impute to my true sisterly love, and to my regard for your honour, the freedom of this expostulation; and then no other excuse will be wanting for it, from Your affectionate Sister, “B. DAVERS.”

What a letter is this, my dear father and mother! One may see by it how poor people are despised by the rich and the great! And yet we were all on a foot originally. Surely these proud people never think what a short stage life is; and that, with all their vanity, a time is coming, when they shall be on a level with us. The philosopher, who looked upon the skull of a king, and that of a poor man, saw no difference between them.

But, besides, how do these great people know, supposing they could trace back their ancestry, for one, two, three, or even five hundred years,

that then the original stems of these poor families, tho' they have not kept such elaborate records of their good-for-nothingness, (as it often proves) were not as deeply rooted as theirs? And how can they be assured, that one or two hundred years hence, some of those now despised upstart families may not revel in their estates, while their descendants may be reduced to the other's dung-hills? And perhaps such is the vanity, as well as changeableness of human affairs, in *their* turns, aided by the heralds' office, set up for pride of family, and despise the others!

Wednesday Morning.

MY master sent me a message just now, that he was so much better, that he would take a turn after breakfast, in the chariot, and would have me give him my company. I hope I shall know how to comport myself with humility, under all these favours.

Mrs. Jewkes is become one of the most obliging creatures in the world; and, after her example, every one shews me high respect. But now, if this should all end in the sham-marriage! What would become of your poor girl, should returning health revive in him his wicked views! But I shall see what light this new honour will afford me! So I'll get ready. But I won't, I think, change my garb. Should I do it, it would look as if I would be nearer on a level with him: I will therefore go as I am, except he orders otherwise. Yet Mrs. Jewkes says, I ought to dress as fine as I can. As my master is up, and at breakfast, I will venture down to ask him, how he will have me appear.

Well, he is kinder and kinder, and, thank God, purely recover'd! How charmingly he looks, to what he did yesterday!

He arose as I enter'd the room, and, taking my hand, would make me sit down by him.—My charming girl, said he, seem'd going to speak: what would she say?—Sir, said I, (a little dashed at his distinguishing favour) is it not too great an honour for me to attend you in the chariot?—No, my dear Pamela, said he; your company will give me greater pleasure, than mine can give you honour; so say no more on that head.

But, sir, said I, as to my appearance; and I looked on my dress.—I find no fault with your appearance, as you call it: and you look so pretty, that if you shall not catch cold, in that round-car'd cap, you shall go just as you are.—Then, sir, you'll be pleas'd to go a by-way, that it mayn't be seen you do so much honour.—O my good girl, interrupted he, I doubt you are more afraid of your own reputation, than of mine! But I intend by degrees to take off the world's wonder, and to teach them to expect what is to follow, as a due to my Pamela.

O my dear father and mother! Did I not do well now to come back! And, now, could I get rid of my fears of this sham-marriage (for all this is not yet inconsistent with that frightful scheme) I should be too happy.

He handed me into the chariot before all the servants, as if I had been a lady! And I had the pleasure to hear one of the servants say to another—They are a charming pair! 'Tis pity they should be parted!

He order'd dinner to be ready by two; and Abraham, who succeeds John, went behind the chariot. He bid Robin drive gently, and told me he wanted to talk to me about his sister Davers, and other matters. Indeed, at first setting out, he kissed me a little too often, that he did; and I was afraid of Robin's looking back, thro' the fore glass, and of people seeing us as they pass'd; but he was exceedingly kind to me in his words, as well. At last, he said—You have, I doubt not, read over and over, my sister's letters. You see she intimates in it, that some people had been

with her ; and who should they be but Mrs. Jervis, and Mr. Longman, and Jonathan ! The knowledge of this, their bold officiousness, has laid me under the necessity of dismissing them from my service. I see, said he, you are going to speak in their favour ; but your time is not come to do that, if ever I shall permit it.

As to Lady Davers, who threatens to renounce me, I have been beforehand with her ; for I have renounced her. I have been a kind brother to her. When I enter'd upon my estate, I gave up pretensions to a considerable value, contrary to her own and to her lord's expectations, by way of present to her. She was surely beside herself when she wrote me such a letter ; for well she knew that I would not bear it. But you must know, Pamela, that she is much incensed, that I will not give ear to a proposal of hers, of a daughter of a certain noble lord, who indeed wants not merit ; and who probably might have attracted my regards, had I not had a dislike to marriage, and a girl in my view ; with whom I hoped to live upon my own terms. Don't tell me, Pamela, by your blushes, that you know who the girl is. Be satisfied with this assurance (for I was going to speak) that I have at present views quite different from those, which this girl had once reason to be apprehensive of. And yet, to be sincere, I must own, that the certainty there will be, that I shall incur the censures of the world, if I act up to my present intentions, still, at times, gives me thoughts not altogether favourable to those intentions. For it will be said by every one, that Mr. B., a man not destitute of pride, a man of family, and ample fortunes, has been drawn in by the eye, to marry his mother's waiting-maid. Not considering, and not knowing, perhaps, that to her mind, to her virtue, as well as to the beauties of her person, she owes her well-deserved conquest : and that (as I firmly trust will be the case) there is not a lady in the kingdom who will better support the condition to which she will be raised, if I should marry her. And generously, added he, putting his arm round me, I pity my dear girl too, for her part in this censure ; for here will she have to combat the pride and slights of the neighbouring gentry all around us. Lady Davers, you see, will never be reconciled to you. The other ladies will not visit you ; and you will, with a merit superior to them all, be treated as if unworthy their notice. Should I now marry my Pamela, how will my girl relish all this ? Will not these be cutting things to my fair one, to whom the condition you will then be raised to, will have given some pride ? And *some pride* I would have it give you : you have *now*, my Pamela, a dignity that seems natural to your person. As to myself, sensible as I am *before-hand*, of what the world will say, I shall have nothing to do, when *it is done*, but to brazen out the matter, of my former plesantry on this subject, with my companions ; stand their rude jests for once or twice, and my fortune will create me always respect enough. But, I say, what will my poor girl do, as to *her* part ? For the ladies will shun your acquaintance. What says my girl, to this ?

You may well guess, my dear father and mother, how transporting to me these generous and condescending expressions were !—O sir, said I, how inexpressibly kind and good is all this ! Your poor servant has a much greater difficulty than this to overcome.

What is that ? said he, a little impatiently : I will not forgive your doubts now.—No, sir, said I, I cannot doubt ; but it is, how I shall *support*, how I shall *deserve*, YOUR goodness to me !—Dear girl ! said he, and press'd me to his bosom, I was afraid you would again have given me reason to think you had doubts of my honour. And this, at a time when

I was pouring out my whole soul to you with a true and affectionate ardour, I could not so easily have forgiven : and yet I have been so much obliged by your cheerful return to a house you had reason to detest, that I should have been very sorry to have had cause given me to be angry with you, whatever you had said.

But, good sir, said I, my greatest concern will be for the rude jests you will have yourself to encounter with, for thus stooping beneath yourself. For as to *me*, considering my low birth, and little merit, even the slights and reflections of the ladies will be an honour to me : and I shall have the pride to place more than half their ill-will to their envying my happiness. And if I can, by my cheerful duty, and grateful behaviour, render myself worthy of the continuance of your affection, I shall think myself but too happy, let the world say what it will.

You are very good, my dearest girl, said he. But how will you bestow your *time*, when you will have no visits to receive or pay? No parties of pleasure to join in? No card-tables to employ your winter evenings, and even, as the taste is, half the day, summer and winter?

My mother, I know, in order to amuse herself, instructed you how to take part in those diversions, as well as in others : and I assure my girl, that I shall not desire you to live without such amusements as *my wife* might expect, had you been a woman of the first quality.

How, sir, shall I bear your goodness ! But do you think, in such a family as yours, a person whom you shall honour with the rank of mistress of it, will not find useful employments for her time, without looking abroad for any others?

In the first place, sir, if you will give me leave, I will myself look into all such parts of the family management, as may befit the mistress of it to inspect : and this I shall hope to do in such a manner, as not to incur the ill-will of any *honest* servant.

Then, sir, I will ease you of as much of your family accounts, as I possibly can : you know, sir, my late good lady made me her treasurer, her almoner, and every thing ; and I will apply myself to learn what I may be defective in, to enable me to be a little useful to you, sir, in this particular.

Then, sir, if I must needs be visiting or visited, and the ladies will not honour me so much, or even if they *would* now-and-then, I will visit, if your goodness will allow me so to do, the unhappy poor in the neighbourhood around you ; and administer to their wants and necessities, in such small matters as may not be hurtful to your estate, but comfortable to them ; and entail upon you their blessings, and their prayers for your health and welfare.

Then I will assist your housekeeper, as I used to do, in the making jellies, comfits, sweetmeats, marmalades, cordials ; and to pot, and candy, and preserve, for the uses of the family ; and to make myself all the fine linen of it, for yourself and me.

Then, sir, if you will indulge me with your company, I will take an airing in your chariot now-and-then : and when you return from your diversions, I shall have the pleasure of receiving you with cheerful duty ; as I shall have counted the moments of your absence. And I have no doubt of so behaving, as to engage you frequently to fill up some part of my time (the sweetest by far that will be) in your instructive conversation.

Proceed, my dear girl, said he, I love to hear you talk.—The breakfast-time, sir, the preparation for dinner, and sometimes to entertain your chosen friends, and the company you shall bring home with you, *gentlemen*,

if not *ladies*, and the supperings, will fill up a great part of the day, in a very necessary manner.

Possibly, sir, a good-humour'd lady will now and then drop in ; and if so, I hope to behave myself in such a manner, as not to *add* to the disgrace you will have brought upon yourself : for indeed, I will be very circumspect, and try to be as discreet as I can ; and as humble too, as shall be consistent with your honour.

Generously pleased with my prattle, he again bid me talk on.

Cards, 'tis true, I can play at, in all the games that our sex usually delight in : but they they are a diversion that I am not fond of ; nor shall I ever desire to play, unless to induce such ladies, as you may wish to see, not to shun your house, for want of an amusement they are accusom'd to.

Music, which my good lady also had me instructed in, will fill up some intervals, if I should have any.

Then, sir, you know, I love reading and scribbling ; and tho' most of the latter will be employ'd in the family accounts, yet reading, at proper times, and in proper books, will be a pleasure to me, which I shall be unwilling to give up for the best company in the world, when I cannot have yours. Besides, sir, will not books help to polish my mind, and make me worthier of your company and conversation ? And when I am at a loss to understand any thing I read, what a delightful instructor shall I have, if you will permit me to have recourse to you ? And till you have time or inclination to instruct me, I can put down in a pocket-book the words and things I shall not know the meaning of.

But one thing, sir, I ought not to forget, because it is the chief : my duty to God, and my prayers for you and for myself, will always employ some good portion of my time : for *myself* particularly, that I may be enabled to discharge my duty to you, and be found grateful for all the blessings I shall receive at the hands of Providence, by means of your generosity and condescension.

With all this, sir, can you think I shall be at a loss to pass my time ? But, as I know that every slight to me, if I come to be so happy, will be, in part, a slight to you, I will beg of you, sir, not to let me go very fine in dress ; but appear only so, as that I may not be a disgrace to you, after the honour you shall have done me, in giving me a title to be called by your worthy name : for, sir, I humbly apprehend, that nothing so much excites the envy of my own sex, as seeing a person set above them in appearance. And if this plainness in apparel be known to be in compliance to my own choice and wishes, it will be a credit, sir, to your condescension, and save me many mortifications. If I am not gorgeous in my dress, this I promise you, sir, I will be always neat, and fit to be seen by you ; and if by *you*, by *any body* you shall bring home with you. And I have heard my lady say, that gentlemen of taste are more pleased with intrinsic neatness, than with outward ornament.

Here I stopp'd ; for I had prattled a great deal ; and he said, clasping me to him—Why stops my Pamela ? Why does she not proceed ? I could dwell upon your words all the day long. You shall be the directress of your own pleasures, and of your own time, so sweetly do you chuse to employ it ; and then shall I find some of my own bad actions aton'd for by your exemplary goodness, and God will bless *me* for *your* sake.

I could not speak for joy ; and he was pleased to proceed—What delight do you give me, my beloved Pamela, in this sweet foretaste of my happiness ! I will now defy the saucy, busy censures of the world ; and

bid them know *your* excellence, and *my* happiness, before they, with unhallow'd lips, presume to judge of *my* actions, and *your* merit. And let me tell you, my dearest girl, that I can add to your agreeable enumeration my hopes of a still more pleasing amusement for you, tho' it is what your bashfulness would not permit you to hint at ; and which I will now no further touch upon (lest it should seem, to your nicety, to detract from the present purity of my good intentions) than to say—I hope you will have, superadded to all these, such an employment, as will give me a view of perpetuating my happy prospects, and my family at the same time ; of which I am almost the only one, in a direct line.

If I did blush, it was impossible so much as to *look* displeas'd, such was the charming manner with which he insinuated this distant hope.

Imagine, my dear parents, how my heart was affected with all these things !

He was pleas'd to add another charming sentiment, which shew'd me the noble sincerity of his kind professions.—I do own to you, my Pamela, said he, that I love you with a purer flame than ever I knew in my whole life ! A flame, to which I was a stranger, and which commenced for you in the garden ; tho' you, unkindly, by your unseasonable doubts, nipp'd the opening bud, while it was too tender to bear the cold blasts of slight or negligence. And this I declare to you, that I have known, in this sweet hour's conversation, a higher and sincerer joy than it is possible I could have known, had I succeeded in my views upon you.

O sir, said I, expect not words from your poor servant, equal to these generous professions. Both the means, and the will, are given to you, to lay me under an everlasting obligation. How happy shall I be, if, tho' I cannot be worthy of all this goodness and condescension, I can prove myself not entirely unworthy of it ! But I can only answer for a grateful heart ; and if ever I give you cause wilfully (and you will generously allow for *involuntary* imperfections) to be displeas'd with me, may I be an outcast from your house and favour, as much as if the law had divorced me from you !

Gratitude, my beloved girl, said the generous man, is, *must be*, a part of your nature, or you could not, on this occasion, express yourself in a style so rais'd. But you were going to say something else. Speak on, my Pamela ! say all that is in your heart to say. Speak on, my Pamela.

I am so desirous, sir, to stand well in your opinion, that I was going to try to clear myself in relation to my behaviour in the garden, which you were pleas'd to think so unseasonable. Had you *then* been pleas'd to hear what I had to say, you would, I flatter myself, have forgiven me, and own'd, that I had some cause to fear, and to wish to be with my father and mother ; and this I the rather say to you now, that you should not think me ever capable of returning insolence for goodness ; or appearing foolishly ungrateful to you, when you was so kind to me.

Indeed, Pamela, said he, you gave me great uneasiness ; for I love you too well not to be jealous of the least appearance of your indifference to me, or preference of any other person, not excepting your parents themselves. This made me resolve not to hear you ; for I had not got over my reluctance to marriage ; and a little weight, you know, turns the scale, when it hangs in an equal balance. But yet, you see, that tho' I could part with you, while my anger held, yet the regard I had then newly profess'd for your virtue, made me resolve not to offer to violate it ; and you have seen likewise, that the painful struggle I underwent when I began to

reflect, and to read your moving journal, between my desire to recal you, and my doubt whether you would return, (tho' yet I resolv'd not to force you to it) had like to have cost me a severe illness : but your kind and cheerful return has dispell'd all my fears, and given me hope (advantages of fortune out of the question) that you have not an indifference to me ; and you see how your presence has chas'd away my illness.

I bless God for your recovery, sir, said I ; but since you are so good as to encourage me, and will not despise my weakness, I will acknowledge, that I suffer'd more than I could have imagined, in being forbidden your presence in so much anger ; and I was still the more affected, when you answer'd the wicked Mrs. Jewkes so generously in my favour, at my leaving your house : for this, sir, awaken'd all my reverence for you ; and you saw I could not forbear, not knowing what I did, to break in upon you, and acknowledge your goodness on my knees.

'Tis true, my dear Pamela, said he, we have sufficiently tortur'd each other : but we shall soon, I hope, be able to sit down together, secur'd in each other's good opinion, and take pleasure in reflecting upon all our past difficulties. Meantime, let me hear what my dear girl would have said in her justification (could I have trusted myself with her) as to her fears, and the reason of her wishing herself from me, at a time that I had begun to shew my fondness for her in a manner that I thought would have been agreeable to her and virtue.

I pulled out of my pocket the gypsy letter ; but, before I gave it to him—I have this letter, sir, said I, to shew you, as what, I believe, you will allow, must have given me the greatest disturbance : but first, as I know not who is the writer, and it seems to be in a disguis'd hand, I would beg it as a favour, that if you guess whose it is, which I cannot, it may not turn to the person's prejudice.

He took it, and read it. And it being sign'd *Somebody*, he said—Yes, this is indeed from *Somebody* ; and, disguised as the hand is, I know the writer : don't you see by the setness of some of these letters, and a little secretary cut here and there, especially in that *c*, and that *r*, that it is the hand of a person bred in the law-way ? Why, Pamela, 'tis old Longman's hand : an officious—and there he stopt.—But I have done with him, resumed he, angrily.

O sir, said I, it would be too presuming in me to offer (so much overwhelm'd as I am with your goodness) to defend any body you are angry with ; yet, so far as any one has incur'd your displeasure for my sake, and for no other want of duty or respect, I could wish——But I dare not say more.

But, said he, as to the letter, and the information it contains : let me know, Pamela, when you receiv'd this.—On the Friday, sir, that you were gone to the wedding at Stamford.—How could it be convey'd to you, said he, unknown to Mrs. Jewkes, when I gave her such a strict charge to attend you, and you had promis'd me, that you would not throw yourself in the way of such intelligence ? For, when I went to Stamford, I knew (from a private intimation given me) that there would be an attempt made to see you, or give you a letter, by somebody, if not to get you away ; but I was not certain whether from Lady Davers, Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, or John Arnold, or your father ; and as I was then but struggling with myself, whether to give way to my honourable inclinations, or to free you, and let you go to your father, that I might avoid my own danger ; (for I had absolutely resolv'd never again to wound

your ears with any proposals of a contrary nature. Hence it was, that I desir'd you to permit Mrs. Jewkes to be on her guard till I returned, by which time I thought I should have decided this disputed point within myself between my pride and my inclinations.

This, sir, said I, accounts well to me for your conduct in that case, and for what you said to me and to Mrs. Jewkes on that occasion ; and I see more and more how much I may depend upon your honour and goodness. But I will tell you all the truth.

And then I recounted to him the whole affair of the gypsey, and how the letter was put among the loose grass, &c. And he said—The man who thinks a thousand dragons sufficient to watch a woman, when her inclination takes a contrary bent to his wishes, will find all too little ; since she will engage the stones in the street, and the grass in the field, to act for her, and help on her correspondence, if she has no other way.—You are not angry, sir, I hope.—I am not, said he. But I cannot help observing, that if the mind be not engaged, there is hardly any confinement sufficient to restrain the person. You have told me, Pamela, a very pretty story ; and as you never, even in your severest trials, gave me reason to question your veracity, I make no doubt of the truth of what you have now mention'd : and I will, in my turn, give you a proof of my sincerity, that shall carry conviction with it.

You must know then, my Pamela, that I had actually form'd such a project, as is mention'd in this letter ; so well informed was this officious *Somebody* ; and the time was fix'd, for the very person describ'd in this letter, to be here. I had intended that he should have read some part of the ceremony (as little as was possible, to deceive you) in my chamber ; and so I hop'd to have you mine upon terms that *then* would have been much more agreeable to me than matrimony. Nor did I intend that you should soon be undeceived : so that we might have liv'd for years, perhaps, very agreeably together ; while it would have been in my power to confirm or abrogate the marriage, as I pleas'd.

O sir, said I, I am out of breath with the thoughts of my danger. But what good angel prevented the execution of this deep-laid design ?

Why, *your* good angel, Pamela : for when I began to consider that it would have made *you* miserable, and *me* not happy ; that if I should have a child by you, it would be out of my power to legitimate it, if I should wish it to inherit my estate ; and that, being the last of my family, most of what I possess must descend to a new line, and to disagreeable and unworthy persons : when I further consider'd your unsullied virtue, and reflected upon the trials you had undergone, and the troubles I had involv'd you in, I was resolv'd, tho' I doubted not succeeding in this my last plot, to overcome myself ; and to part with you, rather than betray you under so black a veil. Besides, I remembered how much I had exclaim'd against, and censur'd an action of this kind, that had been attributed to one of the first men of the law, and of the kingdom, as he afterwards became. And when I reflected, that if I were to proceed in this scheme, I should do no more than tread in a path that another had mark'd out for me ; and, as I was assur'd with no great satisfaction to himself, when he came to reflect ; my pride was a little piqued ; for if I went at any time out of the way, I loved to be thought an original. Upon the whole, I must needs own, that, from these appearances, you were but too well justified in your fears ; and I have only one thing to blame you for ; which is, that you, who have such a command of your

pen, did not clear up this matter by a few lines to me : the rather, as you had reason then to have a better opinion of me than you had at any time before ; and, as I see, you could so easily have done it. This would have saved us both much fatigue ; you of person, me of mind ; since, had I known what seeming good grounds you had for pouring cold water on a young flame, that was just then rising to an honourable expansion, I should not have ascribed your doubts, and desire of leaving me, as I thought I had reason to do, either to perverse nicety ; or, which most alarmed me, to a prepossession in some other person's favour.

I wish, sir, said I, I had taken that liberty. I am sure I should have saved myself, had such been the happy effect of my writing, as much fatigue of *mind* as of *person* : and I could not better manifest the truth of this, than by the cheerfulness with which I obey'd you, on your recalling me to your presence.

Ay, that, my dear Pamela, said he, was the kind, the inexpressibly kind compliance, that has rivetted my affections to you, and induced me to open to you, in this free and unreserv'd manner, my whole heart.

Indeed, sir, said I, I had the less merit in my return (you are too generous to think hardly of me for the confession) because I was driven by an irresistible impulse to it, and could not help it if I would.

This, said he (and honour'd me by kissing my hand) is engaging indeed. And may I hope, that my Pamela's gentle inclination for her persecutor was the strongest motive to her return ?

I was silent. I felt myself blush. I looked down. I was afraid I had said too much ; not for my heart, but for my interest in *his* heart. Men complain, I have heard, of women's reserves ; yet slight them, if they are not reserved. But this *now* wholly good gentleman did not do so by me. On the contrary, he encouraged my frankness.—Why blushes my girl ? said he. Why looks she down ? Fear not to trust the tenderest secrets of your heart with me, if favourable to me. I do assure you, that I so much value a fervent and unquestionable love in the person I would wish for my wife, that even in the days of courtship, I would not have the least shadow of reserve, wherethere is no room for doubt, have place on her lips, when she inclines to favour me by a declaration of reciprocal love. And can you return me sincerely the honest compliment I now will make you ?—In the *choice* I have made, it is impossible I should have any view to my *interest*. Love, *true* love, is my *only* motive. And were I not what I am, as to fortune, could you give me the *preference* to any other person you know in the world, notwithstanding what has passed between us ?

Why, said I, should your so much obliged Pamela decline an answer to this kind question ? Cruel as I have thought you, and truly shocking and detestable as your attempts ever were to me, you, sir, are the only man living, my father excepted, who ever was more than indifferent to me. Yet allow me to add, that not having the presumption to raise my eyes to you, I knew not myself the state of my own heart, till your kindness to me melted away, as I may say, the chilling frost that prudence and love of virtue had cast about the buds of—What shall I say ? Excuse, sir—

My dearest Pamela, clasping me to his bosom, I do excuse, and will spare your sweet confusion. I am fully satisfied. Nor am I now so solicitous as I was, about the papers that you have kindly written for to your father : and yet I still wish to see them, for the sake of the sweet manner in which you relate what has passed ; and to have before me the whole series of your sufferings, in order to recompense you for them.

As the chariot was returning home from this sweet airing, he said—From

all that has pass'd between us, in this more than agreeable excursion, my Pamela will see, and will believe, that the trials of her virtue are all over from me : but perhaps there will be some few yet to come of her patience and humility. For I have, at the earnest importunity of Lady Darnford, and her daughters, promised them a sight of my girl : I intend therefore to have that whole family, and Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Peter's family, to dine with me in a few days. And altho' I believe you would hardly choose to grace my table, till you can do it in your own right, I should be glad you would not refuse coming down to us, if I should desire it ; for I would preface our *nuptials*, said the dear gentleman ! [What a sweet word was that !] with their opinion of your merits (and to see you, will be enough for that purpose) and so, by degrees, prepare my neighbours to expect what is to follow. They already have your character from me, and are disposed to admire you.

I am afraid, sir, said I, that weighed down as I am with the sense of my obligations to your goodness, on one hand, and of my own unworthiness on the other, I shall behave very awkwardly on such an occasion : but your will in every thing I *can* obey you in, shall be mine.

I am obliged to you, my Pamela, said he ; and pray be then dress'd just as you are ; for since they know your condition, and I have told them the story of your present dress, and how you came by it, one of the young ladies begs it as a favour, that they may see you in it : and the rather as I have boasted, that you owe nothing to dress, but make a much better figure with your own native stock of loveliness, than the greatest ladies they have seen, array'd in the most splendid attire, and adorn'd with jewels.

Your goodness, sir, said I, makes you behold your poor servant in a light greatly beyond her merit ! But it must not be expected, that others, ladies especially, will look upon me with *your* favourable eyes : but as to dress, as well now, as at all times, it will be a pleasure to me to shew every one, that, with respect to my happiness in this life, I am entirely the work of your bounty.

Admirable Pamela ! Excellent girl ! said he. I might have *addressed* a hundred fine ladies ; but never could have had reason to *admire* one as I do you.

I hope, my dear father, you will think, that I repeat these generous expressions rather to set forth my master's goodness to me, than that I have the vanity to think I deserve one of them. It shall be always my endeavour, I do assure you, to be more and more humble, as I am either complimented or obliged ; for were I even to *deserve* the compliments that shall happen to be made me for any talents that may be imputed to me, to whom am I indebted for these talents but to God ? Be His all the glory, therefore. And to whom but to you, my father, and to you, my mother, and to my dear departed lady, do I owe the cultivation of those talents ? What a poor patched-up merit, therefore, is all the merit I have to boast of ! And shall I be vain of it ? And it is with very great pleasure, that I look forward on the high benefits my master seems determined to confer upon his poor servant, because I think I shall not be puffed up with my high condition ; since thus I argue with myself : it is always the sign of a dependent condition to be forced to lie under obligations one cannot repay ; as it is of a rich mind, when it can confer favours, without expecting or *needing* a return.

The chariot brought us home at near the hour of two ; and, as my master is pure well, and cheerful, I hope he does not repent of his generous treat-

ment of me. He handed me out of the chariot, and to the parlour, with the same goodness, that he shewed, when he put me into it, before several of the servants. Mrs. Jewkes came to enquire how he did.—Quite well, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, quite well; I thank God, and this good girl, for it!—I am glad of it, said she; but I hope you are not the worse for *my* care, and for my doctoring!—He told her he was not, and thank'd her both for her care and skill.

Then he said—Mrs. Jewkes, you and I have used this good girl very hardly.—I was afraid, sir, said she, I should be the subject of her complaints.—I assure you, replied he, she has not open'd her lips about you. We have had quite a different subject to talk of. I hope she will forgive us both: you especially she must; because you have done nothing but by my orders. But I only mean, that the necessary consequence of those orders has been very grievous to my Pamela: and now comes our part to make her amends, if we can.

Sir, said she, I always said to madam, that you was very good, and very forgiving.—No, said he, I have been very wicked, and she, I hope, will be very forgiving. But all this preamble is to tell you, Mrs. Jewkes, that now I desire you will study to oblige her, as much as you were forced, in obedience to me, to disoblige her before. And you will remember, that in every thing she is to be her own mistress.

Yes, said she, and mine too, I suppose, sir?—Ay, said the generous man, I believe it will be so in a little time.—Then, said she, I know how it will go with me! And put her handkerchief to her eyes.—Pamela, said my master, comfort Mrs. Jewkes.

This was very generous, already to seem to put her in my power; and I took her hand, and said—I shall never take upon me, Mrs. Jewkes, to make a bad use of any opportunities that may be put into my hands, by my generous master; nor shall I ever wish to do you disservice: for I shall consider, that what you have done, was in obedience to a will, which it will become me also, for the future, to submit to.

See there, Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, we are both in generous hands; and, indeed, if Pamela did not pardon you, I should think she but half forgave me, because you acted by my instructions.—Well, said she, God bless you both together, since it must be so; and I will double my diligence to oblige my lady, as I find she will soon be.

Sir, said I, your kind expressions shall but task me with the care of endeavouring to deserve your good opinion. And being then about to go upstairs, and nobody near—Permit me, sir, said I, with some confusion, thus on my knees, to thank you, as I often wanted to do in the chariot, for all your goodness to me. And I had the boldness to touch his hand with my lips.

I wonder since, how I could be so bold. But how could I help it? My heart was like a too full river, which overflows its banks. My gratitude, at the moment, got the better of my fear, and carried my shamefacedness away before it, as the river does everything that opposes it.

He clasp'd me in his arms, and kissing me, said—You are a dear obliging girl: and here, on my knees, as you on yours, I vow to you everlasting truth and fidelity; and may God but bless us both with half the pleasures that seem to lie before us, and we shall have no reason to envy the felicity of the greatest princes!—O sir, said I, how shall I support so much goodness! I could say no more, at the time, but by my tears; for I wept with joy: yet my heart was full of grateful meaning, and wanted to relieve itself by words.

Thursday.

This morning my master came up to me, and talk'd to me on various subjects for a good while together in the most kind manner. Among other things he asked me—If I chose to order any new clothes against my marriage. (O how my heart flutters when he mentions this subject so freely!) I said, I left everything to his good pleasure, only repeating my request, for the reasons I gave yesterday, that I might not be too fine.

He said—I think, my dear, the ceremony shall be very privately perform'd: I hope you are not afraid of a sham-marriage; and pray get the service by heart, that you may see nothing is omitted.

I glow'd between bashfulness and delight. O how I felt my cheeks burn!

I answered, I fear'd nothing, I apprehended nothing, but my own unworthiness.—I think, said he, the ceremony shall be performed within these fourteen days, at this house. O how I trembled! but not with grief, you may believe!—What says my girl? Have you to object against any day of the next fourteen, because my affairs require me to go to my other house, and I think not to stir from this, till I am happy with you?

I have no will but yours, said I (all glowing like the fire, as I could feel): but, sir, did you say in the *house*?—Ay, said he; for I care not how privately it be done; and it must be very public, if we go to church.—It is a *holy rite*, sir, said I, and would be better, methinks, solemnized in a *holy place*.

I see (said he, most kindly) my lovely maid's confusion; and your trembling tenderness shews I ought to oblige you all I may. Therefore I will order my own little chapel, which has not been used for two generations for anything but a lumber-room, because our family seldom resided here long together, to be got ready for the ceremony, if you dislike your own chamber or mine.

Sir, said I, that will be better than a chamber; and I hope it will never be lumber'd again, but kept to the use, for which, as I *presume*, it has been consecrated.—O yes, said he, it has been consecrated, and that several ages ago, in my great-great-grandfather's time, who built that and the good old house together.

While we were talking, Mrs. Jewkes came up, and told my master, that Thomas was return'd.—Let him, said he, bring up the papers. For he hoped, and so did I, that you had sent them by him. But it was a great disappointment when he came up, and said—Sir, Mr. Andrews did not care to deliver them; and would have it, that his daughter was forced to write that letter to him: and in apprehensions for his daughter, on her turning back, on her way to them, (as I told him she did, said Thomas) he took on sadly.

I began to be afraid now, that all would be bad for me again.

Well, Tom, said he, don't mince the matter. Tell me what Mr. and Mrs. Andrews said.—Why, sir, they both, after they had withdrawn, to consult together upon their daughter's letter, came out, weeping so bitterly, that griev'd my very heart; and they said—Now all was over with their poor daughter; and either she had written that letter by compulsion, or—and there Thomas stopt.—*Or* what? said my master, speak out.—*Or* had yielded to your honour, so they said, and was, or would be ruin'd!

My master seem'd vexed, as I fear'd. And I said—*Pray*, sir, be so good

to excuse the fears of my honest parents! They cannot know your goodness to me.

And so, said my master, (without answering to what I said) they refus'd to deliver the papers?—Yes, and please your honour, said Thomas, tho' I told them, that their daughter, of her own accord, on a letter I had brought her, very cheerfully wrote what I carry'd. But Mr. Andrews said—Why, wife, there are in these papers twenty things nobody should see but ourselves, and especially not the 'squire. O the poor girl! She has had *many*, very many stratagems to struggle with! And now, at last, has met with one that has been too hard for her!—And then, and please your honour, the good old couple sat themselves down, and hand-in-hand, leaning upon each other's shoulder, did nothing but lament. I was piteously griev'd; but all I could say could not comfort them; nor would they give me the papers, tho' I told them I should deliver them into their daughter's own hands. And so, and please your honour, I was forced to come away without them.

My good master saw me all bathed in tears at this description of your distress and fears for me, and he said—I am not angry with your father. He is a good man; and I would have you write out of hand, and it shall be sent by the post to Mr. Atkins, who lives within two miles of your father, and I'll enclose it in a cover of mine, in which I will desire Mr. Atkins, the moment it comes to his hand, to convey it safely to your father. But say nothing in what you write of sending hither the papers, since they are so scrupulous about them. I want not now to see them on any other score than that of mere curiosity; and that will be answered at any other time. And so saying, he was pleased to dry my eyes with my own handkerchief, before Thomas; and turning to him, said—The worthy couple don't know my honourable intentions by their dear daughter; who, Tom, will in a little time, be your mistress; tho' I shall keep the matter private some days, and would not have it spoken of by my servants out of the house.

Thomas said—God bless your honour! You know best. And I said—O sir, you are all goodness! How kind is this, to forgive the disappointment, instead of being angry, as I fear'd you would be!

Thomas then withdrew. And my master said—I need not remind you, Pamela, of writing immediately, to make the good couple easy. I will leave you to yourself for that purpose; only send me down such of your papers, as you are willing I should see, with which I shall entertain myself for an hour or two. But one thing, added he, I forgot to tell you: the neighbouring gentry I mention'd, will be here to-morrow to dine with me.—And *must* I, sir, said I, be shewn to them!—O yes, reply'd he. The chief reason of their coming is to see you. And don't be concerned: you will see nobody equal to yourself.

O my dear father and mother! What a happy creature is your girl! God continue my present prospects! A change now would kill me quite.

He went out in his chariot in the afternoon; and returning in the evening, sent to desire me to take a little walk with him in the garden: and down I went that very moment.

He came to meet me.—So, said he, how does my girl now? Who do you think I have seen since I have been out?—I don't know, sir, answer'd I.—There is a turning in the road, said he, about five miles off, which goes round a meadow, that has a pleasant footway, on the banks of a little brook, and a double row of limes on each side, where the gentry in the

neighbourhood sometimes walk and converse ; and sometimes angle. (I'll shew you it in our next airing.) I stepp'd out of my chariot to walk across this meadow, and bid Robin meet me with it on the further part of it. And who should I 'spy there walking, with a book in his hand, but *your* humble servant, Williams? Don't blush, Pamela. His back was towards me. I thought I would speak to the man ; and before he saw me—How do you do, old acquaintance ? said I.

We were of one college for a twelvemonth, you have heard. The man gave such a start at hearing my voice, and seeing me so near him, that I thought he would have leapt into the brook.

Poor man ! said I.—Ay, said he, but not too much of your *poor man*, in that soft accent, neither, Pamela. What are you reading, Mr. Williams ? said I.—Sir, answered he, it is, it is, stammering with surprize, it is the French Telemachus. I am about perfecting myself in the French tongue. (Better so, thought I, than perfecting my Pamela in it.) Don't you think, that yonder cloud may give us a small shower ? (It did a little begin to wet.) He believed not, was his answer.

If, said I, you are for the village, I'll give you a cast ; for I shall call at Sir Simon Darnford's, in my way home.—It would be too great an honour, the man too modestly said.—Let us walk to the further opening there, replied I, and we shall meet my chariot.

So, Pamela, continued my master, we fell into conversation, as we walk'd. He said, he was very sorry he had incurr'd my displeasure ; and the more, as he had been told by Mrs. Jones, who had it from Sir Simon's family, that I had more honourable views than at first were apprehended.—We men of fortune, Mr. Williams, said I, take a little more liberty with the world than we ought to do ; wantoning, very probably, as you contemplative folks would say, in the sunbeams of a dangerous affluence ; and cannot think of confining ourselves to the common paths, tho' the safest and most eligible. And you may believe, I could not very well like to be supplanted in a view that lay next my heart ; and that by an old acquaintance, whose good, before this affair, I was studious to promote.

I would only say, sir, answer'd he, that my *first* motive was entirely such as became my function : and I am very sure, that however inexcusable I might seem in the *progress* of the matter, you would have been sorry to have had it said, that you had cast your thoughts on a person that nobody could have wish'd for but yourself.

I see, Mr. Williams, reply'd I, that you are a gallant as well as religious man : but what I took most amiss was, that, if you thought me doing a wrong thing, you did not expostulate with me upon it, as your function might have allow'd you to do ; but immediately determin'd to circumvent me, and to secure to yourself, and that from my own house, a young creature, who held, as you must think, a first place in my heart ; and by whom you knew not but I might do honourably at last, as I actually intend to do. But the matter is happily at an end, and my resentments, too.

I am sorry, sir, said he, that I should take any step to disoblige you ; but I rejoice in your honourable intentions ; and give me leave to say, that if you make young Mrs. Andrews your lady, she will do credit to your choice with every body that sees and knows her.

In this manner, continued my master, did Mr. Williams and I confabulate ; and I set him down at his lodgings in the village. But he kept your secret, Pamela, and would not own, that you gave any encouragement to his addresses.

Indeed, sir, reply'd I, he could not say that I did ; and I hope you believe me.—I do, said he ; but 'tis still my opinion, that if I had not detected him as I did, the correspondence between you would have ended in the manner I have supposed.

When you consider, sir, reply'd I, that my utmost presumption could not make me hope for the honour you are now so good as to design me ; that I was very hardly used ; and had no prospect before me but dishonour ; you will allow, that I should have seem'd very little in earnest in my professions of honesty, if I had not endeavour'd to get away ; but yet I resolv'd not to think of marriage ; for I never saw the man I could love, till your goodness, I am not ashamed to say, embolden'd me to look up to you.

I should, my dear Pamela, return'd he, make a very ill compliment to my vanity, if I did not believe you.

I was glad to hear this account of the interview between Mr. Williams and himself : I hope the good man will, in time, be reinstated in his favour.

He was so good as to tell me, he had given orders for the chapel to be clear'd. With what inward joy, yet with fear and trembling, do I look forward !

Friday.

About twelve o'clock came Sir Simon, Lady Darnford, their two daughters, Mrs. Jones, a sister-in-law of her's, and Mr. Peters, and his spouse, and niece. Mrs. Jewkes, who is more and more obliging, was much concern'd I was not dress'd in some of my best clothes, and made me many compliments.

My master, conducting them into the garden, led them into the largest alcove, and stepp'd himself to me.—Come, my Pamela, said he, the ladies are impatient to see you. I was in some confusion.—The young ladies, said he, are dress'd out in their best attire ; but they make not such an appearance as my charming girl in this humble garb. They are all in the great alcove.—Shan't I follow you thither, sir ? said I. I can't bear you should do me so much honour as to accompany me.—I'll go before you, reply'd he, and do you bid Mrs. Jewkes bring a bottle or two of Canary, and some cake. So he left me, and went to attend his guests.

This alcove fronts the longest gravel-walk in the garden, so that they saw me all the way I came, for a good way : there was no by-path, as I wish'd there were, and would have chosen it if there had, could I have done it without appearing affected. My master, with pleasure, told me, afterwards, all they said of me.

Will you forgive your vain daughter, if she tells you all he was pleased to tell me ? *Vain* you will think me, and I cannot but say I am proud to be so distinguish'd by him. Then these agreeable circumstances are so *new* to me ! When I am more used to these honours, I hope all my pride will be lost in my gratitude to God, and to him. I know, moreover, that my now happy tale rejoices your worthy hearts ; and you will not think I can be too particular on these occasions. So, my dear father and mother, you must have some pride to answer for, as well as your daughter.

He said, 'spying me first—Look there, ladies, comes my pretty rustic ! They all, I saw (which dash'd me) stood at the opened windows of the alcove, and in the door-way, looking full at me. Was that pretty in them ?

My master told me, that Mrs. Jones said—She is a charming creature !

I see that at this distance. And Sir Simon, it seems, who has been a sad rake in his younger days, swore he never saw so easy an air, so fine a shape, and so graceful a motion. Lady Darnford said, I was a sweet girl. And Mrs. Peters said very handsome things. Even Mr. Peters said, I should be the pride of the county. The young ladies, he was pleased to add, blush'd, and envy'd me! But that could not be so! To his partial favour for me, I owed this compliment.

When I came near, he saw me in a little confusion, and was so kind as to meet me—Give me your hand, said he, my good girl; you walk too fast (for indeed I wanted to be out of their gazing). I did so, with a curt'sy, and he led me up the steps of the alcove, and in a most gracious manner presented me to the ladies. They all saluted me, and said—They hoped to be better acquainted with me: and Lady Darnford was pleas'd to say—I should be the flower of the neighbourhood. Sir Simon said—Good neighbour, by your leave; and, saluting me, added—Now will I say, that I have kissed the loveliest maiden in England.

But for all this, methought I ow'd him a grudge for a tell-tale, tho' all is likely to turn out so happily.

Mr. Peters very gravely follow'd his example, and said, like a bishop—God bless you, fair excellence!—Pray, dear madam, sit down by me, said Mrs. Jones. And they all sat down.

I hesitated, as if looking for a place near the door.—Sit down, my good girl, said my master: these ladies, my neighbours, will indulge you for *my* sake, at present; and when they are acquainted with you, for *your* sake.

Sir, said I, but hesitatingly, I shall be proud to deserve their indulgence.

They all so gaz'd at me, that I could not look up; for I think it is one of the distinctions of persons of condition, and the well-bred, to put bashful ones out of countenance.—Well, Sir Simon, said my master, what say you now to my pretty rustic! He swore a great oath, that he should better know what to say to me, if he was as young as himself. Lady Darnford said—You will never leave, Sir Simon.

You have walked too fast, my Pamela, said my master. Recover yourself. You may the sooner, for I have told all my kind neighbours here, a good deal of your story, and your excellence.—Yes, said Lady Darnford, my dear neighbour, as I *will* call you; we that are here present have heard your uncommon story.—Then, madam, reply'd I, you have heard what must make your kind allowance for me very necessary.—No, said Mrs. Peters, we have heard what will always make you valued as an honour to our sex, and as a pattern for all the young ladies in the county. I could only curt'sy to this high compliment.

Mrs. Jewkes came in with the Canary, brought by Nan, to the alcove, and some cake on a salver; and I said—Mrs. Jewkes, let me be your assistant; I will serve the ladies with the cake. So I took the salver, and went round to the company with it, ending with my master. Mrs. Jones said, she was not used to be served with such a grace; and they all praised me. Sir Simon particularly said, when I served him, that I should have a better office: and seeming to expect that I should make some answer—I hope my good master's favour, said I, will never make me forget, that it is my duty to wait upon his friends.—Master! Sweet-one, said Sir Simon, I hope you won't always call Mr. B. master, for fear our ladies should make the word a fashionable one to their husbands through the county.

The elder Miss Darnford stood up when I served her, and addressed me

thus :—I beg your pardon, my dear madam, but I had heard how sweetly this garb became you, and was told the history of it ; and I begg'd it as a favour, that you might oblige us with your appearance in it.—I am much oblig'd to you, madam, said I, that your kind prescription was so agreeable to my choice.—*Was it your choice?* said she. I am glad of that : and yet the moment I beheld you, I excused myself, to myself ; for I saw that your person *gave*, and could not *take* ornament from any dress. I blushed, and curtsy'd ; but was unable to return an answer.

Lady Darnford told my master, that she hop'd they should have my company at table. He said, very kindly—It is her time now, and I will leave it to her choice.—If the good ladies, then, will forgive me, sir, said I, I had rather be excused. They all said—I must not. I begg'd I might.—Your reason for it, my Pamela? said my master : since the ladies request it, I wish you would dine with us.—Sir, reply'd I, your goodness will make me, every day, more and more deserving of the honour the ladies do me ; but at present I have too great a sense of my unworthiness to be easy under such a distinction.

My master generously said—Well then, ladies, we will not urge this matter further : we must not make my good girl uneasy with herself.

And must we excuse you, my *amiable friend*? most sweetly said Miss Darnford. Accept me as such, said she. Allow me to love you as my sister.

How encouraging to your girl, my dear parents, was the condescension of so fine a young lady. My master seem'd delighted with the honour done me, by every one.

Lady Darnford was pleased to say—We will not oppress you, my sweet neighbour : but if we excuse you at dinner, we must insist upon your company at tea, and at the card-table ; for (turning to my master) we intend to pass the whole day with you, sir, as we told you.—What say you to Lady Darnford's kind expectation, my Pamela? said my master.—Sir, reply'd I, whatever is your pleasure, and the ladies', I shall think it my duty to comply with. They said, I was very obliging. But Sir Simon, rapping out an oath, said—That *they* might dine together, if they would ; but *he* would dine with me, and with nobody else.

The young ladies each offer'd herself to take a turn about the garden with me. And we three, and Mrs. Jones's sister-in-law, and Mr. Peters's niece, walk'd together.

They were very affable, kind, and obliging ; and we soon enter'd into a good deal of familiarity ; and Miss Darnford every moment rose higher in my opinion. Her sister was a little more on the reserve ; and I afterwards heard, that, about a year before, she would fain have had my master make his addresses to her ; but tho' Sir Simon is reckon'd rich, she was not thought a sufficient fortune for him. And, now, to have him look down so low as me, must be a sort of mortification to a poor young lady ! And I pity'd her. Indeed I did ! I wish all young persons of my sex could be as happy as I am likely to be.

My master told me afterwards, that I left the other ladies, and Sir Simon and Mrs. Peters, so full of *admiration*, was his word, both of my person and behaviour, that they could hardly talk of any other subject. The dear gentleman, God bless him ! told me this with a pleasure that doubly delighted me.

We walked in, and dinner not being ready, the young ladies desired me to give them one tune upon the harpsichord. They knew, Miss Darnford

was pleased to say, that I could oblige them to advantage, both with my finger and my voice.

They would not be denied, and I obeyed.

The ladies were so kind as to approve my performance : and Miss Darnford complimented me highly upon it ; and said, she wish'd Mr. B. could be prevail'd upon to give a ball on an approaching happy occasion. But I can't say *I* do ; tho' I did not say so ; for these occasions, I think, are too solemn for *principals* of our sex to take part in, especially if they have the same thoughts of the solemnity that I have : for, tho' I have before me a prospect of happiness that may be envied by women of high rank ; yet I have something very awful upon my mind, when I think of the matter, and shall more and more, as it draws nearer.

About Four o'clock.

My master just now came up to me, and said—If you should see Mr. Williams below, do you think, Pamela, you should not be surpriz'd?—No, sir, said I, I hope not. Why should I?—Expect, said he, a stranger, then, when you come down to us in the parlour ; for the ladies are preparing for the card-table, and they insist upon your company.—O sir, said I, you seem disposed to try all my courage.—Does it want courage, Pamela, to see Mr. Williams?—No, sir, were not so many of your neighbours present, some of whom refused me protection, when I thought myself in danger. They, perhaps, will be affected, and will affect me, on recollecting what passed on that occasion ; Sir Simon Darnford, particularly, will perhaps take notice of the application made to his lady ; Mr. Peters—Well, interrupted he, I would have you guard your heart against surprizes, tho' you should see a man you have very little expectation to see, and whom you perhaps dearly love.

This speech equally surprizes and concerns me. What will become of me, if he should be jealous? He look'd very gravely when he said this. If any turn should now happen ! My heart aches. But I will assume as cheerful an air as I possibly can, that nothing may be imputed to me. Yet I wish Mr. Williams had not come now, that there is so much company : otherwise I should have been glad to see the poor gentleman ; for indeed I think him a good man, and he has suffer'd for my sake.

I am now sent for down to cards. I'll go ; but wish for the continuance of their good opinion of me : for I shall be very awkward. My master, by his serious question, and caution to guard my heart against surprizes, has quite alarm'd me. I hope he loves me ! But whether he does or not, I am in for it now, over head and ears, I doubt, and can't help loving him ; 'tis a folly to deny it.

Now, my dear mother, must I write to *you*. Well might my master speak so mysteriously as he did, about guarding my heart against surprizes. I never was so surpriz'd in my life ; and never could see a man I love so dearly ! O my mother, it was my dear, dear father (and not Mr. Williams) that was below, ready to receive and to bless your daughter ; and both my master and my father enjoin'd me to write how the whole matter was, and what my thoughts were on this joyful occasion.

I will take the matter from the beginning, that Providenc directed his feet to this house, as I have had it from Mrs. Jewkes, from my master, my father, the ladies, and from my own heart and behaviour, as far as I know of both.

It seems then, that my father and you were so uneasy to know the truth of the story which Thomas had told you, that, fearing I was betray'd, and

absolutely ruined, he set out the day after Thomas was there; and on Friday morning got to the neighbouring town; and there he heard, that the gentry in the neighbourhood were at my master's at a great entertainment. He put on fresh linen (which he had brought in his pocket) at an alehouse there, and got shav'd; and then set out for my master's house, with a heavy heart, dreading for me, and in much fear of being himself brow-beaten. He had, it seems, asked at the alehouse, what family the 'squire had down here, in hopes to hear something of me; and they said—A housekeeper, two maids, and, at present, two coachmen, and two grooms, a footman, and a helper.—Was there no more of the family down? he asked. They told him, but said it must not come from them, that there was a young creature there, who had been his mother's waiting-maid; but was supposed to be his mistress. This, he said, grieved his heart, and confirmed his fears.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, he reached the iron gate; and ringing there, Sir Simon's coachman, who was nearest at hand went to him. And my father ask'd for the housekeeper; tho' from what I had written, he could not in his heart abide her. Mrs. Jewkes sent for him in, little thinking who he was, and ask'd him, in the little hall, what was his business with her?—Only, madam, said he, whether I cannot speak one word with the 'squire?—No, friend, said she, he is engaged with several gentlemen and ladies.—I have business with his honour, said my father, of greater consequence to me than either life or death. And tears stood in his eyes.

At these words she went into the great parlour, where my master was talking very pleasantly with the ladies; and said—Sir, here is a good tight man, who wants to see you on business of life and death, he says, and is very earnest.—Ay, said he, who can he be? Shew him into the little hall. I'll go to him presently. At my master's going out, Sir Simon, in his free manner, said—No more nor less, my good friend, I dare say, than a bastard child. If it is, bring it in to us.—I will, said my master.

Mrs. Jewkes tells me my master was much surpris'd, when he saw my father; and she much more, when my father said—Good God! give me patience! but, sir, as great as you are, I must ask for my child! and burst out into tears. [O my dear mother! what trouble have I given you both!] My master said taking him by the hand—Don't be uneasy, Goodman Andrews, your daughter is in the way to be happy!

This alarm'd my father, and he said—What! then, is she dying? And trembled so, he could hardly stand. My master made him sit down, and sat down by him, and said—No, God be prais'd! she is very well; and pray be comforted: she has written a letter to assure you, that she has reason to be well satisfied and happy.

Ah! sir, said he, you told me once she was in London, waiting on a bishop's lady, when all the time she was a close prisoner here.—Well, that's all over now, Goodman Andrews, said my master: times are alter'd; for now the sweet girl has taken me prisoner; and, in a few days, I shall put on the most agreeable fetters that ever man wore.

O sir, said he, you are too pleasant for my griefs. My heart is almost broken. But may I not see my poor, poor child?—You shall presently, reply'd my master, for she is coming down to us; and I hope you will believe *her*, tho' you seem to doubt *me*.

I will ask you, sir, said he, but one question till then, that I may know how to look upon her when I see her. Is she honest? Is she virtuous?—As

the new-born babe, Mr. Andrews, said my master; and in twelve days' time, I hope, will be my wife!

O flatter me not, good your honour, said my father, with folded hands: it cannot, cannot be! I fear you have deluded her with strange hopes; and would make me believe impossibilities!—Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, do you tell my Pamela's father all you know concerning me, and your mistress that is to be. Meantime, set out what you have, and make him drink a glass of what he likes best. If this be wine, added he, fill me a bumper.

She did so; and he took my father by the hand, and said—Believe me, good man, and be easy; for I can't bear to see you tortur'd in this cruel suspense: your daughter is the beloved of my soul. I am glad you are come: you will find us all in the same story. And here's your dame's health; and God bless you both, for being the happy means of procuring for me so great a blessing! And so he drank this most obliging toast.

What do I hear! it cannot surely be! said my father. And your honour cannot, I hope, mock a poor old man! This ugly story, sir, of the bishop runs in my head! But you say I shall see my child! And I shall see her honest! If not, poor as I am, I would not own her!

My master bid Mrs. Jewkes not let me know yet, that my father was come; and went to the company, and said—I have been agreeably surpris'd. Here is honest Mr. Andrews come, full of grief, to see his daughter; for he fears she is seduc'd; and tells me, worthy man, that, poor as he is, he will not own her, if she be not virtuous.

O, said they all, with one voice almost—Dear sir! shall we not see the good old man you have so much praised for his plain good sense and honest heart; and for his love to his daughter, as well as his daughter for her duty to him?—I intend, said my master, to surprise her. She shall not know her father is come till she sees him.—Dear, dear Mr. B., said Miss Darnford (and they all join'd in the same request) let us be present at their first interview! But was not this very cruel, my dear mother? For well might they think I should not support myself under such an agreeable surprise.

He said, kindly—I have but one fear; that the dear girl may be too much affected.—O, said Lady Darnford, we'll all help to keep up her spirits.—I'll go up, said he, and prepare her a little.

Accordingly, he came up, and amused me, as I have told you, about Mr. Willians.

My master went from me to my father, and asked if he had eaten any thing.—No, said Mrs. Jewkes; the good man's heart's so full he cannot eat, nor take comfort, till he has seen his daughter.—That shall soon be, said my master. I will have you come in with me; for she is going to sit down with my guests to quadrille; and I will hasten her down.—O sir, said my father, don't, don't let me; I am not fit to appear before your guests; let me see my daughter by myself, I beseech you.—All my guests know your honest character, Goodman Andrews, said my master; and long to see you for Pamela's sake.

He then took my father by the hand, and led him in, against his will, to the company.—My good neighbours, said my master, I present to you one of the honestest men in England; my Pamela's father. Mr. Peters went to him, and took him by the hand, and said—We are all glad to see you, sir; you are the happiest man in the world in a daughter, whom we never saw before to-day; but cannot enough admire her,

This gentleman, Mr. Andrews, said my master, is the minister of the parish ; but is not young enough to be Mr. Williams. This airy expression, my poor father said, made him, for a moment, fear that all was a jest. Sir Simon also took him by the hand, and said—Ay, you have a sweet daughter, honesty : we are all in love with her.—And the ladies came, and said very fine things : Lady Darnford particularly—That he might think himself the happiest man in England, in such a daughter.—If, and please you, madam, said he, she be but virtuous, 'tis all in all : the rest is but accident. But, I doubt, his honour has been too much upon the jest with me.—No, said Mrs. Peters, we are all witnesses, that he intends very honourably by her.—It is some comfort, said he, and wiped his eyes, that such good ladies say so ! But I wish I could see her.

They would have had him sit down by them, but he chose to sit in the corner of the room, behind the door ; so that he could not be seen as one came in ; because the door open'd against him, as I may say. The ladies all sat down. My master scut for me. And down I came.

Miss Darnford, in order to engage me from looking at my father, as I put to the door after me, welcomed me down. I saw not, therefore, my father presently : and his heart was so full that he could not speak to me : but he got up and sat down three or four times successively, in silence, and was quite unable to come to me. The ladies all had their eyes upon him ; but I would not look that way, supposing Mr. Williams was there : and they made me sit down between Lady Darnford and Mrs. Jones ; and asked me what we should play at. I referred myself to their choice, and wonder'd to see them smile, and look now upon me, and then to that part of the room ; but still, as Mr. Williams had not been presented to me, I looked not that way, tho' my face was to the door, and the table before me.

Did you send your letter to the post-house, my good girl, said my master, for your father?—To be sure, sir, answered I ; I did not forget that. Mr. Thomas carried it.—What, said he, I wonder, will the good old couple say to it?—O sir, replied I, the news of your great goodness will be a cordial to their worthy hearts !

At that, my father, not able to contain himself, nor yet to stir from the place, gush'd out into a flood of tears, and cry'd out—O my child !

I knew the voice, and lifting up my eyes, and seeing my father, gave a spring, overturn'd the table, without regard to the company, and threw myself at his feet—O my father ! my father ! said I, can it be ! Is it you ? Yes, it is ! it is ! O bless your happy—daughter ! I would have said, and down I sunk.

My master was concern'd.—I fear'd, said he, that the surprize would be too much for her spirits. All the ladies ran to me, and made me drink a glass of water ; and recovering, I found myself in the arms of my dearest father.—O tell me, said I, every thing ! How long have you been here ? When did you come ? How does my mother ? And half a dozen questions more I asked, before he could answer one.

They permitted me to retire, with my father ; and then I pour'd forth all my vows and thanksgivings to God for this additional blessing ; and confirm'd all my master's goodness to me, to his joyful amazement. And after I had resolv'd all his doubts, and answer'd all his questions, we knee'd together, blessing God, and each other, and you also, my dear mother, for several ecstatic minutes ; and my master coming in soon after, my dear father said—O sir, what a change is this ! May God reward and bless you, in this world and the next !

How does my sweet girl? said my kind master. I have been in pain for you! I am sorry I did not apprise you beforehand——

O sir, said I, it was *you*! and all you do must be right. But this was a blessing so unexpected!

Well, said he, you have given painful delight to all the company. They will be glad to see you, when you can return.—Mr. Andrews, do you make this house your own; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you will be. After you have a little compos'd yourself, my dear girl, come to us again. I am glad to see you so well already. And he left us.

See you, my dear father, said I, what goodness there is in this once naughty master. O pray for him, and pray that I may deserve it!

How long is it since this happy change has been wrought, my dear child?—O, said I, several happy days! I have written down every thing; and you will see, from the depth of despair, what God has done for your daughter!

Blessed be his name! said he. But can it be, that such a great gentleman will make a lady of the child of such a poor man as I? O the Divine Goodness! How will your mother be able to support these happy tidings? I will set out to-morrow, to acquaint her with them: for I am but half happy, till the dear good woman shares my joy! To be sure, my dear child, we ought to go into some far country to hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our poverty!

Now, my dear father, said I, you are unkind for the first time. Your poverty has been my glory; your honesty and integrity have been my riches. Do I not owe all I am, and am likely to be, to your and my dear mother's good lessons and example? And shall I be ashamed of my parentage? See you not already that this great and rich gentleman respects you for your goodness? And what is greatness to goodness?

In this manner, my dear mother, did we pass the happy moments, till Miss Darnford came in, and enquiring kindly after my health, took my father's hand and mine, and, with the most engaging sweetness, led us both into the great parlour to the company; who all arose to congratulate us. My master took my father's hand, in the kindest manner, and obliged him to sit down by him, and pledge him in a glass of wine. Sir Simon, after his facetious manner, put his hands on my shoulders.—Let me see, let me see, said he, where do your wings grow? for I never saw any body fly like you.—Why, said he, you have broken Mrs. Jones's shins with the table.—Shew her, madam, the hurt she has done you.

They were so kind as to excuse me at cards; and my master made me sit between the two dearest men in the world to me, each holding one of my hands! my father, every now and then, with tears, lifting up his eyes, and saying—Could I ever have hoped this!

I ask'd him, if he had been so good as to bring the papers with him. He said he had, and looked at me, as if he asked—Must I give them to you now? I said—Be pleased to let me have them. He gave them to me; and I stood up, and curt'sying, put them into my master's hands.—Thank you, Pamela, said he. Your father shall take all your papers with him, that he may see how faulty I have been, as well as be enabled to account for this happy alteration. But I must have them all returned me. I shall keep them for the writer's sake.

My master was very urgent with the company to stay supper; and, at last, they comply'd, on condition that I would grace the table, as they were

pleased to call it. I begg'd to be excus'd. My master said—Don't be excus'd, Pamela, since the ladies desire it. And besides, we won't part with your father ; and so you may as well stay with us.

I was in hopes my father and I might sup by ourselves, or only with Mrs. Jewkes.

When supper was brought in, Lady Darnford took me by the hand, and said to my master—Sir, by your leave ; and would have plac'd me at the upper end of the table.—Pray, pray, madam, said I, excuse me ; I cannot sit there, indeed I cannot.—Pamela, said my master, to the great delight of my good father, as I could see by his looks, oblige Lady Darnford, since she desires it. It is but a little before your time.

Dear, good sir, said I, pray don't command it ! Let me sit by my father.—Here's ado indeed, said Sir Simon ; sit down at the upper end, as you should do ! and your father shall sit by you there.

This put my father upon difficulties. And my master said—Come, I'll place you all : and so put Lady Darnford at the upper end, Mrs. Jones at her right hand, and Mrs. Peters on the left, placing me between the two young ladies ; but very genteelly put Miss Darnford below her younger sister ; saying—Come, madam, I'll put you here, because you shall hedge in this pretty cuckold.

This seem'd to please both sisters ; for had the younger been put there, it might have piqu'd her, as matters had been formerly, to be plac'd below me ; whereas Miss Darnford, giving place to her younger sister, made it less particular she should to me.

My master kindly said—Come, Mr. Andrews, you and I will sit together. And took his place at the bottom of the table, and set my father on his right hand ; and Sir Simon would sit on his left. For parson, said Sir Simon to Mr. Peters, I think the petticoats should sit together ; do you, therefore, sit down by that lady (his sister). They had heard, that I had been used, by my late lady's goodness, to carve at her table, when she had any of her select friends to dine with her ; and they would put me upon that office ; and were pleased with my performance ; all kindly desirous to keep your poor girl in countenance. And Miss Darnford took occasion to praise my voice and my performance on the harpsichord.—Foolish Polly, said Sir Simon, who, that hears her speak, knows not that she has a voice ? And who, that sees her fingers, believes not that they were made to touch any key ? He laughed out, and—O parson ! added he, 'tis well you are by, or I would have provoked a blush from the ladies.—I hope not, Sir Simon, said Mrs. Jones ; a man of your politeness would not say any thing that would make ladies blush.—No, not for the world, reply'd he ; but if I had, it would have been, as the poet says,—

They blush, because they understand.

When the company went away, Lady Darnford, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Peters, severally, in a very pressing manner, invited my master to return their visit, and not to fail to bring me with him. And they said to me—We hope, when the happy knot is ty'd, you will induce Mr. B. to reside more among us.—We were always glad, said Lady Darnford, when Mr. B. was here ; but now shall have double reason.—What grateful things were these to the ears of my good father !

When the company was gone, my master made us both sit down by him ; and said—I have been telling this sweet girl, that, in fourteen days (and two of them are gone) she must fix on one to make me happy ; and have left

it to her, to chuse either one of the first or last seven.—My father held up his hands and eyes—God bless your honour, said he, is all I can say !—Now, Pamela, said my master, taking my hand, don't let a little wrong-tim'd bashfulness take place ; because I should be glad to return to my Bedfordshire house, as soon as possible ; and I would not go thither, till I carry my servants there a mistress, who should assist me to repair the mischiefs she has made in my family.

I could not look up for joyful confusion. And my father said—My dear child, I need not, I am sure, prompt your obedience in whatever will most oblige so good a gentleman.—What says my Pamela ? said my master ; she does not use to be at a loss for expression.—Sir, said I, were I too sudden, it would look as if I doubted whether you would hold in your mind, and was not willing to give you time for reflection. But otherwise, I have no doubt to say, that I ought to resign myself implicitly to your will.

Saturday.

I AROSE early in the morning ; but found my father was up before me, and was gone to walk in the garden. I went to him ; enquiring after his rest.—O my dearest child, said he, I have had a blessed night. I ruminated on all the wonderful things that have passed till I fell asleep : and then I dreamt of nothing but of Jacob's ladder, and angels descending to bless me, and my beloved daughter !

About seven o'clock my master join'd us, in his gown and slippers ; and looking a little heavy, I said—Sir, I fear you had not good rest last night.—That is your fault, Pamela, said he : after I went from you, I could not forbear looking into your papers, and they held me till after three.—I wish, sir, said I, you had had better entertainment.—The worst part of it, answered he, was what I had brought upon myself ; and you have not spar'd me. But I forgive you. You had too much reason for it. Yet I find, plainly enough, that if you had got away, you would soon have been Williams's wife. Indeed I can't see how it could have been otherwise.—I do assure you, sir, said I, I had no notion of being his wife, or any body's.—I believe so, said he ; but it must have come on as of course ; and I see your father was for it.—Sir, said my father, it was impossible for me to think of the joyful prospect before me. I thought my child's virtue would be secured by her marriage with an honest man ; and that Mr. Williams, as a good clergyman, would be a greater match for her than we could hope for : but when I found my daughter was averse to it, I resolv'd not to urge her ; but leave all to her own prudence.

My master would make us both breakfast with him ; and he said—(Abraham at his command withdrawing)—I would have you, Pamela, begin to dress as you used to do ; for now, at least, you may call your *two other bundles* your own ; and for whatever you may want against the approaching occasion, (private as I design it, for particular reasons respecting Lady Davers) I'll send to Lincoln for it, by a special messenger.—My good lady's bounty, and his own, I said, had set me much above my degree, and I had very good things of all sorts ; and I did not desire any other, because I would not excite the censure of the ladies.—At present, he was pleas'd to say, if I was satisfied, he would be so ; and would defer dress and appearance till he publicly owned his nuptials.

I hope Mr. Andrews, said he to my father, you will not leave us till you see the happy solemnity over, and then you will be *sure* I mean honourably ; and besides, Pamela will be thereby induced to give me an early

day.—O sir, said he, I bless God, I have no reason to doubt your honour-able meaning; and I hope you will excuse me, if I set out on Monday morning, very early, to my wife, for I am impatient to make her as happy as I am myself.

Why, Pamela, said my master, may not the ceremony be perform'd on Tuesday, and then your father, perhaps, will stay? I should have been glad to have had it to-morrow, added he; but I have sent Colbrand for a licence, that you may not have the shadow of a scruple remaining; and he cannot be back before to-morrow night, or Monday morning.

As we sat at breakfast, my master was pleased to order the coach, and said he would give me and my father an airing.—And do you, Pamela, said he, go up and dress yourself, as heretofore.

My father, dear man! looking upon himself, now on this side, now on that, because of his mean appearance, begged to be excused. But my master would have it so.

I went up soon after; and, in obedience to my master's commands, took possession, in a happy moment, I hope, of my *two bundles*, as my good master was pleased to call them, (alluding to my former division of those good things my lady and himself had bestowed upon me) and so put on fine linen, silk shoes, and fine white cotton stockings; a handsome quilted petticoat, a rich green Mantua silk gown and coat; a French necklace, and a laced cambric handkerchief, and clean gloves; and taking my fan in my hand, I, like a proud hussey, look'd in the glass, and was ready to think myself a gentlewoman; but I forgot not to return due thanks, for being able to put on this dress with so light a heart.

My father did not know I went up to dress myself; and, when first he saw me afterwards, he stood in admiration, and said—O my dear child, how well will you become your happy condition! Why, you look like a lady already!—I hope, my dear father, said I, and boldly kissed him, I shall always be *your* dutiful daughter, whatever my condition be.

My master sent me word he was ready; and when he saw me, said—Dress as you will, Pamela, you are a charming girl; and handed me to the coach, and would make my father and me sit both on the fore side; and sat backwards over-against me; and bid the coachman drive to the meadow; that is, where he once met Mr. Williams.

The conversation was most agreeable to me, and to my father, as we went; and he more and more exceeded in goodness and generosity. And what do you think? Why, while I was gone up to dress, he presented my father with twenty guineas; desiring him to buy himself and my mother such apparel as they should think proper; and lay it all out. But I knew not this till after we came home; my father having had no opportunity of telling me of it.

He was pleased to inform me of the chapel being got in tolerable order; and said it look'd very well; and against he came down next, it should be all new white-wash'd, and painted, and lin'd; and a new pulpit cloth, cushion, desk, &c., and that it should always be kept in order for the future. He told me, the two Miss Darnfords, and Mrs. Jones, would dine with him on Sunday—And with their servants and mine, said he, we shall make a tolerable congregation. And, added he, have I not well contriv'd, to shew you, that the chapel is really a house of God, and has been consecrated before we solemnize our nuptials in it?—O sir, reply'd I, your goodness to me is inexpressible!—Mr. Peters, said he, offer'd to come and officiate in it; but would not stay to dine with me, because he is to have

company at his own house; and so I intend that Divine Service shall be perform'd in it, by one to whom I shall make a yearly allowance, as my chaplain! You look serious, Pamela, added he: I know you think of your friend Williams.—Indeed, sir, said I, if you won't be angry, I did. Poor man! I am sorry I have been the cause of his disobliging you.

When we came to the meadow, where the gentry have sometimes their walk, the coach stopp'd, and my master alighted, and led me to the brook-side; and it was a very pretty summer walk. He ask'd my father, if he chose to walk out, or go on in the coach to the further end? He, poor man, chose to go on in the coach—For fear, he said, any gentry should be walking there; and he told me, that he spent every moment of his time in the coach in thanking God for his mercies to us, and in begging for a blessing upon my master and me.

I was quite astonish'd, when we came into the shady walk, to see Mr. Williams there.—See there, said my master, there's poor Williams, taking his solitary walk again, with his book. And it seems it was so contriv'd; for Mr. Peters had been, as I since find, desired to tell him to be in that walk at such an hour in the morning.

So, old acquaintance, said my master, again have I met you in this place. What book are you now reading? He said—It was Boileau's *Lutrin*.—You see, said my master, I have brought with me my little fugitive, that would have been: while you are perfecting yourself in French, I am trying to learn honest English; and hope soon to be master of it.

Mine, sir, said he, is a very beautiful piece of French: but your English has no equal.

You are very polite, Mr. Williams, said my master. But, Pamela, why so strange, where you have once been so well acquainted? I do assure you both, that I mean not, by this interview, to abash Mr. Williams, or to reproach you.

Then I said—Mr. Williams, I am very glad to see you; and (tho' the generous favour of my master has happily changed the scene, since you and I last saw each other) to have this opportunity to acknowledge, with gratitude, your good intentions, not so much to serve me, as *me*, but as a person who then had great reason to believe herself in distress.

You, Pamela, said my master, may make what acknowledgments you please to Mr. Williams's good intentions; and I would have you speak as you think; but I do not apprehend myself to be quite so much obliged to those intentions.

Sir, said Mr. Williams, I beg leave to say, that knowing your good sense, and worthy education, I had great hopes, that when you came to reflect, you would not be displeas'd with me, for endeavouring to serve and to save an innocence, of which there are not many examples.

Recrimination, Mr. Williams, replied my master, is not my intent. Pamela knew not that she should see you here; and now you are both present, I would ask you, sir, if, now you know my honourable designs towards this good girl, you can really be *almost*, I will not say *quite*, as well pleas'd with the friendship of my wife, as you could have been with the favour of Mrs. Andrews?

Sir, reply'd he, I will answer you truly. I think I could have preferr'd with her any condition of life, however low, had I consider'd only *myself*. But, sir, I had not the least encouragement from her; and had far greater reason to believe, that if she could have hop'd for your goodness, her heart would have been too much pre-engag'd, to think of any body else. And

give me leave further to say, sir, that tho' I tell you sincerely my thoughts, were I only to consider *myself*; yet when I consider *her good*, I should be highly ungenerous, were it put to my *choice*, if I could not wish her in a condition so greatly superior, and so very answerable to her merit.

Mr. Williams, taking my father's hand, as he sat in the coach, before he entered it himself, said—You contemplate, good Mr. Andrews, with inexpressible pleasure, no doubt, the fruits of your pious care; and now are in a way, with your beloved daughter, to reap the happy effects of it. —I am overcome, said my dear father, with his honour's goodness. But I can only say, I bless *God*, and bless *him*.

Mr. Williams and I being nearer the coach than my master, and he offering to draw back, to give way to him, he kindly said—Pray, Mr. Williams, oblige Pamela with your hand; and step in yourself. He bow'd, and took my hand, and stept in, my master making him sit forwards next me.

Mr. Andrews, said my master, as he stept in himself, I told you yesterday, that the Divine you saw, was *not* Mr. Williams; I now tell you, this gentleman *is*: and tho' I have been telling him, I think not *myself* obliged to his intentions; yet I will own, that Pamela and *you* are; and I would have you love him.

Sir, said Mr. Williams, you have a way of overcoming, that hardly all my reading affords an instance of the like; and it is the more noble, as it is on this side, as I presume, the happy ceremony; which, great as your fortune is, will lay you under an obligation to so much virtue and beauty, when the lady becomes yours; for you will then have a treasure that princes might envy you for.

Mr. Williams, replied my generous master (God bless him!) it is impossible that you and I should live at variance, when our sentiments agree so well together, on subjects the most material.

Then taking my hand—Collect yourself, and look up, my good girl, said he; and don't injure Mr. Williams and me so much, as to think we are capping compliments, as we used to do verses, at school. I dare answer for him, as well as for myself, that we say not a syllable we don't think.

How happily, sir, said Mr. Williams, tears of joy in his eyes, have you been touch'd by the Divine Grace, before you were hurry'd into the commission of sins, that the deepest penitence could hardly have aton'd for! God has enabled you to stop short of the evil; and you have nothing to do, but to rejoice in the good, which now will be doubly so, because you can receive it without the least inward reproach.

You say well, replied my master: and I hope from the good example of my dear girl, here, and from *your* friendship, Mr. Williams, in time, to be half as good as my tutoress. And that, said he, I believe, you will own, will make me, without disparagement to any man, the best fox-hunter in England.

Mr. Williams was going to speak: and he said—You put on so grave a look, Mr. Williams, that, I believe, what I have said, with you *practical* good folks, is liable to exception: but I see we were become quite grave; and we must not be too serious neither.

We dined together in a most pleasant, easy, and frank manner; and I found I needed not, from my master's generosity, to be under any restraint, as to my conduct to this good clergyman; for as often as he fanc'd I was reserv'd, he urg'd me to shew civilities and care of Mr. Williams.

After dinner, we went and look'd into the chapel ; which is a very pretty one, and very decent.

My heart, my dear mother, when I first set my foot in it, throbb'd a good deal, with awful joy, at the thoughts of the solemnity, which I hope will, in a few days, be performed in it.

My master, just as I joined the company, said to Mr. Williams—You will not, I hope, sir, refuse to give us your instructions here to-morrow. Mr. Peters was so kind to offer to officiate ; but I knew it would be inconvenient for him ; and besides, I was willing to make this request to you as a token of a thorough reconciliation on my part.

Sir, said he, most willingly, and most gratefully, will I obey you : tho' if you expect a discourse, I am wholly unprepar'd for the *occasion*.—I would not have it, reply'd my master, pointed to any particular occasion ; but if you have one upon the text—*There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety-nine just persons that need no repentance*, and if it draws not upon me the eyes of my own servants, and those of the ladies we shall have here, I shall be content. I mention this text, as it is an usual one with the gentlemen of your cloth ; but any one you have at hand will do.

I have one upon that very text, sir, replied Mr. Williams ; but I think, that a thanksgiving one, which I made on a great mercy to myself, if I may be permitted to make my own acknowledgments of your favour the subject of a discourse, will be suitable to my grateful sentiments. It is on the text—*Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace ; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation*.

That text, said I, will be a very suitable one for me.

When we came out of the little chapel, Mr. Williams said he would go home, and look over his discourses for a suitable one.

I have one thing to say, before you go, Mr. Williams, said my master—It is this : when my jealousy, on account of this good girl, put me upon a very vindictive conduct to you, you know I took a bond for the money I had caused you to be troubled for : I really am ashamed of that proceeding. I intended not, at the time I lent it to you, nor even when I took the bond, ever to receive it again. Here it is cancelled (taking it out of his pocket, and giving it to him). How poorly does the present atone for the cruelty I used you with ! But what will not jealousy make a man guilty of ? I think, proceeded he, all the charges attending the trouble you had, were defray'd by my attorney : I order'd that they should.

They were, sir, said he ; and ten thousand thanks to you for this goodness !

My father was a little uneasy about his habit, because of his being to appear at chapel next day, before Miss Darnfords, and the servants ; not on his own account, he said, but for my master's and mine : and then he told me of my master's present of twenty guineas for clothes, for you both ; which made my heart truly joyful. But is it not almost a *hard* thing, my dear mother, to lie under the weight of such deep obligations on one side, and such a sense of one's own unworthiness on the other ? What a God-like power is that of doing good ! I envy the rich and the great for nothing else !

My master coming to us just as the twenty guineas were mentioned, I said—O ! sir, will your bounty know no limits ! My father has told me what you have given him.—A trifle, Pamela, said he ; a little earnest only of my kindness. Say no more of it. But did I not hear the good man

expressing some sort of concern for somewhat? Hide nothing from me, Pamela.—Only, sir, replied I, he knew not how to absent himself from Divine Service, and yet from his poor garb——

Fie, Mr. Andrews, interrupted he, I thought you were above regarding outward appearance. But, Pamela, your father is not much thinner than I am, nor much shorter; he and I will walk up together to my wardrobe; tho' it is not so well stored here, as in Bedfordshire.

He accordingly led him, not without some painful reluctance on my father's part, up stairs, and looked over several suits; and at last, fixing his eye upon a fine drab, which he thought look'd the plainest, he would help him to try the coat and waistcoat on himself. Indeed they fit him surprisingly well: and being plain, and lin'd with the same colour (being made for travelling in a coach), my father had the less objection to them.

My master gave him the whole suit, and directed, in the kindest and most generous manner, that he should have linen, and hat, and shoes, and stockings, of his own, looked out for him; and even gave him, instead of the shoe-strings he used to wear, a pair of silver buckles out of his own shoes. So, my good mother, you must expect to see my dear father a great beau.—Wig, said my master, you want not, Mr. Andrews; for your own venerable white locks become you better than the most costly peruke ever became the best-dressed man in England.

But my poor father could not refrain tears when he came to me, and told me all this.—I know not how, said he, to comport myself under these great favours. O my child, it is all owing to the Divine Goodness, and your virtue!

Sunday.

This blessed day all the family seem'd to take delight to equip themselves for the celebration of the Sabbath, in the little chapel; and Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Williams, came in her chariot, and the two Miss Darnfords, in their own; each attended by a footman. And we breakfasted together, in a most agreeable manner. My father appear'd quite spruce and neat, and was greatly caress'd by the three ladies.

As we were at breakfast, my master told Mr. Williams, we must let the Psalms alone, he doubted, for want of a clerk; but Mr. Williams said—No, nothing should be wanting that he could supply. My father said—If it might be permitted, he would, as well as he was able, perform that office; for it was what he had always taken delight in. And as I knew he had learnt psalmody formerly, in his youth, and had constantly practis'd it in private, at home, on Sunday evenings (as well as endeavour'd to teach it in the little school he so unsuccessfully set up, at the beginning of his misfortunes, before he took to hard labour), I was in no pain for his undertaking it in this little congregation. They seem'd much pleased with his offer. Mrs. Jewkes, and all the servants, but the cook, attended: and I never saw Divine Service perform'd with more solemnity, nor assisted at with greater devotion and decency; my master, Mrs. Jones, and the two young ladies, setting an amiable example.

My father perform'd his part with great applause, making the responses as if he had been a practis'd parish-clerk. He gave out the xxiii^d psalm, which consisting of but three staves, we had it all; and he read the line, and began the tune, with a heart so entirely affected with the duty, as enabled him to go thro' it distinctly, calmly, and fervently at the same time. Mrs. Jones whisper'd me—That good men were fit for all companies, and present to every laudable occasion: and Miss Darnford said—God bless the dear good man!

You must think how I rejoiced in my heart.

I know, my dear mother, you can say most of the shorter psalms by heart; so I need not transcribe this, especially as your chief treasure is a Bible: and a treasure indeed it is. I know nobody makes more or better use of it.

Mr. Williams gave us an excellent discourse on liberality and generosity, and the blessing attending the right use of riches, from the xith chapter of *Proverbs*, ver. 24, 25. *There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to poverty. The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself.* And he treated the subject in so handsome a manner, (keeping to generals) that the delicacy of my master, who at first was afraid of some personal compliments, was not offended; and he called it an elegant and sensible discourse.

At dinner, do what I could, I was obliged to take the upper end of the table; and my master said—Pamela, you are so dextrous, that I think you may help the ladies; and I will help my good friends, (should I not?) meaning my father and Mr. Williams.

I should have told you tho', that I dress'd myself in a flower'd satten, that was my lady's, and look'd as good as new, and which had been given me soon after her death by my master; and the ladies, who had not seen me out of my homespun before, made me abundance of compliments, when they saw me first.

We walk'd in the garden till tea was ready; and as we went by the back-door, my master said to me—*Of all the flowers in the garden the sun-flower is the fairest!*—O, sir, said I, let that be now forgot!—Mr. Williams heard him say so, and seem'd a little out of countenance: whereupon my master said—I mean not to make you serious, Mr. Williams. There are other scenes before me, which, in my Pamela's dangers, give me more cause of concern, than any thing you ever did, ought to give you.—Sir, said he, you are very generous.

My master and Mr. Williams afterwards walked together, for a quarter of an hour, and talked about general things, and some scholastic subjects, and joined us, very well pleased with each other's conversation.

Mrs. Jones said, putting herself on one side of me, as my master was on the other—But, pray, sir, when is the happy time to be? We want it over, that we may have you with us as long afterwards as you can.—I, said my master, would have it to-morrow, or next day, at farthest, if Pamela consent: for I have sent for a licence, and the messenger will be here to-night, or early in the morning, I hope. But, my good girl, let me desire you not to take beyond Thursday.—Surely, madam, said Mrs. Jones to me, the ceremony will not be delay'd by you.—Now you, Mrs. Jones, said my master, are on my side, I will leave you with her, to settle it: and I hope, she will not let little bashful niceties be important with her. And then he joined the two Miss Darnfords.

We went in to tea, and all the ladies could prevail upon my master for, was a dance before he left this country; but Miss Darnford said—It should then be at their house; for, truly, if she might not be at the wedding, she would be affronted, and come no more hither, till we had been there.

When they were gone, my master would have had my father stay till the ceremony was over; but he begg'd he might set out as soon as it was light in the morning; for, he said—My mother would be doubly uneasy

at his stay; and he burned with impatience, to let her know all the happy things that had befallen her daughter.—When my master found him so desirous to go, he called Mr. Thomas, and ordered him to get horses ready betimes in the morning, and a portmanteau, and to attend my father a day's journey to his own home. How good was this!

You may believe, my dear mother, how loth I was to part with my father; and he was also unwilling to part with me; but he was so impatient to see you, and tell you the happy tidings, with which his heart overflow'd, that I could hardly wish to detain him.

Mrs. Jewkes brought two bottles of canary, and two of cinnamon-water, and some cake; and they were put up in the portmanteau, with my father's newly presented clothes; for he said—He would not, for any thing, be seen in them in his neighbourhood, till I was known, by every body, to be marry'd; nor would he lay out any part of the twenty guineas till then, neither, for fear of reflections.—All this, as you please, my dear father, said I, and I hope now we shall often have the pleasure of hearing from one another, without needing any art or contrivances.

Monday.

MR. COLBRAND being return'd, my master came up to me in my closet, and brought me the licence. How my heart flutter'd at the sight of it!—Now, Pamela, said he, tell me, if you can oblige me with the day. Your word is all that is wanting! I was so bold as to kiss the hand that held it; and tho' unable to look up, said—I know not how to express my gratitude, sir, for all your goodness to me! I would not for any consideration, that you should believe me capable of receiving negligently an honour, that all the humble duty of a long life, were it to be lent me, will not be sufficient to enable me to deserve. I ought to resign myself, in every thing I may or can, implicitly to your will. But—But what? said he, with a kind impatience!—Why, sir, said I, when from last Thursday you mention'd fourteen days, I had reason to think that term your choice; and my heart is so wholly yours, that I am afraid of nothing, but that I may seem to be forwarder than you wish.—Impossible, my dear creature! said he, and folded me in his arms; impossible! If this be all, this very day shall make you mine: I will send away immediately, said the dear gentleman.—And was going.

Stay, stay, sir, said I: we have a great deal to say first; I have a deal of silly prate to trouble you with!—Well, speak then, in a minute, reply'd he, the most material: for all we have to say may be talk'd of while the parson is coming!—O but indeed, and indeed, said I, it cannot be to-day.—Well then, shall it be to-morrow?—Let it, said he, if not to-morrow, be on Wednesday; I protest I will stay no longer.

Then, sir, return'd I, please to defer it, however, for *one* day more, and it will be my beloved Thursday.—If I consent to defer it till then, may I hope, my Pamela, said he, that next Thursday shall *certainly* be the happy day?—*Yes, sir*, said I. And I believe I looked very foolishly.

And yet, why should I, with such a fine gentleman? And whom I so dearly love. And so much to my honour too. But there is something greatly awful upon my mind, in the solemn circumstance, and a change of condition never to be recall'd, tho' all the prospects are so desirable. And I can but wonder at the thoughtless precipitancy with which most young folks run into this important change of life.

Thus, my dear parents, have I been brought to fix so near a day as next Thursday; and this is Monday. O dear! I am almost out of breath

to think of it. This, tho', was a great cut-off; a whole week out of ten days. I hope I am not too forward, I'm sure, if it obliges my dear master, I am justify'd.

After this, he rode out, and did not return till midnight. How, by degrees, things steal upon one! I thought even this small absence tedious, and the more, as we expected him home to dinner. I wish I may not, by my over-fondness, make him indifferent to me: but yet, my dear father and mother, you two, let the world run as it would, were always fond of each other.

When he return'd, he said, he had had a pleasant ride, and was led out to a greater distance than he intended. At supper he told me, that he had a great mind Mr. Williams should marry us; because, he said, it would shew a thorough reconciliation on his part: but, said he, most generously, I am apprehensive, from what passed between you, that the poor man will take it hardly, and as an insult, of which I am not capable. What says my girl? Do you think he would?—As to what he *may* think, replied I, I cannot answer; but as to any *reason* for such thoughts, I can. And indeed, sir, you have shewn so much generosity to him, in every respect, it is impossible he should mistake your motive.

He then spoke with some resentment of Lady Davers's behaviour; and I ask'd, If any thing new had occur'd?—Yes, said he, I have a letter from her impertinent lord, written professedly at her instigation; which amounts to little less than a piece of insolent bravery, on supposing I intend to marry you. I was so provok'd, added he, that after I had read it, I tore it into a hundred pieces, and scatter'd them in the air, and bid the man who brought it, let his master know what I had done with his letter; and so would not permit him to speak to me, as he would fain have done. I think the fellow talk'd something of his Lady coming hither; but she shall not set her foot within my doors; and I suppose this treatment will hinder her.

I was much concern'd at this; and he said—Had I a hundred sisters, Pamela, their opposition would have no weight with me; and I did not intend you should know it; but you, who have suffered so much from the pride of the brother, must expect a little difficulty from that of the sister. In short, we are too nearly ally'd in mind, as well as blood, I find. But this is not *her* business. And if she would have made it so, she should have done it with more *decorum*. Little reason had *she* to boast of her birth, who knows not what belongs to good manners.

I am very sorry, sir, said I, to be the unhappy occasion of a misunderstanding between so good a brother, and so worthy a sister.—Don't say so, Pamela, because this is an unavoidable consequence of the happy prospect before us. Only bear it well yourself, because she is my sister, and leave it to me to make her sensible of her own rashness.

If, sir, said I, the most humble deputation to good Lady Davers, will have any weight with her ladyship, assure yourself of all my endeavours to mollify her.—You must not imagine, Pamela, return'd he, that when you are my wife, I will suffer you to do any thing unworthy of that character. I know the duty of a husband; and will protect your gentleness as much as if you were a princess by descent.

You are inexpressibly good, sir, said I; but I am far from thinking a gentle disposition indicates a meanness of spirit. This is a trial I ought to expect; and well may I bear it, who shall have so many benefits to set against it.

Well, said he, all the matter shall be this : we will talk of our marriage as if it were to be celebrated next week. I find I have spies upon me : and lest Lady Davers, were she to know the day, should make me an unwelcome visit before it comes, which might give us trouble, I have already order'd my servants to have no conference with any body out of the house for ten or twelve days to come. Mrs. Jewkes tells me, every one names next Thursday sevensnight for our nuptials. And I will get Mr. Peters, who wants to see my little chapel, to assist Mr. Williams, under the notion of breakfasting with me next Thursday morning (since you won't have it sooner) and there will nobody else be wanting ; and I will beg of Mr. Peters to keep it private, even from his own family, for a few days. Has my girl any objection ?

O, sir, answered I, you are so generous in all your ways, I *can* have no objections to any thing you propose : but I hope Lady Davers and you will not proceed to irreconcilable lengths ; and when her ladyship comes to see you, and to tarry with you two or three weeks, as she used to do, I will keep close up, and not enter into her presence.

Wednesday.

Now, my dear parents, I have but this *one* day, between me and the most solemn rite that can be perform'd. My heart cannot yet shake off this heavy weight. Sure I am ungrateful to the Divine Goodness, and the favour of the best of benefactors ! Yet I hope I am not ! For, at times, my mind is all joy, at the prospect of what good to-morrow's happy solemnity may possibly, by the leave of my generous master, put it into my power to do.

Wednesday Evening.

My dear master is all tenderness. He sees my weakness, and generously pities and comforts me. I begg'd to be excus'd supper ; but he led me down himself from my closet ; and placed me by him, bidding Abraham not wait. I could not eat, and yet I try'd, for fear he should be angry. He kindly forebore to hint any thing-of the awful, yet delightful to-morrow ! and put, now and then, a little bit on my plate, and guided it to my lips. I was concern'd to receive his goodness with so ill a grace ; and told him I was really asham'd of myself.—You are, indeed, my dear girl, said he, too thoughtful : but I am not a very dreadful enemy, I hope.—All, all, sir, said I, is owing to the sense I have of my own unworthiness.

This sweet anxiety in my Pamela, said he, on the near approach of the solemnity which shall make us one, when nothing of dishonour is apprehended, shews me most abundantly, what a wretch I was to attempt such purity with a worse intention ! But now, my dearest Pamela, that you have seen a purity on my side, nearly equal to your own ; why all this affecting, yet sweet confusion ? You have a generous friend, my dear girl in me ; a protector now, not a violater of your innocence : why then, this strange perplexity, this sweet confusion ?

O sir, said I, and hid my face on his arm, expect not reason from the foolish Pamela. You should have indulged me in my closet. I am ready to beat myself for this ungrateful return to your goodness. But goodness, added to goodness every moment, and the sense of my own unworthiness, quite overcome my spirits !

Leave me, dear good sir, leave me a little to myself, and I will take my heart more severely to task, than your goodness will let *you* do : and I will present it to you, a worthier offering than at present its wayward

follies will let it seem to be. But one thing is, I have no kind friend of my own sex, to communicate my foolish thoughts to, and to be strengthened by her advice : and then left to myself. What a weak silly creature am I !

He kindly withdrew, to give me time to recollect myself, and in about half an hour return'd. And then, that he might not begin at once upon the subject, and yet might speak something very agreeable to me, he said—Your father and mother have had a great deal of talk, by this time, about you, Pamela.—Your goodness, sir, return'd I, has made them quite happy. But I can't help being concern'd about Lady Davers.

I am vex'd, said he, I did not hear her servant out ; because it runs in my head, he talk'd somewhat about her coming hither. She will meet with but an indifferent reception from me, unless she comes resolved to behave better than she writes.

Pray, sir, said I, be pleas'd to bear with my good lady, for two reasons : first, because she is your sister, and, to be sure, may very well think, what all the world will, that you have greatly undervalued yourself in making me happy. And next, because, if her ladyship finds you out of temper with her, it will incense her still more against me.

Well, but my dear girl, continued he, may I not say one word about to-morrow?—I hope I shall be less a fool, sir, replied I : I have talk'd as harshly to my heart, as Lady Davers can do, and the naughty thing suggests to me a better behaviour.

Saluting me, I took notice, Pamela, said he, of what you observ'd, that you have none of your own sex with you : I think it is a little hard upon you. I should have liked to have had Miss Darnford with you ; but then her sister must have been ask'd ; and in that case, I might as well make a public wedding ; which, you know, would have requir'd clothes, and other preparations. Besides, added he, a proposal was once made me of that second sister, who has five or six thousand pounds more than the other, left her by a godmother, and she can't help being a little piqued on her being disappointed : tho' continued he, it was a proposal they could not expect should succeed ; for there is nothing attracting either in her person or mind : and her fortune, as that must have been the *only* inducement, would not do by any means.

He offer'd to go himself to Mrs. Jones in the morning, and reveal his intentions to her, and desire her secrecy and presence ; but I said, that would disoblige the Miss Darnfords.—No, sir, said I, I will entirely cast myself on your generous kindness ; for why should I seem to fear my kind protector, and the guide and director of my future steps ?

You cannot, said he, forgive Mrs. Jewkes (for *she* must know it) and suffer *her* to be with you?—Yes, sir, I can : she is very civil to me now : and her former wickedness I will forgive, because you, sir, seem desirous that I should.

Well, said he, I will call her in, if you please. I humbly bowed my assent. And he rung for her ; and when she came in, he said—Mrs. Jewkes, I am going to entrust you with a secret.—Sir, answered she, I will be sure to keep it as such.—We intend to-morrow, pursued he, for our wedding-day. I have particular reasons, respecting myself and Lady Davers, to have our marriage kept from the knowledge of all my other servants for some time.—Very well, sir, said Mrs. Jewkes, curtsying low to my master, and still lower, poor soul ! to me. (How can I hurt such a one, wicked as she has been, were it in my power ?) I will take

care that no living soul shall know it for me. And looked highly delighted with the confidence placed in her.—Mr. Peters and Mr. Williams, continued my master, are to be here to breakfast with me, as if only to see my little chapel. As soon as the ceremony is over, we will take an airing in the chariot, as we have done at other times; and so it will not be wondered that we are dress'd. And Mr. Peters and Mr. Williams have promis'd secrecy, and will go home. I believe, however, on second thoughts, you cannot well avoid letting one of the maids into the secret; but that I leave to you.

Sir, reply'd she, we all concluded it would be in a few days; and I doubt it cannot be long a secret.—I don't desire it should, replied he; but you know we are not provided for a public wedding, and I shall declare it when we go to Bedfordshire, which will not be long. But the men, who lie in the offices, need not know it; for, by some means or other, my sister Davers is acquainted with all that passes.

Do you know, sir, said she, that her ladyship intends to be down here with you in a few days? Her servant told me so, who brought you the letter that you were displeas'd at.

I hope, said he, we shall be set out for the other house first; and so shall be pleas'd she loses her labour.—Sir, continued she, her ladyship proposes to be here time enough to hinder your nuptials; which she supposes, as we did, will be the latter end of next week.—Let her come, said he; but yet I desire not to see her.

Mrs. Jewkes then took courage—I beg your honour's pardon, said she, curtseying, for addressing myself to my lady that is soon to be. Then turning to me—Give me leave, madam, said she, to wish you all manner of happiness: but I am afraid I have too well obey'd his honour to be forgiven by you.—Indeed, Mrs. Jewkes, return'd I, you will be more your own enemy than I will be. I will look forward: and shall not offer to set my good master against any one whom he pleases to approve. And as to his old servants, I shall always value them, and never presume to dictate to his choice, or influence it by my own caprices.

Mrs. Jewkes, said my master, you find you have no cause for apprehension. My Pamela is very placable; and as we have both been sinners together, we must be both included in one act of grace.

Such an example of condescension as I have before me, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, may make you very easy; for I must be highly unworthy, if I did not forego all resentment, at the command of so great and so kind a benefactor.

You are very good to me, madam, said she; and you may depend upon it, I will endeavour to atone for all my past behaviour to you by my future duty and respect to you, as well as to my master.

That's well said on both sides, said he; but, Mrs. Jewkes, to assure you, that my good girl here has no malice in her heart, she chuses you to attend her in the morning, and you must keep up her spirits.—I shall, reply'd she, be very proud of the honour. And withdrew, curtseying, and repeating her promises of care and secrecy.

Thursday, Six o'clock in the Morning.

I MIGHT as well have not gone to-bed last night, for what sleep I had. Mrs. Jewkes often was talking to me, and said several things that would have been well enough from any body else of our sex; but the poor woman has so little purity of heart, that it is all *say* from her, and goes no further than the ear.

I fancy my master has not slept much neither ; for I heard him up, and walking about his chamber, ever since break of day. To be sure, he must have some concern, as well as I ; for here he is going to marry a poor foolish unworthy girl, brought up by the bounty of his worthy family ! And this foolish girl must be, to all intents and purposes, after twelve o'clock this day, as much his wife as if he were to marry a duchess. And here he must stand the shock of common reflection—The great Mr. B. has done finely ! he has marry'd his poor servant *wench* ! will some say. The ridicule and rude jests of his equals, and companions too, he must stand : and the disdain of his relations, and indignation of Lady Davers, his lofty sister ! O how shall I compensate him for the disgraces which he will bring upon himself for my sake !

Half an Hour past Eight o'clock.

My dear master, my kind friend, my generous benefactor, my worthy protector, and, oh ! all the good words in one, my affectionate husband that is soon to be, (Be curbed in, my proud heart, know thyself, and be conscientious of thy own unworthiness !) has just left me with the kindest, tenderest expressions, that ever were utter'd to a happy maiden. He approached me with a sort of reined-in rapture—My Pamela ! said he, may I just ask after your employment ? Why such anxiety in this lovely face ? and he tapp'd my cheek. Don't let me chide my dear girl *this day*. The two clergymen will be here to breakfast with us at nine ; and yet you seem not to have thought of dressing ! Why this absence of mind ? Why this sweet irresolution ?

Indeed, sir, said I, I will correct myself this instant !

He saw the common-prayer-book lying in the window—I hope, said he, my lovely girl has been conning the lesson she is by-and-by to repeat. Have you not, Pamela ? and clasped his arms about me, and kiss'd me. —Indeed, sir, said I, I have been reading over the solemn service !—And what thinks my fairest (for so he call'd me) of it ?—O sir, said I, 'tis a very solemn, a very awful service ; and, joined with the nearness of the great, tho' joyfully hoped-for solemnity, makes one tremble to reflect upon it !—No wonder, said he, it should affect my sweet Pamela : I have been looking into it this morning, and cannot but say, as you do, that I think it a solemn office. But this I tell my dear love, continued he, and again clasped me to him, there is not a tittle in it that I cannot joyfully subscribe to. I kissed his hand—O my generous protector, said I, how gracious it is to strengthen thus the mind of your Pamela, which apprehends nothing so much as her own unworthiness !—You must judge of yourself, my love, said he, in some measure, as I judge of you. If I think you worthy, you have only to preserve those graces which have made you so in my eye, and banish all doubt of yourself, as my whole future conduct shall shew you, that you shall have no reason for any of me.

He kissed me again, and then retir'd, as respectfully as if your happy daughter were his equal, or even of such high fortunes as to do him honour by her hand. And I set about dressing myself immediately in a rich white satin night-gown, that had been my lady's ; and, never being long about it, I was ready in an instant ; and not being called down, took up my pen, and wrote thus far.

Thursday, near Three o'clock.

I THOUGHT I should have found no time nor heart to write again this day. But here are three gentlemen come unexpectedly, with a determination to stay to dinner ; tho' my beloved master did all he could in civility to dis-

miss them. Having, therefore, nothing to do but write till I go to dinner myself with Mrs. Jewkes, I will begin with my happy story where I left off.

But first let me observe, that the dear man forbade me to use the word *master*, either in speech or writing. But I insisted, that I could not dispense with it for the present. In obedience to him, I said, it might wear off by degrees; but I must continue the style, at least, till he thought fit to declare the honour done me.

When I went down to breakfast, I found Mr. Peters and Mr. Williams both there. My master met me at the door, and led me in with great tenderness. He had kindly spoken to them, as he told me afterwards, to mention no more of the matter to me than needs must. I paid my respects to them, I believe, a little awkwardly, and was almost out of breath; but said, I had come down a little too fast.

When Abraham came in to wait, my master said (that the servants should not mistrust)—'Tis well, gentlemen, you came as you did: for my good girl and I were going to take an airing till dinner time. I hope you'll stay and dine with me.—Sir, said Mr. Peters, we will not hinder your airing. I came, having a little time upon my hands, to see your chapel; but must be at home at dinner; and Mr. Williams will dine with me.—Well then, said my master, we will pursue our intention, and ride out for an hour or two, as soon as I have shewn Mr. Peters my little chapel. Will you, Pamela, after breakfast, walk with us to it?—*If—if*, said I, and had like to have stammer'd (foolish creature that I was!) *if* you please, sir.

I could eat nothing, tho' I attempted it; and my hand shook so, I spill'd some of my chocolate, and so put it down again. They were all very good, and look'd another way. My master said, when Abraham left the room—I have a quite plain ring here, Mr. Peters. And I hope the ceremony will dignify the ring: and that I shall give my Pamela reason to think it the most valuable one that can be presented her.—Mr. Peters kindly answered, he was sure I should set a higher value on it, than on the richest diamond one in the world.

When breakfast was over, my master said before Abraham—Well, gentlemen, we will step into the chapel; and you must give me your advice as to the alterations I design. Pamela, you'll give us your opinion, won't you?—Sir, said I, I will attend you instantly.

They went out, and I sat down in the chair again, and fann'd myself—I am sick at heart, said I, I think, Mrs. Jewkes. She would have given me her smelling-bottle; but I said—Keep it in your hand. Perhaps I shall want it; but I hope not.

Nan, she told me, was let into the secret; and she had order'd her to stay at the chapel-door, to see that nobody came in. My master came to me, at entering the chapel, and took my hand, and led me up to the altar.—Be cheerful, my dear girl, whisper'd he.—I am, I will, sir, said I; but I hardly knew what I said; and so you may believe, when I said to Mrs. Jewkes—Don't leave me; pray, Mrs. Jewkes, don't leave me: as if I had all confidence in her, and none where it is most due. So she kept close to me. God forgive me! but I never was so absent in my life, as at first. Even till Mr. Williams had gone on in the service so far as to the awful words *requiring us, as we should answer at the dreadful day of judgment*; and then the solemn words, and my master whispering—Mind this, my dear, made me start. Said he, still whispering—Know *you* any impediment?—I blush'd, and said softly—None, sir, but my great unworthiness.

Then follow'd the sweet words—*Will thou have this woman to thy wedded*

wife, &c., and I began to take courage a little, when my dearest master answer'd audibly to this question—*I will*. But I could only make a curt'sy, when they ask'd me; though, I am sure, my *heart* was readier than my *speech*, and answer'd to every article of *obey, serve, love, and honour*.

Mr. Peters gave me away; and I said after Mr. Williams, as well as I could (as my dear master did with a much better grace) the words of betrothment; and the ceremony of the ring passing next, I receiv'd the dear favour, at his worthy hands, with a most grateful heart; and he was pleased to say afterwards, in the chariot—That when he had done saying, *With this ring I thee wed, &c.*, I made a curt'sy, and said—Thank you, sir. Perhaps I did, for I am sure it was a most grateful part of the service; and my heart was overwhelm'd with his goodness; and the tender grace where-with he perform'd his whole part. I was very glad that what followed was the prayer, and kneeling; for I trembled so, I could hardly stand; but it was as much with joy as fear.

And thus my dearest, dear parents, is your happy, happy, thrice happy Pamela, at last marry'd! And to whom? Why, to her belov'd, gracious master! the lord of her wishes! And thus the dear, once naughty assailer of her innocence, by a blessed turn of Providence, is become the kind, the generous protector and rewarder of it.

My master saluted me most ardently, and said—God give you, my dear love, reason for as much joy on this occasion, as I now have. And he presented me to Mr. Peters, who saluted me, and said—You may excuse me, dear madam; I gave you away: you are my daughter. And Mr. Williams, modestly withdrawing a little way—Mr. Williams, said my master, pray accept my thanks, and wish your *sister* joy. He then saluted me; and said—I do, madam, from my heart; and I will add, that to see so much innocence and virtue so eminently rewarded, is one of the greatest pleasures I have ever known.

Mrs. Jewkes, by surprise, snatched my hand, and kissed it at the chapel-door; had she kissed my cheek, I should not have been displeas'd. I had got a new recruit of spirits just then; and taking her hand—I thank you, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, for accompanying me. I have behav'd sadly.—No, madam, said she, pretty well, pretty well.

Mr. Peters walk'd out with me; and Mr. Williams and my master followed us, talking together.

Mr. Peters, when he came into the parlour, said—I once more, madam, must wish you joy on this happy occasion. May every day add to your felicity; and may you very long rejoice in one another! You are the loveliest couple I ever saw joined in matrimony.

My master came in with Mr. Williams—So, my dear life, how do you do? A little more compos'd, I hope! Well, you see this is not so dreadful an affair as you apprehended.

Sir, said Mr. Peters, very kindly, 'tis a very solcmn circumstance, and I love to see it so reverently and awfully entered into. It is an excellent sign; for the most *thoughtful beginnings* promise the most happy proceedings.

My master took a fine diamond ring from his finger, and presented it to Mr. Peters. And to Mr. Williams he said—My old acquaintance, I have reserved for you, against a variety of solicitations, the living I always design'd for you; and I beg you'll prepare to take possession of it; and as the doing it may be attended with some expence, pray accept of *this* towards it, giving him a bank-note of 100*l*.

And thus did this generous man bless us all, and me in particular ; for whose sake he was as bounteous as if he had marry'd a woman of the noblest fortune.

The two gentlemen took their leaves ; and none of the servants suspected any thing, as Mrs. Jewkes believes. And then, being alone with my beloved master, I threw myself at his feet, and blessed God, and blessed *him* for his goodness. He overwhelm'd me with kindness ; he called me his lovely bride, and twenty sweet and endearing names, which swell my grateful heart beyond the power even of repetition.

He afterwards led me to the chariot ; and we had a delightful airing round the neighbouring villages ; in which he said an hundred charming things, in hopes to dissipate those still perverse anxieties that dwell upon my mind, and, do what I can, spread too thoughtful an air, as he tells me, over my countenance.

We came home again by half an hour after one ; and he was pleasing himself with thinking not to be an hour out of my company this happy day, that, (as he was so good as to say) he might inspire me with a familiarity that should improve my confidence in him ; when he was told that a footman of Sir Charles Hargrave had been there, to let him know that his master, and two other gentlemen, were on the road to take a dinner with him, in their way to Nottingham.

He was vex'd at this. He should have been glad of their companies at any other time, he told me, but that it was a cruel intrusion now. He wished they had been told he would not be at home at dinner—And besides, said he, they are abominable drinkers. I shall hardly be able to get them away to-night ; for they have nothing to do but to travel round the country, and beat up the quarters of their friends all the way ; and 'tis all one to them, whether they stay a night, or a month, at a place. But, added he, I'll find some way, if I can, to dismiss them after dinner. Confound them, said he, in a violent pet, that they should come this day, of all the days in the year !

We had hardly got in, before they came ; three mad rakes, they seem'd to be, as I look'd thro' the window, setting up a hunting-note, as soon as they came to the gate, that made the court-yard echo again, and smacking their whips in concert.

I retired to my closet, and had recourse to my pen and ink for my amusement, and to divert my anxiety of mind.

My master came up to me, and said—Well, I just come to ask my sweet bride [O the charming, charming word !] how she does ? I see you are writing, my dear, said he. These confounded rakes are half mad, I think, and will make me so ! However, continued he, I have order'd my chariot to be got ready, pretending to be under an engagement at some miles distance, and will set them out of the house, if possible ; and then ride round, and come back, as soon as I can get rid of them. I find, said he, Lady Davers is full of our affairs. She has thought fit to speak of me to Sir Charles Hargrave, with great freedom ; and they all three have been at me without mercy ; and were so earnest to see you, that I was oblig'd to be half serious with them. He saluted me, and retired, saying—I shall quarrel with them, if I cannot get them away ; for I have lost two or three precious hours with the delight of my heart.

Mrs. Jewkes ask'd me to walk down to dinner in the little parlour. I went, and she was so complaisant as to offer to wait upon me at table. But I insisted on her sitting down with me.—Whatever my new station

may require of me, Mrs. Jewkes, said I, I hope I shall always conduct myself in such a manner, that pride shall have no part in my character.

You are very good, madam, said she ; but I will always know my duty to my master's lady.

My master came in again, and said—Well, thank my stars ! these rakes are going now ; but, as I must set out with them, it shall be in my chariot ; for if I took horse, I should have difficulty to part with them. They intend to gather company as they go, and resolve to make a mad tour of it for some days together.

Abraham coming in to tell him, the gentlemen were going, he left me, and set out with them.

I took a turn in the garden with Mrs. Jewkes, after they were gone : and having walked a-while, I said, I should be glad of her company down the elm-walk, to meet the chariot.

What a different aspect every thing in and about this house bears now, to my thinking, to what it once had ! The garden, the pond, the alcove, the elm-walk. But my prison is become my palace ; and no wonder every thing about it wears another face !

We sat down upon the broad stile, leading towards the road. How different, poor woman ! thought I, as we sat, is thy behaviour to me now, to what it was the last time I sat here !

At last my best beloved return'd, and alighted there. Mrs. Jewkes retired at his approach.—What, my Pamela, (and saluted me) brings you hither ? I hope, to meet me !—Yes, sir, said I.—That's kind, said he ; but why that averted eye ? that downcast countenance, as if you were afraid of me ?—You must not think so, sir, reply'd I.—Revive my heart then, said he, with a more chearful aspect ; and let that over-anxious solicitude, which appears in the most charming face in the world, be chased from it. Have you, my dear girl, any fears that I can dissipate ; any doubts that I can obviate ; any hopes that I can encourage ; any request that I can gratify ? Speak, my Pamela ; and, if I have power, *but* speak, and to purchase one smile, it shall be done !

O sir, said I, what pleasure do you give me, in making me hope, that, instead of being in danger of being insnared by the high condition to which your goodness has exalted me, that I shall be confirm'd by you in my duty ; and that we may have a prospect of promoting each other's happiness, till time shall be no more ! But, sir, I will not, as you once cautioned me, be too serious. I will resolve, with these sweet encouragements, to be, in every thing, what you would have me be ! He kissed me very tenderly : and by this time coming to the house, we entered it together.

Friday Evening.

How does this excellent man indulge me in every thing ! Every hour he makes me happier, than in the former, by his generous condescension.

At breakfast, he strengthened my heart, by talking of *you*, my dear parents ; a subject he knew I *could* talk of : and gave me assurances, that he would make you both happy. He said, he would have me send you a letter, to acquaint you with my nuptials ; and, as he could make business that way, Thomas should carry it to-morrow.—Nor will I, said he, my dear Pamela, desire to see your writings, because I told you I would not ; for now I will, in every thing, religiously keep my word with my bride ; and you may send all your papers to them from those they have, down to this happy moment ; only let me beg they will return them when they

have read them, as also those I have not seen ; which, however, I desire not to see till then ; but then shall take it for a favour to see.

He gave me fifty guineas, and bid me send them to you in my packet, to pay your debts as far as *they* would go (were his words), with his request that you should quit your present business, and give yourself, and my mother, a creditable appearance. He would find a better place of abode for you, he said, than that you had, when he returned to Bedfordshire. How shall I bear all these instances of his goodness ?

To me he gave no less than one hundred guineas more ; and said—I would have you, my dear, give Mrs. Jewkes, when you go away from hence, what you think fit out of these, as from yourself. I desired his direction as to the sum.—Give her then, said he, twenty guineas. Give Colbrand ten. The two coachmen five each ; to the two maids at this house, five each ; give Abraham five ; give Thomas five ; and give the gardeners, grooms, and helpers, twenty guineas among them. And when, added he, I return with you to the other house, I will make you presents both of money and ornaments, that may be worthy of my love, and of your present station ; for now, my Pamela, you are not to regard, as you once proposed, what other ladies will say, but to appear as my wife ought to do. I will shew the world, that I have as much regard for you as I could have had for a woman of the first quality and fortune, had I married such a one.

He saw I was at a loss for words—I see, my dearest bride ! my Pamela ! your grateful confusion ; and kissing me, as I was recovering my speech—Thus will I stop your mouth ; you shall not so much as thank me ; for when I have done ten times more than I have hitherto told you I will do, I shall but imperfectly express my love to you, and my concern for what I have made you suffer.

He then asked me, when I should be willing to go to the Bedfordshire house ?—I said, whenever he pleased.—We will come down hither again before the winter, said he, if you please, in order to cultivate the acquaintance you have begun with Mr. Peters, Mrs. Jones, and Sir Simon's family ; and if it please God to spare us to one another, in the winter I will give you, as I promised, for two or three months, my company in London. And I think, added he, if you have no objection, we will set out about Tuesday next week for the other house.—I *can* have no objection, sir, said I, to any thing you propose ; but how will you avoid Miss Darnford's solicitation for an evening to dance ?—We can make Monday evening to do for that, answered he, if they won't excuse us. But, if you please, I will invite Mrs. Jones, Mr. Peters and his family, and Sir Simon and his, to my little chapel on Sunday morning, and to stay dinner with me ; and then I will declare my marriage to them, because my dear life shall not leave this country with the least reason for any body to 'doubt that she is my wife. I most gratefully bowed as I sat.—And then, said he, they will perhaps excuse us till we return into this country again, as to the ball.—Is there any thing, added he, that you have still to wish ? If there be, speak you whole heart, my dear.

Hitherto, sir, reply'd I, you have prevented my wishes : and yet, since you so kindly command me to speak all my heart, I must own that I have one or two favours to beg ; and if they *can* be granted, I shall be the happiest creature in the world.

Say, my love, what they are. My *wife* (methinks I am grown fond of a name I once despised) may speak all her mind ; and I will promise, that, so far as I cheerfully can comply, I will.

Then you will permit me, ever kind, ever generous, and ever dear sir, said I, to become an humble petitioner, and that upon my knees, for the reinstating such of your servants as have incurred your displeasure by their kindness to me.

He raised me—My Pamela, said he, has too often been in this suppliant posture. Rise, my love, and let me know whom in particular you would reinstate ; kindly holding me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom.

Mrs. Jervis, sir, said I, in the first place. She is a good woman ; and the misfortunes she has had in the world must make your displeasure most heavy to her.

Who next ?—Mr. Longman, sir, said I ; and I am sure, kind as they have been to me, yet would I not ask it, if I could not vouch for their integrity, and if I did not think it was the interest of their dear master to restore them.

Have you any other person to intercede for, my Pamela ?—Your good old butler, sir, who has been in your family before the happy day of your birth. Forgive me, sir, he is also a good man.

I have only to say, answered he, that had not these three joined together in an appeal to Lady Davers, which has given her the insolent handle she has taken to intermeddle in my affairs, I could easily have overlooked all the rest of their conduct ; tho' they have taken great liberties with my character ; for I would have every body admire and respect my Pamela. But at your request I will forgive all three. I will myself write to Mr. Longman, to let him know what he owes to your mediation. Yet perhaps the estate he has acquired in my family, may have set him above the wish of returning to it. Do you, my dear, write to Mrs. Jervis to go and take possession of her former charge ; for now she will be more immediately your servant ; and I know you love her so well, that you'll go thither with the more pleasure to find her there. But don't think, added he, that all this compliance is to be for nothing.—Ah, sir, said I, tell me but what I *can* do, poor as I am in power, but rich in will ; and I will not hesitate one moment.—Why then, said he, of your own accord, reward me for my cheerful compliance with one sweet kiss.—How generous is this ! said I, and instantly clasped my arms about his neck, and was not ashamed to kiss him once, and twice, and three times, once for every forgiven person.

Now, my dearest Pamela, said he, what other thing have you to ask ? Mr. Williams is already taken care of ; and, I hope, will be happy.—Have you nothing to say for John Arnold ?

You have seen, dear sir, the poor fellow's penitence in my letters.—I *have*, replied he ; but that is his penitence for haying serv'd me, against you ; and, I think, when he would have betray'd me afterwards, he deserves nothing from either of us.

Let this, however, dear sir, said I, be a day of jubilee. The less he deserves, poor fellow ! the more will be your goodness. Permit me one word only : That as he was divided in his inclinations between his duty to you, and good wishes to me, and knew not how to distinguish between the one and the other, when he finds us so happily united, he will have no more puzzles in his duty ; for he has not failed in any other part of it ; but, I hope, will serve you faithfully for the future.

Well, then, suppose, my dear, I put Mrs. Jewkes into some inn, and give her John for a husband ? What think you of this ? Your gypsy's prophecy will then be made out : she will have a husband younger than herself.

I can freely forgive poor Mrs. Jewkes, sir, and wish her happy : but permit me to ask, would not this look like a very heavy punishment to poor John ? And as if you could not forgive *him*, when you are so generous to every body else ?

O my Pamela, said he, smiling, this, from a forgiving spirit, is very severe upon poor Jewkes : but I shall never have any more such trying services, to put him or the rest upon ; and if *you* can forgive him, I think *I* may : and so John shall be at your disposal. And now let me know, what my Pamela has further to wish ?

Not one single wish more, my dearest sir, has your grateful Pamela. My heart is overwhelmed with your goodness !

I wept for joy. And he took me in his kind arms, and with my own handkerchief dried my cheeks, and kissed me.—You have left me nothing to pray for, continued I, but that God will bless you with long life, health, and honour, and continue to me the blessing of your love ; and I shall then be the happiest creature in the world.

You cannot, my dearest creature, said he, clasping me to his bosom, be so happy in me, as I am in you. How heartily do I now despise all my former licentious pursuits ! What true joy flows from virtuous love ! Joy which the narrow soul of the libertine cannot take in. I myself, whilst a libertine, knew nothing of it.

But, said he, I expected that my Pamela had something to ask for herself : but since all her wishes are answered in the delight her generous heart takes in promoting the happiness of others, it shall be my study to make all care for herself unnecessary.

How blessed, my dear parents, is your daughter in a *husband* ! How my heart rejoices at the word !

THE HAPPY, THRICE HAPPY, PAMELA B.

My dearest master is just rode out ; and intends to call upon Mrs. Jones, Mr. Peters, and Sir Simon Darnford, to invite them and their families to chapel and to dinner to-morrow. He chose to do this in person, because the time is so short, that they will, perhaps, excuse themselves to a message.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. Williams was here yesterday, to ask leave to go to see his new living, and to provide for taking possession of it. He seemed greatly pleased with my master's generous behaviour to me, as well as with his kind reception of him. He owned, with gratitude, that he thought himself one of the happiest of men.

Saturday, Seven in the Evening.

My beloved master returned home to dinner, though much pressed by Mrs. Jones, to dine with her, as he was also by Sir Simon, to dine with him. But Mr. Peters being unable, at so short a notice, to provide a preacher for his church to-morrow morning, (Mr. Williams being gone, as I said, to his new living) and believing he could for the afternoon, he promised to give us his company to dinner, and to read the evening service in our own chapel : and this made my master invite the Darnford family, and Mrs. Jones, as well as Mr. Peters and his family, to dine with him. They all promised to come.

Miss Darnford, however, told him, pleasantly, she would not come, unless he would promise to let *her* be at his wedding ; by which, I find, Mr. Peters has kept the secret, as my master desired he would.

My dear Mr. B. was pleased to give me an airing after dinner in the

chariot, and renewed his generous assurances to me. Indeed, if possible, he is kinder to me than ever. I will give you a new instance of his goodness.

I begged leave to send a guinea to a poor person in the town, that I heard, by Mrs. Jewkes, lay very ill, and was very destitute.

He bid me send two.

I will never, sir, said I, do any thing of this kind, without making you first acquainted with it, and having your approbation.

He generously answered—I shall then, perhaps, have you do less good than you would otherwise do, from a doubt of me; though I hope, your discretion, and my own temper, which is not avaricious, will make such doubt causeless.

Now, my dear, continued he, I'll tell you how we will direct ourselves in this point, to avoid even the shadow of uneasiness on one side, or doubt on the other.

As to your father and mother, in the first place, they shall be quite out of the question; for I have already determin'd in my mind about them; and it is thus: they shall go down, if they and you think well of it, to my little Kentish estate; an offer which once, my dear, smiling, you rejected: then to my pain, but now I think it happy for both that you did. There is a pretty little farm, untenanted, upon that estate, and tolerably stocked, and I will further stock it for them; since such an industrious pair will not know how to live without some employment: and it shall be theirs for both their lives; with the house upon it, a pretty good one, and in tolerable repair. And I will allow them fifty pounds a year besides, that they may keep up the stock, and be kind to any other of your relations, without being beholden to you or me, for small matters; and for greater, when needful, you shall always have it in your power to accommodate them; for I shall never question your prudence. And we will, so long as God spares our lives, go down once a year to see them, and they shall come up as often as they please, it cannot be too often, to see us; for I mean not this, my dear, to send them from me. Before I proceed does my Pamela approve of what I have said?

I have not words, sir, said I, (my eyes, I am sure, glistening with grateful joy) to express sufficiently my gratitude.—Teach me, dear sir, and I pressed his hand to my lips, teach me some other language, if there be any, that abounds with more grateful terms, that I may not thus be choaked with meanings, for which I can find no utterance.

But now, my dearest, I will tell you what we will do, with regard to the article of your own *private* charity. Far be it from me, to put under that name the subject we have been mentioning; since what I have proposed is no more than *duty*, to persons so worthy, and so nearly related to my Pamela, and now, through her, to *myself*. O how the sweet man—But what shall I say? I will proceed with an account of his further generosity.

And this, said he, lies in very small compass; for I will allow you two hundred guineas a year, which Longman shall constantly pay you at fifty guineas a quarter, for your own use, and of which I expect no account. The payment of the first fifty to be made on the day you enter into my other house, that you may have something to begin with. I myself would make you the quarterly payment with my own hands, instead of Longman: but that if I did, it would rather have the look of a *present* than a *due*: and no pecuniary matters shall be permitted to abase my love to my wife, or to be supposed to engage that affection, which I hope to be sure of from higher merits and motives.

I could not speak.

This, you will say, was a most delightful airing ! The chariot brought us home in the evening ; and then our supper succeeded in the same agreeable manner.

Sunday, the Fourth Day of my Happiness.

I FIND myself quite easy, chearful and free in my spirits. And the more, as I see, on every occasion, such a sweet tranquillity, and even such an increased vivacity in his temper and behaviour, as cannot but fill me with hope, that he repents not of his goodness to me.

I attended him to breakfast, and drank my chocolate with great pleasure ; and he seemed quite pleased with me, and said—Now does my Pamela begin to look upon me with an air of serenity. It shall be always my delight to give her occasion for an aspect that so sweetly becomes her features.

My heart, dear sir, said I, is quite easy, and has lost all its foolish tumults, which combating with my gratitude, I am afraid, gave a disagreeable cast to my behaviour : but now it is all of *one* piece, and devoted to you, and grateful tranquillity. But, dear sir, have you nothing to find fault with me for ? Is there not something that you would have me to be, in behaviour, in dress, in any thing, that I am not ?

You are every thing, my love, he was pleased to say, that I wish you to be. Only continue to be what you are, and you will be sure of my affection to the end of my life.

As to dress, now you have mentioned it, and as to personal elegance, I will observe to you, that I have too often seen, in married persons, that the lady grows careless in her dress ; which, to me, looks as if she would take no pains to secure the affection she has gained ; and shews a slight to her husband, that she did not shew to her lover : now, you must know, this has always given me great offence. Let me say, then, that I shall expect of you always to be dress'd by dinner-time, except something extraordinary happens to prevent it ; and this, whether you are to go abroad, or to stay at home. Since this will continue to you that sweet ease in your dress and behaviour, of which you are so happy a mistress ; and whomsoever I bring home with me to my table, you will be in readiness to receive them ; and will not want to make those foolish apologies to unexpected visitors, that carry with them a reflection on the conduct of those who make them ; and besides, will convince me, that you think yourself obliged to appear as graceful to your husband as you would to persons less familiar to your sight.

This, sir, said I, is a most obliging injunction. I will always take care to observe it.

You, my dear, said he, may better do this than half your sex : because they too generally act in such a manner, as if they seem'd to think it the privilege of birth and fortune, to turn day into night, and night into day, and seldom rise till 'tis time to sit down to dinner ; and so all the good old rules are reversed : for they breakfast when they should dine ; dine, when they should sup ; and sup, when they should retire to rest ; and, by the help of dear quadrille sometimes go to rest when they should rise. In all things, but such as these, my dear, I expect you to be a fine lady. My mother was one of these old-fashion'd ladies ; and, at the same time, one of the worthiest in the kingdom : you will have the less difficulty, therefore, of following the example she set you.

I besought him to give me more of his injunctions ; and he proceeded

to lay down such rules for the family order, as indeed my *lady* had been used to follow ; but which both delighted and surprized me, coming from *him*. And these were his observations on the early and regular times of breakfasting, dining, and supping, which he prescribed :—

I shall, in the usual course, said he, and generally, if not hinder'd by company, like to go to rest by eleven. I ordinarily now rise by six, in summer : you will, perhaps, chuse to lie half an hour after me.

Then you will have some time you may call your own, till you invite me to breakfast with you : a little after nine.

Then again will you have several hours at your disposal, till three o'clock, when I shall like to sit down at table.

You will then have several useful hours more to employ yourself in, as you shall best like ; and I would generally go to supper by nine. When we are resolved to stick to these old-fashioned rules, as near as we can, we shall induce our visitors to expect them from us. I have always observ'd, that it is in every one's power to prescribe rules to himself. It is only standing a few ridiculous jests at first, and those from such generally, as are not the most worthy of regard ; and, after a while, they will say, —It signifies nothing to ask *him* : he will have his own way. There is no putting him out of his course. He is a regular piece of clock-work, will they perhaps sneeringly add. And why should I not be so ? For man is as frail a piece of machinery, and, by irregularity, is as subject to be disordered as a clock.

Then, continued he, when my guests find themselves receiv'd at my *own* hours, with an open countenance and chearful heart ; when they see plenty and variety at my table, and meet a kind and hearty welcome, they will not grudge me my regularity. And who knows, my dear, but we may revive the good old-fashioned rules in our neighbourhood ? At least, it will be doing our part towards it ; and answering the good lesson I learn'd at school—*Every one mend one*. And the worst that can happen will be, that when some of my brother rakes, such as those who broke in upon us, so unwelcomely last Thursday, are got out of their way, if that can ever be, and begin to consider, whom they shall go to dine with in their rambles, they will only say—His dinner-time is over ; and so they'll reserve me for another time, when they happen to suit it better ; or, perhaps, they will take a supper and a bed with me instead of a dinner.

He then took notice of the discomposure that he had seen in some ladies, on their being broken in upon by unexpected guests.—I am sure, said he, I never shall have reason to caution my Pamela on any subject that will make her husband look little, or herself unprepar'd to welcome his friends. But yet I will say, that I expect of my dearest love, that she will accustom herself to an uniform complaisance. That however ill or well provided we may be for the reception of unexpected guests, she shew no flutter or discomposure. That whoever she may have in her company at the time, she signify not, by the least reserv'd look, that the stranger is come at a time she wish'd he had not : and that she will be chearful, kind, obliging to all ; and if to any one more than another, to such as have the least reason to expect it from her, or who are of the lowest rank at the table ; for thus will she, at the very time that she cheers the doubting mind, *assure* all the rest, and diffuse ease, pleasure, and joy, around my board.

After what I have said, I need not warn my love, that she suffer not any sudden accident to ruffle her temper. I shall never forget the discomposure that Mrs. Arthur gave herself on one of her footmen's happen-

ing to stumble, and let fall a fine China dish; and she was so sincere in it, that she suffer'd it to spread all round the table, and not one of the company, myself excepted, but either became her consoler, or fell into stories of the like misfortunes; and, for the rest of the evening, we were turned into blundering footmen, and careless servants.

I thankfully promised to attend to his kind hints; and then I retired to dress, which I did in my best clothes; and, on enquiry, hearing he was in the garden, I went to attend him.

I found him reading in the little alcove.—You are busy, sir? said I.

He put up the paper he was reading, and said—I can have no business of equal value to your company. Sit down, my Pamela, taking my hand, and placing me by him.—You are a sweet, obliging girl! I see you have begun with observing one of my injunctions, as you call them. You are *early* dress'd; and charmingly too! Now, my dear, be so kind as to find some fault with *me*, and tell me what you would wish me to do, to appear still more agreeable to you than I am.

O sir, said I; and I could have kissed him, but for shame; I have not one single thing to wish for; no, not *one*. Do you think, proceeded I, (for I knew not how to stop) that your Pamela has no conscience? Let me assure you, sir, that less, *much* less than one half of the favours you have so generously conferred upon me, would have exceeded my utmost wishes.

My angel, said he, eagerly taking my hand between both his, and seemed about to say more agreeable things; but my overflowing gratitude *compelled* me, as I may say, to go on.—Why don't you, dear sir! ask me *quite contrary* questions? Don't I see, with delight, that your lessons are strengthened by your own example? For here, sir, in the first place, you that have enjoined me to be dressed for the day before dinner, are most charmingly dressed yourself.

Then, sir, when you command me, at your table, to cheer the doubting mind, and to behave most kindly to those who have least reason to expect distinction, and are of the lowest rank; how sweetly, in every instance that could possibly occur, have you done this yourself, by your Pamela! And how have you (to use your own words) diffus'd ease, pleasure, and joy, around my heart!

Then again, when you bid me not be disturb'd by little accidents, or by strangers coming in upon me unexpectedly, what an example did you give me of your own observation of this excellent rule, when, on our wedding-day, you permitted not the intrusion of Sir Charles Hargrave, and the other two gentlemen, which prevented our dining together on that chosen day, so to disturb you, as to hinder your entertaining them pleasantly, and parting with them kindly! What charming instances are these of your practising what you teach!

These observations are very much to my advantage, my dear, said he: but I fear these instances were too accidental to give me a title to your kind compliment: allow me therefore to say, that if I do not always make my practice so well confirm my doctrines, my Pamela must not expect that my imperfections will be a plea for her non-observance of my lessons, as you call them; for, I doubt, I shall never be half so perfect as you; and so I cannot permit you to recede in your goodness, altho' I may find myself unable to advance, as I ought, in my duty.

Thus we talked, till we heard the coaches; and then he said—Stay in the garden, my dear, and I'll bring the company to *you*. He did so; and

as soon as I beheld them, I hastened towards them to shorten the distance.

How do you do, my dear? said Miss Darnford. You look so easy, so chearful, that I know you will grant the request I have to make to you: you know what it is: to dance at your wedding. Indeed, I must not be refused; for I shall long to be there. Mrs. Jones was pleased to say, I look'd like an angel. And Mrs. Peters, that I improved upon them every time they saw me. Lady Darnford also made me a fine compliment, and said, I look'd freer and easier every time she saw me. Dear ladies! thought I, I wish you would spare these compliments; for I shall have some jest, I doubt, pass'd upon me, by-and-by, that will make me suffer for them.

Mr. Peters said, softly—God bless you, dear *daughter*! But not even my wife knows it.

Sir Simon came to me last, and took my hand, and holding it with both his—Mr. B. by your leave, said he; and kissed my hand five or six times; making a very free jest, by way of compliment, in his way.

A *young* rake, my dear mother, is hardly tolerable; but an *old* rake, and an *old* beau, are two very unnatural things!—And all this before daughters, women-grown!—I whispered my Mr. B. [what a proud word is that! *my* Mr. B.!] a little after—I fear, said I, I shall suffer from Sir Simon's free jests by-and-by, when you reveal the matter.—'Tis his way, my dear, said he; we must give him the hearing.

Miss Nanny Darnford said to me, with a sort of half-grave, ironical air—Give me leave to hope, madam, that you will permit my sister, if not me, to be present at the ceremony: she is quite wild about it. I curt'sy'd, and only said—You are all very good to me, ladies.

My dear Mr. B. [he says, I must speak to him, and write to him, and write of him, as my husband and lover both in one] took me aside, and said—Shall I lead them to the alcove, and tell them there, or stay till we go in to dinner?—Be pleased, sir, said I, to defer it till they are going away.—You have hitherto, said he, concealed your ring from the servants. If you will not have me communicate the affair till then, you must pull it off, or the ladies and Sir Simon will see it.

Before I could reply, Mrs. Jewkes, attended by Nan, officiously waddled to us with two bottles of Rhenish, (what she herself dearly loves) and sugar on a salver; and, making an awkward apology, by Mr. B.'s encouragement, poured out a glass, and to his surprize, (tho' not disagreeable to him, I saw) but much more to mine, offer'd it to me, with a low curt'sy, saying—Will you, madam, begin?—No, said I; my master, to be sure: my face, as I felt, in a glow.

They all took the hint:—I'll be hang'd, said Miss Darnford, if they have not stolen a wedding!—It must certainly be so! said Mrs. Peters.—Ah! Mr. Peters! Where were you, and Mr. Williams, last Thursday morning?—Let me alone, said Sir Simon, let me alone; if any thing has been stolen, I'll find it out; I'm a justice of peace, you know. Come, madam, taking my hand, answer me by the oath you have taken: Are you marry'd, or not?

Mr. B. smiled to see me so like a fool.—Pray, Sir Simon, said I— I thought, replied he, you did not look so smiling upon us for nothing. In the kindest manner my dear Mr. B. took my other hand—Since your blushes, my dearest love, discover you, be not ashamed of your husband: I never can be of my wife.

Now, said Miss Darnford, I am quite angry.—And I, said Lady Darnford, am quite pleased; let me give you joy, dear Mrs. B. Every one joined in the wish, and saluted me; while Mrs. Jewkes shook her sides, and seem'd highly pleas'd to be a means of discovering it.

Nobody, said Mr. B. wishes *me* joy.—Nobody need, said Mrs. Jones, very obligingly; since, with such a bride, you want no good wishes! He saluted each of the ladies: and, when he came to me, he said before them all—Now, my lovely bride, my sweet Pamela, let me conclude with you. May my love and my life in this world end together!

When we went in to dinner, my dear Mr. B. led me to the upper end of the table. I curtesied low to him, and to the elder ladies, and made no scruple to take the place he led me to; and performed the honours of it with pretty tolerable presence of mind.

Mr. B. with difficulty got them to give up the ball; on promising to be down again before winter; and on accepting of an invitation to meet this whole company at Sir Simon Darnford's to-morrow evening; by way of taking leave of them, he designing to set out on Wednesday morning for Bedfordshire.

The company intended to have staid supper; but soon after we had dined, a man and horse came express from a gentleman of Mr. B.'s acquaintance, whose name is Carlton, and who being taken dangerously ill, begg'd to see him as soon as possible. And so they all took leave of us.

Mr. Carlton lives near sixteen miles off. Mr. B. has a mortgage upon a considerable part of his estate. There is a great friendship between them. At parting with me, he bid me not expect him this night, if he returned not by eleven. Poor Mr. Carlton and I, said he, have pretty large concerns together, and if he should be very ill, and would be comforted by my presence, charity will not let me refuse it.

It is now eleven o'clock at night, and I fear he will not return. I am afraid his friend is very ill. Methinks I should be sorry any grief should touch his generous heart; yet there is no living in this world without many occasions for concern, even in the most prosperous state. It is fit it should be so; or else, poor wretches as we are! we should look no further; but be like travellers on a journey homeward, who, meeting with good entertainment at some inn on the way, put up their rest there, and never think of pursuing their journey to their proper home. This, I remember, was often a reflection of my good old lady, to whom I owe it.

I made Mrs. Jewkes sup with me. She was much pleased with my condescension, as she called it; and for my freedom with her, as we sat together. I could see by her manner, that she remembered with shame some parts of her past wickedness to me. She looked down, sat on the edge of her chair, her voice so gentle, and—Yes, madam, and—No, madam; almost all she could say. Poor wretch! I pitied her sometimes. May it be in my power to subdue her by kindness! That shall not be wanting, if I see it will do. Yet I am afraid that her change of behaviour is more owing to her respect for my present condition than to principle. Yet great is the force of a good example in superiors. Mine, I hope, will not be wanting.

Monday Morning, Seven o'clock.

I have just received a letter from my best friend. This is a copy of it; directed to me by my maiden name, because of the servant who brought it:—

“ Monday Morning, Three o’ Clock.

“ MY DEAREST LOVE,—As I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope my absence will not discompose you.

“ I sat up with my poor friend Carlton all night. He entreats me not to leave him. His hours seem to be numbered. A very few, it is believed, will shut up the solemn scene. He is, however, sensible. I have made his heart, and the hearts of his wife and children, easy in the assurances of my kindness to them. I left the poor man, for a few moments, praying for a release ; and blessing me.

“ I could have wished, so much has this melancholy scene affected me, that we had not engaged ourselves to Sir Simon and the good neighbourhood, for this night ; but since the engagement must take place, let me beg of you, my dear, to take the chariot, and go to Sir Simon’s ; the sooner in the day, the more obliging it will be to all your admiring friends. I hope to join you there by your tea-time in the afternoon. It will be six miles difference to me, and I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.

“ I count every hour of this little absence for a day : for I am, with the utmost sincerity, my dearest love,—For ever yours

“ W. B.

“ If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies, it would be a freedom they would be delighted with ; and the more, as they expected not such a favour.”

The least intimation of his pleasure shall be a command to me. I have ordered the chariot to be got ready. I will go and dine with Lady Darnford. I am already dressed.

Mrs. Jewkes is sent for down. The trampling of horses in the courtyard. Visitors are come. A chariot and six. Coronets on the chariot. Who can they be ? They have alighted, and come into the house.

Dreadful ! Dreadful ! What shall I do ? Lady Davers ! Lady Davers, her own self. And my kind protector a great, great many miles off !

Mrs. Jewkes, out of breath, tells me this, and says, she is enquiring for my master and me. How I tremble ? I can hardly hold my pen.

I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes, said I. Let the chariot go to the further end of the elm-walk, and I will fly to it unperceiv’d.—But she is enquiring for you, madam. I said you were within, but going out. She would see you presently, she said, as soon as she could have patience.—What did she call me, Mrs. Jewkes ?—*The creature*, madam :—*I will see the creature*, said she, *as soon as I can have patience*.—Ay, but replied I, *the creature* won’t see her, if she can help it.—Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favour my escape for this once ; for I am sadly frightened.

I’ll bid the chariot go down as you order, said she, and wait till you come ; and I’ll step down, and shut the hall-door, that you may pass unobserv’d ; for she sits cooling herself in the parlour over against the staircase.—That’s a good Mrs. Jewkes ! said I : but who has she with her ?—Her woman, answer’d she, and her nephew ; but he came on horseback, and is gone into the stables ; and they have three footmen.—And I wish, said I, they were all three hundred miles off ! What *shall* I do !

Mrs. Jewkes told me, I must go down, or my lady would come up.—What does she call me now ?—*Wench*, madam : *Bid the wench come down to me*. Her nephew and her woman are with her.

I can't go ! said I, and that's enough ! You might contrive it, that I might get out, if you would.—Indeed, madam, I cannot : for I would have shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open ; and there she sits over against the staircase.—Then, said I, fanning myself, I'll get out of the window, I think ; I am sadly frightened !—I wonder you so much disturb yourself, madam, said Mrs. Jewkes. You're on the right side of the hedge, I'm sure ; and were it my case, I would not be so discompos'd for any body.—Ay, said I, but who can help constitution ? I dare say, *you* would no more be so discompos'd, than I can help it.—Indeed, madam, if I were you, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you are, and go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome.—Fine talking ! replied I ; and be cuffed for my civility ! How unlucky this is, that your good master is abroad !

She expects to see you, madam. What answer shall I give her ?—Tell her I am sick in bed : tell her I am dying, and must not be disturb'd : tell her I am gone out : tell her any thing !

At that moment up came her woman.—How do you do, Mrs. Pamela ? said she ; and stared ; I suppose to see me dressed.—My lady desires to speak with you.—Now, thought I, I must go. She won't beat me, I hope. Oh, that my dear protector were at home !

I followed her woman down ; my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, that I might be ready to step into the chariot, when I could get away. I had hoped, that the occasion for all my tremblings had been over ; but I trembled sadly ; yet resolv'd to put on as easy an air as possible : and entering the parlour, and making a very low curt'sy—Your servant, my good lady, said I.—And *your* servant, again, said she, *my lady* ; for I think you are dressed out like one.

A charming girl tho' ! said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath : dear madam, forgive me, but I must kiss her. And came up to me.

Forbear, uncivil gentleman, said I ; I won't be us'd with freedom.

Jackey, said my lady, sit down, and don't touch the creature : she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, as well as in her dress, I assure you, since I saw her last.

Well, child, said she, sneeringly, how dost find thyself ? Thou'rt mightily come on of late ! I hear strange reports about thee ! Thou'rt got into a fool's paradise, I doubt ; but wilt find thyself terribly mistaken, in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family for the sake of thy baby-face !

I see, said I, sadly vex'd, (her woman and nephew smiling by) your ladyship has no particular commands for me, and I beg leave to withdraw.

Worden, said she to her woman, shut the door ; my young lady and I must not part so soon.

Where's your well-manner'd deceiver gone, child ? said she.

When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly, replied I, I shall know how to answer.

Well, but my dear child, said she in drollery, don't be too *pert* neither. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready as thy mannerly master is, to bear with thy freedoms. A little more of that modesty and humility, therefore, which my mother's waiting-wench used to shew, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself.

I would beg, said I, one favour of your ladyship, that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree.

Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget my degree, wouldst thou not *keep* thy distance?

If you, madam, said I, lessen the distance yourself, you will descend nearer to the level you are pleased to consider me in, than I hope Lady Davers, for her own honour, will deign to do.

Do you hear? do you hear, Jackey? Did I not tell you, that I should know how to form a notion of her situation, either by her pertness, or her reverence!—Ah, girl! girl!

Her nephew, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapp'd out an oath, and said, drolling—I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so *bold* as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers!—I hope, sir, replied I (vexed at what my lady said, and at his sneering) that as there was no need of your information, you don't expect my thanks for it; and I am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath.

He look'd more foolish than I, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand. At last—Why, Mrs. Pamela, said he, you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof.

Sir, said I, you seem quite a fine gentleman. I hope, however, that you *can* be out of countenance.

How now, Pert-one, said my lady, do you know to whom you talk?

I beg pardon, madam! But lest I should still further forget myself—

And then I made a low curtsy, and was going. But she arose, and gave me a push, and pull'd the chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

Well, said I, I can bear any thing at your ladyship's hands.

Yet I was ready to cry. And I went and sat down, and fann'd myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly—Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence. My lady, tho' she did not hear *her*, said—You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave.

I stood up, and said—When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, I might be allowed to sit.

But I ask'd you, said she—Whither your master is gone?

To one Mr. Carlton's, madam, about sixteen miles off, who is very ill.

And when does he come home?

This evening, madam.

And whither are you going?

To a gentleman's house in the town, madam.

And how were you to go?

In the chariot, madam.

Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure! I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child! Were you ever out in it, with your master?

I beseech you, madam, said I, very much nettled, to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all!

Why, Bold-face, said she, you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time.

I could no longer refrain tears, but said—Pray your ladyship, let me ask, What I have done to be thus severely treated? If you think I am deceived, as you were pleased to hint, ought I not rather to be entitled to your pity, than your anger?

She came to me, and taking my hand, led me to her chair, and then sat down, still holding my hand.

Poor wench! said she, I did indeed pity you, while I thought you in-

nocent ; and when my brother brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concern'd for you. I was still *more* concern'd for you, and lov'd you, when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffered yourself to be prevailed upon, and have lost your innocence, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruin'd [*this shocked me a little*] I cannot help shewing you my displeasure.

Madam, reply'd I, I must beg a less hasty judgment ; I have *not* lost my innocence.

Take care, take care, Pamela : don't lose your veracity, as well as your virtue. Why are you here, when you are at full liberty to go whither you please ? I will make one proposal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept of it. Will you go and live with me ? I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you will go with me. Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can.

I am innocent, madam, reply'd I, and willing to *keep* so ; and yet I cannot consent to this.

Then, very flatly, thou liest, child, said she ; and I give thee up : rising, and walking about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said—Your ladyship is very good.

'Tis a plain case ; a very plain case, said her nephew.

I would have mov'd the chair, to have gone out, but her nephew came and sat in it. This provok'd me ; for I thought I should be unworthy of the honour I was rais'd to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not shew some spirit, and I said—What, sir, is *your* privilege in this house ? And what is your pretence to detain me against my will ?

Because, said he, I like it.

Do you so, sir ? replied I : if that is the answer of a gentleman to me, a woman, it would not, I dare say, be your answer to a gentleman.

My lady ! my lady ! said he, a challenge, a challenge, by Gad !

No, sir, said I, I am of a sex that gives no challenges ; and you think so too, or you would not have thought of the word.

Don't be surpris'd, nephew, said my lady.—Pamela, Pamela, tapping my shoulder, two or three times, in anger, thou hast lost thy innocence, girl ; and thou hast got some of thy master's assurance, and art fit to go any where.

Then, an please your ladyship, said I, I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may withdraw.

No, reply'd she, I will know first, what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent ?

I *can* give, said I, a very good one : but I beg to be excused.

I *will* hear it, said she.

Why then, answer'd I, I should perhaps have less reason to like *this* gentleman, at your ladyship's house, than my abode where I am.

Well then, said she, I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment with you to your father and mother, and see you with them in safety. What do you say to that ?

Ay, Mrs. Pamela, said her nephew, now what does your innocence say to that ?—'Fore Gad, madam, you have puzzled her now.

Be pleased, madam, said I, to relieve me from the questionings of this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me insulted.

Jackey, be quiet, said my lady. You only give her a pretence to evade my questions.—Answer me, Pamela.

I will, madam, and it is thus : I have no occasion to be obliged to your ladyship for this honour ; for I am to set out on Wednesday on the way to my parents.

Now, again, thou liest, wench.

I am not of quality, said I, curtseying, to answer such language.

Let me again caution thee, wench, not to provoke me by thy pertness to do something by thee, unworthy of myself.

Pray, madam, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the town to dinner.

I can't spare you, replied she ; and whomsoever you are to go to, will excuse you, when they are told 'tis *I* that command you *not* to go ; and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you recollect, that 'tis the unexpected arrival of your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that requires your attendance on her.

I pleaded, foolishly enough, as I might have expected she would ridicule me for it, pre-engagement.

My stars ! said she, what will this world come to ! Waiting-wenches plead pre-engagements in bar of their duty !—O Pamela, Pamela ! I am sorry thou givest thyself such airs, and triest to ape thy betters : I see thou art quite spoil'd : of a modest, innocent girl, that thou wert, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the world, but what, I fear, thou art.

I wept for vexation—Say what you please, madam : if I can help it, I will not answer another word.

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and ask'd—If her ladyship was ready for dinner ?—Let it be serv'd, said she. I would have gone out with Mrs. Jewkes ; but my lady, taking my hand, repeated, that she could not spare me.—And, miss, proceeded she, you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by ; you shall not stir from my presence. If you behave better, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you.

Mrs. Jewkes stopping at the door—Madam, said she to me, may I speak one word with you ?

I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes, return'd I. My lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner.

Madam, dost thou call her, woman ? And I suppose *thou* art called madam too. But what thou hast to say, thou may'st speak before me.

Mrs. Jewkes went out, and seem'd vex'd for me. She says, my face look'd like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlour, and for *three* persons, and she led me in :—Come, my little dear, said she, with a sneer, I'll hand you in, and I would have you think as highly of the honour, as if it was done you by my brother.

How dreadful, thought I, would be my lot, were I as wicked as this haughty lady thinks me !

Jackey, said my lady, come, let us go to dinner. Do you, Worden, (to her woman) assist the girl in waiting on us. We will have no men-fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves ?

I have not, madam, deserv'd this at your ladyship's hands.

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said—Do you expect any body else, Mrs. Jewkes, that the cloth is laid for *three* ?

I hoped your ladyship and madam, replied Mrs. Jewkes, would have been so well reconcil'd, that she would have sat down too.

What means the clownish woman? said my lady, in great disdain: could you think the creature should sit down with me?

She does, and please your ladyship, with my master.

So! said she, the wench has got thee over! Come, my little dear, pull off thy *gloves*, I say; and off she pull'd my left glove herself, and spy'd my ring.—O my dear God! said she, if the wench has not got a ring! Well! this *is* a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably trick'd? And so, poor Innocent! thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble! And, I'll warrant, my little dear has topp'd her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimicks still the condition!—Why, said she, and turn'd me round, thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *pre-engagements*! Pr'ythee, child, walk before me to that glass: survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the theatrical part given thee.

I was then resolved to try to be silent; altho' exceedingly vex'd. I went to the window, and sat down in it, and she took her place at the table; and her saucy nephew, fleeing at me most provokingly, sat down by her.

Her ladyship eat some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a chicken, said, with as little decency as goodness—If thou *longest*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast.

Pamela, said my lady, help me to a glass of wine.—No, Worden, *you* shan't; for she was offering to do it. I will have my Lady Bride confer that honour upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*.—I was silent, and stirr'd not.

Dost hear, *Chastity*? said she: wilt thou help me to a glass of wine, when I bid thee? What! not stir! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one.

Still, I mov'd not; but, fanning myself, continued silent.

When I have ask'd thee, Meek-one, *half a dozen questions together*, said she, I suppose thou wilt answer them *all at once*. Canst thou not find one word for me? Canst thou not find thy feet?

I was so vex'd, I bit out a piece of my fan, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, only fluttering it, and fanning myself.

I believe, said she, my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest-one, I shall be entitled to an answer.

Her nephew arose, and brought the bottle and glass—Come, said he, Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help her ladyship, and I will be your deputy.

Sir, replied I, 'tis in a good hand; help my lady yourself.

Why, Creature, said she, flying into a passion, dost thou think thyself above it? Insolence! continued she, this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine; or—

I took a little spirit then. Thought I, I can but be beaten.—If, said I, to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, were required of me, as a token of respect for Lady Davers, and not as an insult to her brother, who has done me an honour that requires me to act a part not unworthy of his goodness to me, I would do it. But, as things are, I must say, I cannot.

She seem'd quite surpris'd, and look'd now upon her kinsman, and then upon her woman.

I'm astonish'd! quite astonished! Well then, I suppose you would have me to conclude you to be my brother's wife; would you not?

Your ladyship, said I, *compels* me to say this.

But, replied she, dost thou *thyself* think thou art so ?
Silence, said her kinsman, gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does.
Shall I rise, madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt ?

Tell me, said my lady, what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee, to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister ?

Madam, reply'd I, that is a question will better become your brother to answer, than me.

She was rising in great wrath ; but her woman said—Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her ; and if the poor girl has been deluded, as you have heard, with the sham-marriage, she will be more deserving of your ladyship's pity than anger.

True, Worden, very true, said my lady ; but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature.

I would have gone out at the door ; but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I expected bad treatment from her pride, and violent temper ; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him—

Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behaviour, you will, perhaps, have cause to repent it. I then went, and sat down in the window again.

Another challenge, by Gad ! said he ; but I am glad she says her *master* ! You see, madam, she herself does not believe she is marry'd, and so has not been *so much* deluded as you think for.

And coming to me with a barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me—My new aunt, your *blessing*, or your *curse*, I care not which ; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner !

I gave him a most contemptuous look.—Tinsel'd toy ! said I, (for he was laced all over) twenty or thirty years hence, when you are *at age*, I shall know how to answer you better. Mean time, sport with your footmen, and not with me.

I then removed to another window nearer the door, and he look'd like the fool he is.

Worden, Worden, said my lady, this is not to be borne ! Was ever the like heard ! Is my kinsman and Lord Davers's to be thus used by such a wench ? And was coming to me. Indeed I began to be afraid ; for I have but a poor heart, after all. But Mrs. Jewkes, hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said—Pray your ladyship, don't discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your ladyship and your brother : for my master doats upon madam.

Woman, said she, do thou be silent ! Sure, I, that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talked to by the saucy servants in it !

I beg pardon, madam, reply'd Mrs. Jewkes ; and turning to me—Madam, said she, my master will take it very ill, if you make him wait for you.

I again arose to go out ; but my lady said—If it were only for *that* reason, she shan't go.

She then went to the door—Woman, said she, to Mrs. Jewkes, shutting her out, come not in again till I call you ; and stepping to me, took my hand, saying—Find your legs, miss, if you please.

I stood up. She tapp'd my cheek—How does that glowing face, said

she, shew thy rancorous heart, if thou daredst to speak out ! But come this way. And leading me to her chair—Stand there, said she, and answer me a few questions, while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent master to account ; and then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravell'd ; for, between you, I *will* come to the bottom of it.

When she had sat down, I mov'd to the window on the other side the parlour, which looks into the private garden ; and her woman said—Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry ; stand by her ladyship, as she bids you.

Mrs. Worden, replied I, do you attend your *lady's* commands, and lay not *yours* upon *me*.

Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela, replied she : times are much alter'd with you, I assure you.

Lady Davers, return'd I, has a very good plea to be free in the house she was *born* in : but *you* may as well confine your freedom to the house in which you had your *breeding*.

Hey-day ! retorted she. This from you, Mrs. Pamela ! But since you provoke me, I'll tell you a piece of my mind.

Hush, hush ! *good woman*, said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes ; my lady wants not your assistance ! Besides, I can't scold !

Well, but, Pamela, said my lady, come hither, and tell me truly—Dost thou think thyself really marry'd ?

My good lady, said I, and approach'd her chair, I'll answer *all* your commands, if you'll have patience with me : but I cannot bear to be used thus by this gentleman, and your ladyship's woman.

Child, said she, thou art very impertinent to my kinsman ; thou canst not be civil to *me* ; and *my ladyship's* woman is much thy betters. But that's not the thing ! Dost thou think thou art really marry'd ?

Why, madam, what does it signify what *I* think ? Your ladyship will believe as you please. I am easy and pleased with my lot, and pray, madam, let me continue to be so, as long as I can.

Pert wench ! But I will have patience with thee, if possible. Dost thou not think I am concern'd, that thou, a young creature, whom my mother lov'd so well, shouldst have cast thyself away, shouldst have suffer'd thyself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand that thou madest for so long a time ?

I do not think myself deluded and undone, madam ; and am as innocent and as virtuous as ever I was in my life.

Thou liest, child, said she.

So your ladyship told me *twice* before !

She gave my hand a slap for this ; and I made a low curtsy ; and retiring, said—I humbly thank your ladyship ! But I could not refrain tears ; and added—Your brother, madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, tho' *I* do.

Come a little nearer me, my dear, said she, and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou thinkest thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he were here, I would serve thee worse, and him too.

I wish he was, said I.

Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art ?

Now, pray, madam, said I, (but got a little further off) be pleased to

reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *honour*, or rather *misfortune*, to come into your presence; whether you have said *one* thing befitting your ladyship's degree to me, even supposing I was the wench, and the creature, you take me to be?

Come hither, my pert dear, replied she, come but within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest.

To be sure she meant to box my ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy lot, if I could not shew some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said—I suppose I may now depart your presence, madam?

I suppose *not*, said she. Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou mayest fast till thy mannerly master comes home.

Will your ladyship, said I, be so good as to tell me how long I am to stay? For you will please to see by *that* letter, that I am obliged to attend my master's commands. And so I gave her her brother's letter, written from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honour done me by him.

Ay, said she, this is my *worthy* brother's hand: it is directed to Mrs. Andrews. That's to *you*, I suppose, child! Thy name will be always Andrews for him, I am sure! And so she read on, making remarks as she went along.

Indeed I repented my giving it into her hands several times as she read.

Well then, said I, I hope your ladyship will give me leave to send my excuses to your good brother, and let him know that your ladyship is come, and is so fond of me, that you will not let me leave you.

Insolent creature! said she; and wantest thou my *good* brother, as thou callest him, to come and quarrel with his sister on thy account? But thou shalt not stir from my presence; and I would now ask thee, what it is thou meantest by shewing me this letter?

To shew your ladyship, replied I, how I was engaged for this day and evening.

And for nothing else? asked she.

If your ladyship can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope not to be the *worse* treated for them.

Her eyes sparkled with indignation. She took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard—I know, confident creature, that you shew'd it me to insult me. You shew'd it me, to let me see, that he could be civiler to a beggar-born, than to me, or to my good Lord Davers. You shew'd it me, as if you would have me be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe you are married, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe *you* know it. You shew'd it me, in short, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and unsullied beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee an hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot.

This fearful menace, and her fiery eyes, and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage.

Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me. And since nothing I can say will please you; and your ladyship is resolved to be angry with me, let me beg of you to do whatever you design by me, and suffer me to depart your presence!

She slapt my hand, and reach'd to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes, and her woman, hearkening without, they both came in at that instant; and

Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us—Your ladyship knows not what you do : indeed you don't. My master would never forgive me, if I suffer'd, in his house, one he so dearly loves, to be so used ; and it must *not* be, tho' you are Lady Davers.

Her woman too interposed, and told her, I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But my lady was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go out, but her kinsman again set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said—I should not go, till Lady Davers permitted it. He drew it half-way, and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out—O the sword ! the sword ! And, not knowing what I did, ran to my lady, and clasp'd my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy ; and said, sinking on my knees—Defend me, good your ladyship ! The sword ! the sword !—Mrs. Jewkes said—My lady will fall into fits. But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her words, and said—Jackey, don't draw your sword ! You see, violent as her spirit is, she is but a coward.

Come, said she, be comforted : I will try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish. Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose. I did not faint. And my lady said—Jewkes, if *you* wish to be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves ; and, Jackey, do you withdraw ; only you, Worden, stay.

I sat down in the window, trembling like a coward, as her ladyship called me, and as I am.

You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela, again said her woman.

Yes, let her sit, till she is a little recover'd, replied my lady. She sat down over against me.—To be sure, Pamela, said she, you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well to my nephew (who is a man of quality too), as to me. And, palliating her cruel usage, conscious she had carry'd the matter too far, she wanted to lay the fault upon me :—Own, said she, you have been very saucy, and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon ; and I will try to pity you : for you would have been a sweet girl, after all, if you had but kept your innocence.

I arose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room—Beat me again, if you please, said I ; but I must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much marry'd as your ladyship !

At that she ran to me, but her woman interposed again—Let the vain creature go from your presence, madam, said she. She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship.

Stand away, Worden, said my lady. That is an assertion that I would not take from my brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I ? Is that to be borne ?

But if the creature believes she is, madam, said her woman, she is to be as much pity'd for her credulity, as despis'd for her vanity.

I was in hopes to have slipp'd out at the door ; but she caught hold of my gown, and pull'd me back.—Pray, your ladyship, said I, very much afraid of her (for I have a strange notion of the fury of a woman of quality when provoked), don't kill me ! I have done no harm.—She locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. And I, seeing Mrs. Jewkes before the window, lifted up the sash, and said—Mrs. Jewkes, I believe it would be best for the chariot to go to your master, and let him know, that Lady Davers is here ; and I cannot leave her ladyship.

She was resolv'd to be displeas'd, let me say what I would.

No, no, said she ; he'll then think, that I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her.

I thought your ladyship, reply'd I, could not have taken exceptions at this message.

Thou knowest nothing, wench, said she, of what belongs to people of condition : how shouldst thou ?

Nor, thought I, do I desire it at this rate.

What shall I say, madam, to your brother ?

Nothing at all, replied she ; let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed ; it is but adding a few more *hours*, and every one will be a *day* in his amorous account.

Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whisper'd—Lct Robert stay at the elms ; I'll have a struggle for't by-and-by.

As much marry'd as I! repeated she.—The insolence of the creature !—Talking to herself, to her woman, and now-and-then to me, as she walked ; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent.

And then it was—Am I not worthy of an answer ?

If I speak, replied I, your ladyship is angry with me, tho' it be ever so respectfully ; would to Heaven I knew how to please your ladyship !

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and the more as I was afraid of incurring displeasure, by not being where I was expected : and seeing it was no hard matter to get out of the window, into the front-yard, the parlour floor being almost even with the yard, I resolv'd to attempt it ; and to have a fair run for it. Accordingly, having seen my lady at the other end of the room, in her walks backward and forward, and having not pulled down the sash, which I put up when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipp'd out in a moment, and ran away as fast as I could ; my lady at one window, and her woman at another, calling after me to return.

Two of her servants appeared at her crying out ; and she bidding them stop me, I said—Touch me at your peril, fellows ! But their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been order'd by Mrs. Jewkes, when she saw how I was treated, to be within call, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, the only time, I thought, it ever became him, and said—He would *chine* the man (that was his word) who offer'd to touch his lady ; and so he ran alongside of me ; and I heard my lady say—The creature flies like a bird. Indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopp'd till I got to the chariot. Robert had got down from his seat, seeing me running at a distance, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready down ; and in I jump'd, without touching the step, saying—Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach ! He mounted his seat, and Colbrand said—Don't be frighten'd, madam ; nobody shall hurt you. He shut the door, and away Robert drove ; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

Mr. Colbrand was so kind (but I did not know it till the chariot stopp'd at Sir Simon's) to step up behind it, lest, as he said, Lady Davers should send after me : and he told Mrs. Jewkes, when he got home, that he never saw such a runner in his life.

This cruel lady detained me till about six o'clock. Miss Darnford, as soon as the chariot stopp'd, ran out to me—Welcome! ten times welcome, my dear! said she: but you'll be beat, I can tell you; for Mr. B. has been here these two hours, and is very angry with you.

That's hard indeed! said I. Indeed I can't afford it!—hardly knowing what I said, having not recover'd my fright. Let me sit down, any where: I have been hardly treated.

I sat down, and was quite sick with the hurry of my spirits, and lean'd upon her arm.

Your lord and master, said she, came in very moody; and when he had staid an hour, and you not come, he began to fret, and said—He did not expect so little complaisance from you. And he is now sat down, with great persuasions, to a game at loo.—Come, you must make your appearance, lady fair; for he's too sullen to attend you, I doubt.

You have no strangers, have you, madam? asked I.—Only two women relations from Stamford, replied she, and an humble servant of one of them.—Only all the world, Miss Darnford! replied I: what shall I do? I cannot bear his anger.

Just as I had said so, in came Lady Darnford and Mrs. Jones, to chide me, as they said, for not coming sooner. And before I could speak, came in Mr. B. I ran to him—How do you, Pamela? said he, and saluted me, with a little more formality than I could well bear.—I expected, my dear, that you would have been here to dinner.—Dear sir, said I, pray, pray, hear me; and then you'll pity me! Mrs. Jewkes will tell you, that as soon as I had read your kind letter, I said—I would obey you, and come to dinner with these good ladies; and prepared myself instantly to attend them.—Look you, stately one, said Miss Darnford, did I not tell you, that something must have happen'd? O these tyrants! these men!

Why, what hinder'd you, my dear? Give yourself time; you seem out of breath.—Out of breath, sir! well I may: for, just as I was ready to come away, who should drive into the court-yard, but Lady Davers!—Lady Davers! Nay, then, my dear, said he, and saluted me more tenderly, have you had a trial indeed, from one of the haughtiest women in England, tho' my sister! For she, too, my Pamela, was spoil'd by my mother! But have you seen her?

Yes, sir, and more than *seen* her!—Why, *sir*, said he, she has not had the insolence—But tell me, sir, interrupted I, that you forgive me; for indeed I could not come sooner: do you and these good ladies but excuse me; and I'll tell you all another time.

But say, my dear, was Lady Davers insolent to you? Did Lady Davers offer—Lady Davers, sir, interrupted I, is your sister, and I must not tell you all; but she has treated me a little severely.

Did you tell her, said he, you were marry'd?—Yes, sir, I did at last: but she will have it, 'tis a sham-marriage, and that I am a wile creature: and she was ready to beat me, when I said so; for she could not have patience, she said, that I should be deem'd her sister.

How unlucky it was, reply'd he, that I was not at home! Why did you not send to me here?—Send, sir! I was kept prisoner by force. They would not let me stir, or do you think I would have been hinder'd from obeying you? Nay, I told them, that I had a pre-engagement; but she ridiculed me, and said—Waiting-wenchs talk of pre-engagements! and then I shew'd her your kind letter! And she made a thousand remarks upon it, and made me wish I had kept it to myself. In

short, whatever I could do or say, there was no pleasing her ; and I was a *creature*, a *wench*, and all that was naught. But I must entreat you not to be angry with her on my account.

Well, but, said he, I suppose she hardly ask'd you to dine with *her* ; for she came before dinner, I presume, if it was soon after you had my letter?—Dine with my *lady* ! No, indeed ! Why, she would have made me wait at table upon her, with her woman, because she would not expose herself and me by her anger, before the men-servants ; which, you know, sir, was very considerate in her ladyship.

Well, said he, but *did* you wait at table upon her?—Would you have had me, sir?—Only, Pamela, reply'd he, I hope you knew what belong'd to your character, as my wife.—I refused to wait at table on that consideration, sir, said I, as my lady *must* intend an indignity by it. Else I could have waited on my knees upon your sister.

He expressed his approbation of my conduct ; and said—She was an insolent woman, and should dearly repent her usage of me.—But, sir, she is to be excus'd, said I, because she will not believe that I am indeed marry'd : be not, therefore, very angry at her ladyship.

Lady Darnford went in to the company, and told them the cause of my detention ; for, it seems, my dear master *lov'd me too well* to keep to *himself* the disappointment my not being here to receive him, was to him ; and they had all given the two Miss Boroughs's, and Mr. Perry, the Stamford guests, such a character of me as made them impatient to see me.

Whom, my dear, said Mr. B., had my sister with her, besides her woman?—Her nephew, sir.

That nephew is a coxcomb, replied he : how did *he* behave to you?—Not extraordinarily well, sir.

By Heaven ! resumed he, if I knew he behaved unhandsomely to my love, I will send him home to his uncle without his ears.—Indeed, sir, returned I, I was even with him, for I thought I ought not to bear with him as with her ladyship.

But, sure, my dear, you might have got away, when you went to your own dinner?—Indeed, sir, her ladyship lock'd me in, and would not let me stir.—You have not dined then?—No, indeed, sir, nor had a stomach to dine.—But, then, how got you away at last ?

I told him briefly how, and the kind part that not only Mr. Colbrand, but Mrs. Jewkes likewise, took on the occasion.

He called me sweet creature, and said, I loved to speak well of every body.—But come, said he, we will now join the company, and try to forget all you have suffer'd, for two or three hours ; and resume the subject as we go home.

But you forgive me, sir, and are not angry ?

Forgive you, my dear ! I hope you forgive me ! I shall never make you amends for what you have suffer'd *from* me, and *for* me !—And with those words he led me in to the company.

He very kindly presented me to the two stranger ladies, and the gentleman ; and Sir Simon, who was at cards, rose from the table, and saluted me :—Adad ! madam, said he, I'm glad to see you here. What, it seems, you have been a prisoner ! 'Tis well you was, or Mr. B. and I should have sat in judgment upon you, and condemned you to a fearful punishment for your first crime of *Læsæ Majestatis*. [I had this explain'd to me afterwards, as a sort of treason against my liege lord and

husband.] We husbands, in this neighbourhood, proceeded he, are resolv'd to turn over a new leaf with our wives, and *your* lord and master shall shew us the way, I can tell you. But I see by your eyes, my sweet culprit, added he, and by your heightened complexion, that you have had sour sauce to your sweet meat.

I think we are obliged to our lovely guest, at last, said Miss Darnford ; for she was forced to jump out at a window to come to us.—Indeed ! said Mrs. Peters. And my master's back being turn'd—Lady Davers, added she, when a maiden, was always passionate ; but very good when her anger was over. She would make nothing of slapping her maids about, and begging their pardons afterwards, if they took it patiently ; otherwise she used to say—The *creatures* were even with her.

All my fear is, said I, that I took too impatiently, though so much provoked, her treatment of me : but I should have been unworthy of the rank I am raised to, had I not shewn some spirit. Some I did shew for her brother's sake, and have reason to think myself happy, that I escaped a good cuffing.

Miss Boroughs, and her sister, and Mr. Perry, seemed to look at me with pleasure ; and Miss Darnford, addressing herself to me, was pleased to say—These, our friends, Mrs. B., are strangely admiring you. Mr. Perry says, you are the loveliest woman he ever saw ; and says it to his own mistress's face, too, I assure you !—If he said otherwise, answered Miss Boroughs, I should think he greatly flatter'd me.

I curtsey'd to her.

Miss Nanny Boroughs made me a still higher compliment ; and I said—Lady Davers was very cruel to keep me from such company.—It is our loss, my dear neighbour, said Miss Darnford.—I'll allow it, return'd I, in degree : for you have all been deprived, several hours, of an humble admirer.

Mr. Perry attributed to me high things : and mentioning the word *shining*—O sir ! said I, (my master coming up just then, but not in his hearing) mine is but a borrow'd shine, like that of the moon : here is the sun, to whose fervent generosity I owe all the faint lustre that your goodness is pleased to look upon with so much kind distinction.

Mr. B., said Mr. Perry, I will pronounce you to be the happiest man in England.

I know not your subject, said the dear generous man ; but if you believe me so, for a *single* instance of this dear girl's goodness, what must I think, who experience it on every occasion ? I assure you, that my Pamela's *person*, lovely as you see it, is far short of her *mind*. It was indeed her person that first attracted me, and made me her *lover* : but they were the beauties of her mind, that made me her *husband*.

Well, said Mr. Perry, very politely, excellent as your lady is, I know not the man who could deserve her, but that one, who says such just and such fine things of her.

I was abash'd ; and took Miss Darnford's hand, and whisperingly said to her—Save me, dear madam, by your sweet example, from my rising pride. Could I deserve half these kind things, what a happy creature should I be !

The greatest part of the company having sat down at loo, my *master*, being press'd, (how can I forbear calling him my master ?) consented to play a rubbers at whist ; tho' he said, he had rather be excused, having been up all night. I ask'd how his friend did.—We will talk of poor Mr.

Carlton, said he, another time. This, and the solemnity he spoke it with, made me fear the poor gentleman was no more : as indeed it proved.

Supper was brought in sooner on my account, because I had had no dinner ; and there pass'd very agreeable compliments on the occasion.

Mrs. Jones brought up the discourse about Lady Davers again ; and my master said—I fear, Pamela, you have been more hardly used than you'll own. I know my sister's temper too well, to believe she could be over civil to you, especially as it happen'd so unluckily that I was from home. If, added he, she had no pique to *you*, my dear, yet what has pass'd between *her* and *me*, has so exasperated her, that I know she would have quarrell'd with my horse, if she thought I valued it, and nothing else was in her way.

I know, my dear, continued he, she came on purpose to quarrel. The treatment I gave to her lord's letter must have greatly incensed her. What sort of language had she for me, Pamela?—Only, sir, her *well-manner'd brother*, and such like.

Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Peters, said, That as Lady Davers's violent temper, and her many good qualities, were equally known to the neighbours present ; as Mr. B. would expect to hear what her treatment of me had been, when he got home, when perhaps there would not be any mediators between my lady and him present ; and as they presumed this would be the last trial I should meet with, they wished they might be favoured with the particulars ; making a compliment to my manner. Lady Darnford pleased the curiosity and attention of Mr. Perry and the Miss Boroughs's, who having heard a part of the story, wish'd, as they had whisper'd her, to hear the rest ; and Mr. B. being as impatient to know if I had suffered any personal indignity, I, by his command, related all that had passed, as I have written to you, my dear parents ; only palliating her violence, by owning sometimes the sauciness of my answers ; and the provocation I gave her by once saying, that I was as much married as her ladyship ; and by mentioning her great concern for my credulity and supposed forfeited innocence ; insisting that my marriage was a sham-marriage ; and my ring a mere grimace, in order to cloak my yielding.

He expressed high displeasure, however, at her slapping my hand ; and at her intending farther violence, had it not been for the interposition of her woman and Mrs. Jewkes ; the latter of whom I praised for her behaviour on the occasion. This generosity, as it was called, got me many applauses, Mr. B.'s in particular. And I was the less scrupulous in my relation, from the hint of Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Jones, that it was better to tell the worst, that his resentment might be weakened when he came face to face with Lady Davers ; when all her violence might have come out, and no pacifiers, as now, present ; for her ladyship wants not the respect of this neighbourhood, tho' every one blamed her for the way she always unhappily gave to her passionate temper. And what made me *still* the less earnest to disguise the truth, was, that he once said, when I was shy of telling him the worst—Be not afraid, my dear, to acquaint me with all you suffered from my sister's violence. I must love her, after all. I know she comes with a view to reconciliation ; but it must be thro' a hearty quarrel : she can shew a great deal of sunshine ; but it must be preceded by a storm.

When I had concluded my story, nothing would serve Miss Darnford, and Miss Boroughs, but we must have a dance ; and Mr. Peters urged it forward, proposing himself to take the violin, of which he is a master.

My dear Mr. B., tho' in his riding-dress, danc'd with Miss Boroughs. He is noted for a fine dancer, and had every one's praises.

Sir Simon, for a man of his years, danc'd well. He took me out. In his free way he said, that I was fitter to dance with a younger man; and would have it, that as my master and I were the best dancers, we should dance once together *before* folks; as the odd gentleman expressed himself. Mr. B. obliged him, and took me out. He afterwards danc'd with Miss Darnford; who far, very far surpassed me.

We left the company, to their great regret, at about eleven; it was twelve before we got home. Mrs. Jewkes told us, that Lady Davers sat up till eleven; and often expressed her impatience for our return; threatening us both. I was very glad to hear she was retired to rest. She had expressed, it seems, a good deal of vexation, that I had escaped her; and was a little apprehensive of the report I should make of her treatment of me. She ask'd Mrs. Jewkes, if she thought I was really marry'd! And Mrs. Jewkes answering her in the affirmative, she fell into a passion; and said—Begone, bold woman! I cannot bear thee: see not my face till I send for thee. Thou hast been very impudent to me once or twice to-day already, and art now worse than ever.

Dear sir, said I, pray, let me in the morning lock myself up in the closet, as soon as you rise; and not be call'd down on any account. And I will employ myself about my journal, while these things are in my head.—Don't be afraid, my dear, said he: am not I with you?

Mrs. Jewkes told her master that she pitied me for what I had undergone in the day; and I said—Well, Mrs. Jewkes, that's all over, and past; and here I am safe in the best protection. But, I am much obliged to you; and I thank you, for your part on the occasion.

At breakfast-time my master tapp'd at the chamber-door; and answering to my question—Who is there? I open'd it with pleasure. I had written on a good deal; but I put it by when I ran to the chamber-door. I would have lock'd it again, when he was in; but he said—Am not I here? Don't be afraid. He ask'd—If I chose to come down to breakfast?—O no, dear sir, said I; be pleas'd to excuse me.—I cannot bear, said he, that the mistress of my house should breakfast in her closet, as if she durst not come down, and I at home!—O sir, reply'd I, pray pass that over for *my* sake, and don't let me by my presence enrage your sister.—Then, my dear, said he, I will breakfast with *you* here.—I beseech you, dear sir, answered I, to breakfast with your sister.—That, reply'd he, will too much gratify her pride, and look like a slight to you.—Your goodness is too great for me to want such a proof of it. Pray oblige her ladyship: she is your guest. Surely, sir, you need not stand upon punctilio with your happy wife.

You shall do nothing, return'd he, unbecoming the character of my wife, to please the proud woman. But I will, however, permit you to breakfast by yourself this once, as I have not seen her since I have used her in what she calls so barbarous a manner. He saluted me, and withdrew, and I again lock'd the door after him.

Mrs. Jewkes soon after tapped at the door. When I knew who it was, I opened it.—It is a sad thing, said she, that you should be so much afraid in your own house. She brought me some chocolate and toast; and I ask'd her about my lady's behaviour. She said, her ladyship would not suffer any body to attend but her woman, because she would not be heard in what she had to say; but she believ'd, she said, her master was very

angry with the young lord, as Mrs. Jewkes called her kinsman ; for, as she pass'd by the door, she heard him say, in a high tone—I hope, sir, *you* did not forget yourself ; or words to that effect.

About one o'clock, my master came up again ; and he said—Will you come down to dinner, Pamela, when I send for you ?—Whatever you command, sir, I must do : but my lady won't desire to see me.—No matter, whether she will or no ; I will not suffer her to prescribe to *my* wife in *your own house*. I will, by my tenderness to you, mortify her pride ; and it cannot be done so well as to her face.

Dearest sir, pray indulge me, and let me dine here by myself. Your tenderness to me will make my lady but more inveterate. I have told her, said he, that we are marry'd. She is out of all patience about it, and yet pretends *not* to believe it. Then I told her she should have it her own way, and that, perhaps, I am *not*. And what, I ask'd her, had she to do with it either way ? She has scolded and pray'd, bless'd and curs'd me, by turns, twenty times in these few hours. And I have sometimes soothed her, sometimes storm'd at her. As last I left her, and took a turn in the garden for an hour, to compose myself, because you should not see how the foolish woman had ruffled me ; and just now, to avoid her, I came into the house, seeing her coming to me in the garden.

Just as he had said so—Oh ! my lady ! my lady ! cried I, for I heard her voice in the chamber, saying—Brother, brother, one word with you : stopping in sight of the closet where I was. He stepp'd out, and she went to the window that looks towards the garden, and said—Mean fool that I am, to follow you up and down the house in this manner, tho' I am shunn'd and avoided by you ! You a brother ! You a barbarian ! Is it possible we could be born of one mother ?

Why, madam, said he, do you charge me with a behaviour you compel me by your violence to shew you ? It is not surprising that you should take the liberty with me, that the mother you have nam'd, never gave you an example for, to *any* of her relations ? Was it not sufficient, that I was insolently taken to task by you in your letters, but I must be insulted in my own house ? My retirements invaded ? And the person, justly more dear to me than every other, must be singled out for an object of your passionate excesses ?

Ay, said she, that one person is the thing ! But tho' I came up with a resolution to be temperate, and to expostulate with you on your avoiding me so brutally, yet cannot I have patience to look upon the guilty scene of your wickedness with such a—

Hush ! said he, I charge you, call not the dear creature by any name unworthy of her. You know not, as I told you, her excellence ; and I desire you will not repeat the freedoms you have taken below.

She stamp'd with her foot, and said—God give me patience ! So much contempt to a sister ; and so much tenderness to a vile—

He put his hand before her mouth—Be silent, said he, once more, I charge you. You know not the merit of the dear creature you abuse so freely ; I *ought not*, neither *will* I hear it.

She sat down and fann'd herself, and burst into tears, intermingled with such sobs of passion, as concern'd me to hear ; and I trembled as I sat.

He walk'd about the room in great emotion, and at last said—Let me ask you, Lady Davers, why am I to be thus insolently called to account, by you ? Am I not independent ? Am I not of age ? Am I not at liberty to please myself ? Would to Heaven that instead of a woman, and

my sister, any man breathing had dar'd, whatever were his relation, to give himself the airs you have done ! Why did you not send on this errand your lord, who could write me such a letter as no gentleman should write, nor any gentleman tamely receive ? *He* should have seen the difference.

We all know, said she, that since your Italian duel, you have commenc'd a bravo ; and all your airs breathe as strongly of the manslayer, as of the libertine.

This, said he, I will bear ; for I have no reason to be asham'd of the cause of that duel, since it was to save an innocent friend, and because your reflection is levelled at myself only. But suffer not your tongue to take too great a liberty with my Pamela.

In a violent burst of passion—If I bear this, said she, I may bear any thing ! O the little strumpet.

He interrupted her then, and said wrathfully—Begone, rageful woman ! Leave my house this instant ! I renounce you, and all relation to you ! and never more let me see your face, or call me brother.

And he took her by the hand to lead her out.

She laid hold of the curtains of the window, and said—I will not go ! You shall not force me from you thus ignominiously in the sight and hearing of the wench ! Nor give *her* a triumph in your barbarous treatment of me.

Not considering any thing, I ran out of the closet, and threw myself at my master's feet, as he held her hand, in order to lead her out—Dearest sir, said I, let me beg that no act of unkindness pass between a brother and sister, so justly dear to each other. Dear, dear madam, on my knees, clasping her, I beg your ladyship to receive me to your grace and favour, and shall find me incapable of any triumph but in your ladyship's goodness to me.

Creature, said she, art *thou* to beg for me ! Is it to *thee* I am to owe the favour, that I am not cast headlong from a brother's presence ! Begone to thy corner, wench ! Begone, I say, lest I trample thee under my foot, and thy paramour kill me for it.

Rise, my Pamela, said my master ; rise, dear life of my life, and expose not your worthiness to the ungrateful scorn of so violent a spirit.

And, saying this, he led me back to my closet : and there I sat and wept.

Her woman came up just as my master was returning to her lady ; and very humbly said—Excuse my intrusion, good sir ! I hope I may come to my lady ?

Yes, Mrs. Worden, answered he, you come in, and pray take your lady down stairs with you, lest I should forget what belongs either to my sister or to myself.

Seeing her ladyship so outrageous with her brother, I began to think what a happy escape I had had the day before ; hardly as I had then thought myself treated by her.

Swear to me but, thou bold wretch, said she, swear to me that Pamela Andrews is really and truly thy lawful wife, without deceit, without double-meaning ; and I know what I have to say.

I will humour you for once, said he ; and then sworè a solemn oath, that I was.

I cannot *yet* believe you, said she, because in this particular, I had rather have call'd you *knave* than *fool*.

Provoke me not too much, said he ; for if I should as much forget my-

self as you have done, you would have no more of a brother in me, than I have of a sister in you.

Who marry'd you ! said she ; tell me that ; was it not a broken attorney in a parson's habit ? Tell me truly ! Tell me in the wench's hearing. When she is undeceiv'd, she will know how to behave herself.

Thank God ! thought I, it is not so.

No, said he, and I will tell you, that I bless God, for enabling me to abhor that project, before it was brought to bear ; and Mr. Williams marry'd us.

Nay then, said she.—But answer me another question or two : Who gave her away ?

Mr. Peters, said he.

Where was the ceremony perform'd.

In my own little chapel, which was put in order on purpose.

Now, said she, I begin to fear there is something in it : but who was present ?

What a fool do I look like, said he, to suffer myself to be thus interrogated by an insolent sister ! But, if you must know, Mrs. Jewkes was present.

O the procuress ! said she : but nobody else ?

Yes, said he, my whole heart and soul !

Wretch ! said she ; and what would thy father and mother have said, had they liv'd to this day ?

Their consents, reply'd he, I should have thought it my duty to ask, but not yours, madam.

Suppose, said she, I had marry'd my father's groom ! what would you have said to that ?

I could not have behav'd worse, reply'd he, than you have done.

And would you not have thought, said she, I had deserv'd the worst behaviour ?

Does your pride, Lady Davers, let you see no difference in the case you put ?

None at all, said she. Where can the difference be between a beggar's son marry'd by a lady, or a beggar's daughter made a gentleman's wife ?

Then I'll tell you, reply'd he ; the difference is, a man ennobles the woman he takes, be she *who* she will ; and adopts her into his own rank, be it *what* it will : but a woman, though ever so nobly born, debases herself by a mean marriage, and descends from her *own* rank, to that of him she stoops to marry. When the royal family of Stuart ally'd itself into the low family of Hyde, (comparatively low, I mean) did any body scruple to call the lady Royal Highness, and Duchess of York ? And did any body think her daughters, the late Queen Mary and Queen Anne, less royal for the inequality between the father and mother ? When the broken-fortun'd peer goes into the city to marry a rich tradesman's daughter, be he duke or earl, does not his consort immediately become ennobled by his choice ? And who scruples to call her duchess or countess ?

And let me ask you, madam, has not your marriage with Lord Davers, tho' the family you sprung from is as ancient, and (title excepted) as honourable as that you are ingrafted into, made you a lady and a peeress of Great-Britain, who otherwise would have been stiled but a spinster ?

Now, Lady Davers, do you not see a difference between *my* marrying my mother's deserving waiting-maid, with such graces of mind and person as would adorn any rank ; and *your* marrying a sordid groom, whose con-

stant train of education, conversation, and opportunities, could possibly give him no other merit, than that which must proceed from the vilest, lowest taste, in his sordid dignifier?

I would have you, said she, publish your fine reasons to the world. If any young gentleman should be influenced by them, to cast himself away on the servant-wench in his family, you will have his folly to keep yours in countenance.

If any young gentleman, replied my master, stays till he finds such a woman as my Pamela, enrich'd with the beauties of person and mind, so well accomplish'd, and so fitted to adorn the degree to which she is raised, he will be easily acquitted as I shall be to all the world that sees her, except there be many more Lady Davers's than I apprehend there can be.

Mrs. Jewkes just then came up, and said, dinner was ready to be served.

Come, my Pamela, said my master: you desired to be excused from breakfasting with us; but I hope you will give my Lady Davers and me your company to dinner.

How dare you insult me thus? said my lady.

How dare you, madam, replied he, insult me in my own house, especially after I have told you I am marry'd? How can you think of staying here one moment, and yet refuse my wife the honours that belong to her, as my wife?

Merciful God, said she, give me patience! and held her hand to her forehead.

Pray, sir, dear sir, said I, excuse me; don't vex my lady.

Be silent, my dear love, said he. You see already what you have gained by your condescension. You have thrown yourself at her feet; and, insolent as she is, she has threatened to trample upon you. She will ask you presently, if she is to owe her excuse to your interposition; and yet nothing else can make me forgive her.

Poor lady! she could not bear this, and in a frantic way ran to her afflicted woman; and, taking her by the hand—Lead me down, lead me down, Worden! said she. Let us instantly quit this house, this now hated house. Order the fellows to get ready, and I will never see it, nor its owner, more. Away she flung; and her servants were ordered to make ready for her departure.

My dear Mr. B. was troubled, as I saw.—Pray, dear sir, said I, follow my lady down, and pacify her. 'Tis her love to you.

Poor woman! said he; I am concern'd for her! But I insist upon your coming down, since things are gone so far: Her pride will otherwise get new strength, and we shall be all to begin again.

Dearest sir, said I, excuse me going down this once!

Indeed, my dear, I will not, reply'd he. What! shall it be said, that my sister shall fright my wife from my table, and I present? No, I have borne too much already! and so have you. I charge you, come down, when I send for you.

He departed, saying these words, and I dared not dispute: for I saw, he was determined. And there is as much majesty as goodness in him; as I have often had reason to observe, tho' never more than on the present occasion.

Her ladyship instantly put on her hood and gloves, and her woman tied up a handkerchief full of things; for her principal matters were not unpacked, and her coachman got her chariot ready, and her footmen their

horses, and she appear'd resolv'd to go. But her kinsman having taken a turn somewhere with Mr. Colbrand, she sat down fretting on a seat in the fore yard, her woman standing by her, expecting him, and refusing to come in: she at last said to one of the footmen—Do you, James, stay to attend my nephew: we will take the road we came.

Mrs. Jewkes went to her, and said—Your ladyship will be pleased to walk in to dinner; 'tis just coming upon table.—No, said she, I have enough of this house; I have indeed! But make my compliments to your master, and tell him, that I wish him happier than he has made me.

He had sent for me down, and I obey'd. The cloth was laid in the parlour I had jump'd out of; and there I found my master, walking backwards and forwards in thoughtful vexation.

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and asked, if he pleas'd to have dinner served; for my lady would not come in, but desir'd her compliments, and wish'd him happier than he had made her.

Seeing at the window, when he went to that side of the room, every thing prepar'd for her departure, he stepp'd to her, and said—Lady Davers, if I thought you would not scorn me for my tameness, I would ask you to walk in, and at least let your kinsman (who then appeared) and your servants dine before they set out.

She wept, and turn'd her face from him to hide her tears. He took her hand, and said—Let me prevail upon my sister to walk in.

No! said she, don't ask me! I wish I could hate you, as much as you hate me!

You do, said he, and a great deal more; or you would not vex me as you do. Pray walk in.

Don't ask me, said she.

Dear madam, said Mr. H., your ladyship won't go till you have din'd, I hope.

Yes, Jackey, I will, said she: I can't stay; I'm an *intruder* here, it seems!

Think, said her brother, of the occasion you gave for that word. Your violent passions are the only *intruders*! Lay them aside, and never sister was dearer to a brother than you to me.

Don't say such another word, said she, I beseech you; for I am too easy to forgive you any thing for one kind word.

You shall have one hundred, said he, nay, ten thousand, if they will do, my dear Lady Davers. And, saluting her, pray give me your hand.—John, said he, put up the horses.—Come, Mr. H., lead in your aunt: she won't permit me to have that honour.

This quite overcame her; and giving her brother her hand—Yes, I will, said she; and you shall lead me any whither: but don't think, I can forgive you, neither.

He led her into the parlour, where I was.—But, said she, why do you lead me to this wench?—She is my wife, Lady Davers: and if you will not love her for my sake, do not, however, forget common civilities to her, for your own.

Pray, madam, said her kinsman, since your brother is pleased to own his marriage, we must not forget common civilities, as Mr. B. says. And, sir, added he, permit me to wish you joy.

Thank you, Mr. H., said he.—And *may* I, said he, looking hesitatingly at Mr. B., and then my master presented me to him, and he very complaisantly saluted me, and said—I vow to Gad, madam, scraping and

bowing to me, I did not know this yesterday; and, if I was guilty of a fault, I beg your pardon.

Thou'rt a good-natur'd foolish fellow, said my lady; thou mightest have sav'd this nonsensical parade, till thou hadst my leave for it.

Why, if they are actually marry'd, there's no help for it, and we must not make mischief between man and wife.

But, brother, said she, do you think I'll sit at table with the creature?

No contemptuous names, I beseech you, Lady Davers! I tell you, she is really my wife; and what must I be to suffer her to be ill used? If you will permit her to love you, she will always love and honour you.

Indeed, indeed, I will, madam, said I. My hands held up.

I cannot, I will not, sit down at table with her, said she:—Pamela, I hope thou dost not think I will?

Indeed, madam, said I, if your good brother will permit it, I will withdraw, and dine by myself, rather than give uneasiness to the sister of my honoured benefactor.

Let her then leave the room, reply'd she, if you expect me to stay.

Indeed, you are out of the way, madam, said her kinsman; that is not right, as things stand.

No, madam, that must not be, said my master: but, if it will please you, we will have two tables; you and your nephew shall sit at one, and my Pamela and I will sit at the other: but in that case, imagine, my dear Lady Davers, what a figure you will make!

She seemed irresolute; and her brother placed her in the second place at the table. The first course being brought in, my master, fearing she would say some disrespectful things of me, bid the men-servants withdraw, and send in Mrs. Jewkes.—Worden, said he, do you attend your lady; Jewkes shall wait upon us.

Where, said she to me, (the servants however, being gone) wouldst thou presume to sit? Wouldst have me give *place* to thee *too*, wench?

Come, come, said my master, I'll put that out of dispute. And so he sat himself down at the upper end of the table, and placed me on his left hand.—Excuse me, my dear, said he, this *once* excuse me!

Oh! your hated complaisance, said she, to such a——

Hush, Lady Davers! Hush! said he: I will not bear to hear her spoken slightly of! 'Tis enough, that, to oblige your violent and indecent caprice, you make me compromise with you thus.

Mr. H., added he, take your place next your *gentle* aunt.

Worden, said she, do you sit down by Pamela there, since it must be so; we'll be hail-fellow all!

With all my heart, reply'd my master. I have so much honour for the sex, that I would not have the meanest person of it, who had intrinsic merit, stand, while I sit.

Well say'st thou *that*, wretch, replied her ladyship, who hast raised one of the meanest of it to an equality with thyself! But were these *always* thy notions?

They were not, Lady Davers: like other proud fools of family, I did not always know, that there was merit in individuals of low degree, which many of a higher could not boast of.

Mrs. Jewkes came in.

Shall I help you, Lady Davers, to some of that carp? said her brother.

Help your beloved! said she.

That's kind! replied he—Here, my love, let me help you.

Mighty well ! return'd she. But sat on one side, turning from me as it were.

Dear aunt, dear Lady Davers, whisper'd, but not very softly, her kinsman, let's see you kiss and be friends. Since things are as they are, what signifies standing out !

Hold thy fool's tongue, said she : is thy tone so soon turn'd since yesterday ?

Since yesterday ! said Mr. B. I hope nothing affronting was offer'd yesterday to my *wife in her own house*.—She hit him a smart slap on the shoulder :—Take that, impudent brother, said she : I'll *wife* you, and in *her own house* !

She seem'd half afraid ; but he, in good humour—I thank you, sister, I thank you. But I have not had a blow from you before for a great while.

'Fore Gad, sir, said her kinsman, 'tis very kind of you to take it so well. Her ladyship is as good a woman as ever liv'd ; but I have had many a cuff from her *myself*.

I won't put it up neither, said my master, except you'll assure me, you have seen her serve her lord so.

I pressed my foot to his, and said softly—Don't, dear sir !

What, said she, is the creature begging me off from insult ? If good manners will not keep him from affronting me, I will not owe his forbearance to *thee*, wench.

Well does Lady Davers use the word *insult* ! said my master. But, come, let me see you eat, and I'll forgive you ; and he put the knife in one of her hands, and the fork in the other.—As I hope to live, said he, I am quite asham'd of your childishness.

She cut a little bit, but laid it down in her plate again :—I cannot eat, said she ; I cannot swallow. It will certainly choak me, if I attempt it. He arose from table himself, and fill'd a glass of wine. Mean time, his seat between us being vacant, she turn'd to me :—Confidence ! said she, how darest thou to sit next *me* ? Why dost thou not rise, and take the glass from thy property ?

Sit still, my dear, said he ; I'll help you both. But I arose ; for I was afraid of a good cuff ; and said—Pray sir, let me help my lady !—So you shall, replied he, when she is in a humour to receive it as she ought.—Lady Davers, said he, offering her a glass of wine, pray accept of this from my hands.—Is this to insult me ? said she.—No, really, return'd he ; but to induce you to eat.

She took the glass, and said—God forgive you, wicked wretch, for your usage of me this day !—This is a little as it used to be ! I once had your love ; and now it is changed ; and for whom ? that vexes me !—She wept, and set down the glass without drinking.

You don't do well, said he. You neither treat me like your brother, nor like a man. I love you as well as ever. But, for a woman of sense, you act quite a childish part.—Come, added he, and held the glass to her, let the brother whom you once lov'd, prevail on you. She then drank it. He took her hand—How passion, said he, deforms the noblest minds ! You must not quite forfeit that agreeableness that used to distinguish my sister. Let me persuade you to recollect yourself, and be again my sister ! For Lady Davers is indeed a fine woman, and has a presence as majestic for a lady, as her dear brother has for a gentleman.

He then led me to my seat, and sat down between us again ; and when the second course was served—Lest you may be wanted without, Mrs.

Jewkes, said he, let the men come in and wait. I touch'd his toe again; but he minded it not; and I saw he was right; for her ladyship, by this time, had seemed to recollect herself, and behaved with some little freedom; but she could not forbear a sigh and a sob now-and-then.

She call'd for a glass of the same wine she had drank before.—Shall I help you again, Lady Davers? said her brother. At the same time, rising, and going to the side-board, fill'd her a glass.—I love, said she, to be soothed by my brother! Your health, sir!

My dear, now I'm up, said my master to me, I will fill for you! I must serve both sisters alike! She look'd at the men-servants, as if they were a check upon her, and said to my master—How now, sir! Not that you know of. He whisper'd her—Don't shew any contempt before my servants to one I have so deservedly made their mistress. Consider, 'tis done.—Ay, said she, that's the thing that kills me.

He gave me a glass—Your ladyship's health, said I, and stood up.—That won't do, said she, leaning towards me, softly; and was going to call me *wench*, or *creature*, or some such name. And my master, seeing Abraham look towards her, her eyes being red and swell'd, said—Indeed, Lady Davers, I would not vex myself about it, if I were you.—About what? said she.—About your lord's not coming down, as he had promised, replied he. He sat down, and she tapped him on the shoulder:—Ah! wicked-one, said she, nor will *that* do neither!—Why, to be sure, added he, it would vex a woman of your merit, to be slighted, if it *were* so; but you know not what may happen'd.

She shook her head, and said—That's like your art! This makes one amaz'd you should be so *caught*!—Who! my *lord* caught? said he: no, no! he'll have more wit than to be caught! But I never heard you were jealous before.—Nor, said she, have you any reason to think so now.—Honest friends, to the footmen, you need not wait, said she; my woman will help us to what we want.—Yes, let them, reply'd my master. Abraham, fill me a glass of wine. Come, said he, Lord Davers to you, madam: I hope he'll take care he is not found out!—You are very provoking, brother, said she. I wish you were half as good a man as Lord Davers: but don't carry your jest too far.—Well, said he, 'tis a tender point, I own. I have done!

By these kind managements the dinner pass'd over better than I expected. And when the servants were withdrawn, my master said, still keeping his place between us—I have a question to ask you, Lady Davers; and that is, if you will bear me company to Bedfordshire? I was intending to set out thither to-morrow. But I will attend your pleasure, if you will go with me.

Is thy wife, as thou callest her, to go along with thee, friend? said she.—To be sure she is, my dear Quaker sister, answered he; and took her hand, and smil'd.—And wouldst have me parade it with *her* on the road? Hay! And make one to grace her retinue? Hay! Tell me, how thou wouldst chalk it out, if I would do as thou wouldst have me, honest friend!

Why, I'll tell you how I would have it. Here shall you and my Pamela—Leave out *my*, I desire you, if you would have me sit patiently.—No, said he, I cannot do that. Here shall you, and my Pamela, go together in your chariot, if you please; and your nephew and I will sometimes ride, and sometimes, by turns, go into my chariot, to your woman,

Shouldst thou like this, creature? said she to me.—If your ladyship think it not too great an honour, madam, said I.—Yes, reply'd she, but my ladyship does think it would be too great an honour. But, how then, sir?—Why, then, when we came home, we would get Lord Davers to come to us, and stay a month or two.—And what if he were to come?—Why I would have you, as I know you have a good fancy, give Pamela your judgment on some patterns I expect from London, for cloths.—Provoking wrtch! said she; now I wish I may keep my hands to myself.—I don't say it to provoke you, said he; nor ought it to do so. But when I tell you, I am marry'd, is it not a consequence, that we must have new clothes?

Hast thou any more of these obliging things to say to me? said she.—I will make you a present, return'd he, worth your acceptance, if you will grace us with your company at church, when we make our appearance.—Take that, said she, if I die for't! Wretch that thou art! Lifting up her hand, but he caught hold of it. Her kinsman said—Dear Lady Davers, I wonder at you! Why, all these are things of course.

I begg'd leave to withdraw; and, as I went out, my master said—There's a person! There's a shape! There's a sweetness! O Lady Davers, were you a man, you would doat on her, as I do.—Yes, said the naughty lady, so I should, but not for a wife.—I turn'd, upon this, and said—Indeed, your ladyship is cruel, and well may men take liberties, when women of distinction say such things!—I wept, and added—Your ladyship's disgust, were not your brother the most generous of men, would make me very unhappy.

No fear, wench; no fear, said she: thou wilt hold him as long as any body can, I see that!—Poor Sally Godfrey never had half the interest in him.

Stay, my Pamela, said he, in a passion. Stay, I tell you. You have now heard two vile charges against me! I love you with an affection so sincere, that I ought to say something before this accuser, that you may not think your virtue linked to too black a villain.

Her nephew seem'd uneasy, and blamed her. I came back, but trembled as I stood. He seated me; and, taking my hand, said—I have been accused, my dear, as a dueller, and now as a profligate, in *another* sense; and there *was* a time, I should not have received these imputations with so much concern as I now do, when I would wish, by a conformity of my manners to your virtue, to shew to every one the force your example has upon me. But this briefly is the case of the first.

I had a friend, who was designed to have been basely assassinated by bravoës, hir'd by a man of title in Italy, who, like many other persons of title, had no honour; and at Padua, I had the fortune to disarm one of these bravoës in my friend's defence, and made him confess his *employer*; and *him*, I own, I challenged. At Sienna we met, and he dy'd in a month after, of a fever; but, I hope, not occasion'd by the slight wounds he had received from me; altho' I was obliged to leave Italy upon it, sooner than I intended, because of the resentment of his numerous relations, who look'd upon me as the cause of his death.

This is one of the good-natur'd hints, that might shock your goodness, on reflecting that you are yoked with a murderer. The other—Nay, brother, said she, say no more. 'Tis your own fault, if you go further.—She shall know it all, said he. I defy the utmost stretch of your malice.

When I was at college, I was well received by a widow lady, who had

several daughters, and but small fortunes to give them. The old lady set one of them (a deserving good girl she was) to draw me into marriage with her; and contrived many opportunities to bring us, and leave us together. I was not then of age; and the young lady, who was not half so artful as her mother, yielded to my importunities, before the mother's plot could be ripen'd, and, by that means, utterly frustrated it. This, my Pamela, is the Sally Godfrey that Lady Davers, with the worst intentions, has informed you of. And for this, and whatever other liberties I may have taken, (for I have not lived a blameless life) I desire Heaven will forgive me, only, till I revive its vengeance by the like offences in injury to my Pamela.

And now, my dear, you may withdraw; for this worthy sister of mine has said all the bad she knows of me; and what, at a proper opportunity, when I could have convinced you, that they were not my *boast*, but my *concern*, I should have acquainted you with myself; for I am not fond of being thought better than I am: tho' I hope, from the hour I devoted myself to so much virtue, to that of my death, my conduct shall be irreprouchable.

She was greatly mov'd at this, and the noble manner in which he own'd his penitence; and gush'd out into tears, and said—No, don't yet go, Pamela, I beseech you. My passion has carry'd me too far; and coming to me, she took my hand, and said—You must stay to hear me beg his pardon; and offered to take his hand also; but, to my concern, he burst from her; and went out of the parlour into the garden, in a rage so violent, that it made me tremble.

She sat down, and lean'd her head against my bosom, and made my neck wet with her tears, holding me by my hands; and I wept for company. Her kinsman walk'd up and down the parlour, in a fret; and going out afterwards, he came in, and said—Mr. B. has order'd his chariot to be got ready, and won't be spoken to by any body.—Where is he? said she.—Walking in the garden till it is ready, reply'd he.

Well, said she, I have indeed gone too far. I was bewitch'd! And now, said she, will he not forgive me for a twelvemonth: for I tell you, Pamela, if ever you offend, he will not easily forgive.

I was delighted, tho' sad for the occasion, at her ladyship's goodness to me.—Will you venture, said she, to accompany me to him? Dare you follow a lion into his retreat?—I'll attend your ladyship, said I, wherever you command.—Well, wench, said she, Pamela, I mean, thou art very good in the main! I should have lov'd thee as well as my mother did——if——But 'tis all over now. Indeed, you should not have marry'd my brother. But come, I must love him. Let us find him out. And yet will he use me worse than he would use a dog. I should not, added she, have so much exasperated him: for whenever I have, I have always had the worst of it. He knows I love him.

In this manner she talk'd to me, leaning on my arm, and walked into the garden.

I saw he was still in tumults, as it were, and he took another walk to avoid us. She call'd after him, and said—Brother, brother, let me speak to you! One word with you! And as we made haste towards him, and came near to him—I desire, said he, that you will not farther oppress me with your violence. I have borne too much with you. And I will vow for a twelvemonth, from this day—Hush, said she, don't vow, I beg you; for too well will you keep your vow, I know, if you do.—

You see, said she, I stoop to ask Pamela to be my advocate. Sure that will pacify you !

Indeed, said he, I desire to see neither of you on this occasion ; and let me be left to myself. He was going away : but she said—One word, sir, I desire—If you will forgive *me*, I will forgive *you* !—For what, said the dear man, haughtily, will you forgive *me* ?—Why, said she, (for she saw him too angry to mention his marriage, as a subject that *requir'd* her pardon) I will forgive you for all your ill usage of me this day.

I will be serious with you, Lady Davers, said he : I wish you well ; but let us, from this time, study so much each other's quiet, as never to come near each other more.—*Never !* said she. And can you desire this, barbarous brother, can you ?—I can, I do, reply'd he ; and what have I to do, but to hide from you, not a brother, but a murderer, and a profligate, unworthy of your relation ? And let me be consign'd to penitence for my past wickedness : a penitence, however, that shall not be broken in upon by so violent an accuser.

Pamela, said he, and made me tremble, how dare you approach me, without leave, when you see me thus disturb'd ! Never, for the future, come near me, when I am in tumults, unless I send for you.

Dear sir ! said I—Leave me, interrupted he. I will set out for Bedfordshire this moment.—What ! sir, without me ? What have I done ?—You have too meanly, said he, for my wife, stoop'd to this furious woman ; and, till I can recollect, must say, I am not pleased with you : but Colbrand, and two other of my servants, shall attend you ; and Mrs. Jewkes shall wait upon you part of the way. And I hope you will find me in a better disposition to receive you there, than I am at parting with you here.

Had I not hoped, that this was partly put on to intimidate my lady, I believe, I could not have borne it.

I was so affrighted, that I sunk down at his feet, and clasped his knees, as he was turning from me, and said—Forgive me, sir, you see I am *not* so hardy ! I cannot bear your displeasure !—and was ready to fanit.

His sister said—Only forgive Pamela ; 'tis all I ask. You will break *her* spirit. You will carry your passion as much too far as I have done mine.

I need not say, said he, how well I love her : but she must not intrude upon me in these my ungovernable moments ! I had intended, as soon as I could have suppressed, by reason, the tumults, which you, Lady Davers, had caused by your violence, to have come in, and taken such a leave of you both, as became an husband and a brother : but she has, unbidden, broken in upon me, and must take the consequence of a passion, which, when raised, is as uncontrollable as your own.

Did I not, said Lady Davers, love you, as sister never lov'd a brother, I should not have given you all this trouble.—And did I not, said he, love you better than you are resolved to deserve, I should be indifferent to all you say. But this last instance, of poor Sally Godfrey, after the duelling-hint, (which you would not have mention'd, had you not known it to be a subject that I never can hear of without concern) carries with it such an appearance of spite and meanness, as makes me desirous to forget that I have a sister.

Well, said she, I am convinc'd it was wrong. I am asham'd of it myself. It was poor, it was mean, it was unworthy of your sister : and it is from this conviction that I stoop to follow you, to beg your pardon,

and even to procure one for my advocate, who, I thought, by your own professions in her favour, had some interest with you ; which now I shall begin to think made purposely to insult me.

I care not what you think ! After the meanness you have been guilty of, I can only look upon you with pity. For, indeed, you are sunk very low with me.

It is plain, I am, said she. But I'll be gone. And so, brother, let me call you so this *once* ! God bless you !—And, Pamela, said her ladyship, God bless you ! And saluted me, and wept.

I dared say no more ; and my lady turning from him, he said—Your sex is the Devil ! how strangely can you discompose, calm, and turn as you please, us poor weathercocks of men ! Your kind blessing of my Pamela, I cannot stand ! Salute but each other again. And he then took both our hands, and join'd them ; and my lady kissing me again, with tears on both sides, he put his kind arms about each of our waists, and kissed first her ladyship, then me, with ardour, saying—Now, God bless you both, the two dearest creatures in the world to me !

Well, said she, you will quite forget my fault about Miss—He stopp'd her, before she could speak the name, and said—For ever forget it !—But, Pamela, let me hope that you will never again make my anger so light a thing to you, as you did just now.

She did not, said my lady, make light of your anger ; but the heavier she thought it, the higher compliment she made me, in saying, she would bear it all, rather than not see you and me reconciled.

It was a slight, said he (by implication at least), that my niceness could not bear from her. For, looked it not like her presuming on such an interest in my affections, that, offend as she would, she could make it up with me whenever she pleased ? Which, I assure her, will not, in cases of wilful disobedience, be always in her power.

I can tell you, Pamela, said my lady, that you have a gentleman to deal with in my brother ; and you may expect such treatment from him, as that character, and his known good sense, will demand of him : but *if* you offend, the Lord have mercy upon you ! _ You see how it is by me ! And yet, I never knew him forgive so soon.

I am sure, said I, I will take as much care as I can ; for I have been excessively frighted ; and had offended by intending to oblige :

Thus happily did this storm blow over ; and my lady was quite subdu'd and pacify'd.

When we came out of the garden, on seeing his chariot quite ready, he said—Well, Lady Davers, I had most assuredly set out for Bedfordshire, if things had not taken this happy turn. But, instead of it, if you please, you and I will take an airing.—We will attend you, my dear, at supper.

Mr. B. asked Mr. H. to escort his aunt on horseback.—I will, answered he ; and am glad, at my soul, to see you all so good friends.

My dear master (I think, after this instance of his displeasure with me, I must not forbear calling him so) handed Lady Davers into his chariot : her kinsman, and his servant, rode after them ! and I went up to my closet, to ruminate on all that had passed. And, foolish thing that I am, this poor Miss Sally Godfrey runs in my head ! How soon the name and quality of a wife gives one privileges, in one's own account ! Yet, methinks, I want to know more about her ; for, is it not strange, that I, who lived years in the family, should have heard nothing of this ? But I was so constantly with my good lady, that it was the less likely I should ; and she, I dare say, never knew it, or she would have told me.

But I dare not ask him about this poor Miss Godfrey. Yet I wonder what became of her? Whether she be living? And whether any thing came of it? Perhaps I shall hear full soon enough. But I hope all bad consequences from it are over.

As to the other unhappy case, I know it was talk'd of, that in his travels, before I was taken into the family, he was in one or two broils; and, from a youth, he was always remarkable for courage, and is reckon'd a great master of his sword. God grant he may never be put to use it! And that he may always be preserved in honour and safety!

About seven o'clock, my master sent word, that he would not have me expect him to supper: for that he, and Lady Davers, and Mr. H., were prevail'd upon to stay with Mrs. Jones; and that Lady Darnford, and Mr. Peters's family, had promised to sup with them there. I was glad they did not send for me; and the rather, as I hoped those good families, being my friends, would confirm my lady in my favour.

At about half an hour after ten o'clock, having tired myself with writing, I came down, and went into the housekeeper's parlour, where were Mrs. Jewkes and Mrs. Worden, whom, notwithstanding they would have excused themselves, I made sit down by me. Mrs. Worden ask'd me pardon, in a good deal of confusion, for the part she acted the day before; saying—That things had been very differently represented to her; and she little thought I was marry'd, and that she was behaving so rudely to the mistress of the house.

I said, I very freely forgave her; and hoped my new condition would not make me forget how to behave properly to every one; but that I must endeavour to act not unworthy of it, for the honour of the gentleman who had so generously rais'd me to it.

Mrs. Jewkes said—That my situation gave me great opportunities of shewing the excellency of my nature, in forgiving offences so readily, as she, for her own part, must always, she said, acknowledge with confusion of face.

We were thus engaged, when my best friend, and Lady Davers, and her nephew, came home: they made me quite happy, by the good humour in which they return'd. My dear Mr. B. came to me, and saluting me, said—I will hope, my love, that you will not think hardly of our absence, when you are told that it has not been to your disadvantage; for we have talk'd of nobody but you.

My lady came up to me, and said—Ay, child, you have been all our subject. I don't know how it is; but you have made two or three good families in this neighbourhood, as much your admirers, as your friend here.

Lady Davers, said he, has been hearing your praises, Pamela, from half a score mouths, with more pleasure than her pride will easily let her own to you.

I cannot express the joy I should have, said I, if Lady Davers would look upon me with an eye of favour.

Well, child, replied she, proud hearts do not come down all at once; tho' my brother, here, has this day taken mine a good many pegs lower than ever it was before: but I will say, I wish you joy. And saluted me.

I am now, my dear lady, said I, quite happy. Your favour was all that was wanting to make me so. To the last hour of my life I will shew your ladyship, that I have the most grateful and respectful sense of your goodness.

But, child, said she, I shall not give you my company when you make

your appearance. Let your own merit make all your Bedfordshire neighbours your friends, as it has done here, by your Lincolnshire ones; and you will have no need of my countenance, nor any body's else.

Now, said her nephew, 'tis my turn: I wish you joy with all my soul, madam; and by what I have seen, and by what I have heard, 'fore Gad, I think you have met with no more than you deserve: and so all the company says, where we have been. And pray forgive all my nonsense to you.

I shall always, sir, I hope, respect as I ought, so near a relation of my good Lord and Lady Davers; and I thank you for your kind compliment.

Gad, Worden, said he to her, who attended her lady for her commands, I believe you've some forgiveness, too, to ask; for we were all to blame, to make Mrs. B. here fly the pit, as she did! Little did we think we made her quit her own house.

Thou always, reply'd my lady, say'st either too much or too little.

My lady sat down with me half an hour; and told me, that her brother had given her a fine airing. He had quite charm'd her, she said, with his kind treatment of her; and, in his discourse, had much confirm'd her in the good opinion she had begun to entertain of my discreet and obliging behaviour—But, continued she, when he would make me visit, without intending to stay, my old neighbours (for, Mrs. Jones being nearest, we visited her first; and she scrap'd all the rest of the company together), they were all so full of your praises, that I was quite borne down; and, truly, I was Saul among the prophets!

You may believe how much I was delighted with this; and I spar'd not my acknowledgments.

When her ladyship retired to her chamber, she said—Good night to you, heartily, and to your good man. I now kiss you out of *more* than form.

Join with me, my dear parents, in my joy for this happy turn; the contrary of which I so much dreaded, and was the only difficulty I had to labour with!—This poor Miss Sally Godfrey, I wonder what is become of her, poor soul!—I wish he would, of his own head, mention her again.—Not that I am *very* uneasy, neither.—You will say, I must be a little particular, if I were.

Wednesday, the Seventh.

When I arose in the morning, passing by Lady Davers's chamber-door, and seeing it open, and hearing her talking to her woman, I stept in, and enquired after her night's rest.

She was in bed, and took kindly my visit, and asked me, when we set out for Bedfordshire?—I can't tell, madam, said I: it was designed as to-day, but I have heard no more of it.

Sit down, said she, on the bed-side.—I find, by the talk we had yesterday, and last night, that you have had but a poor time of it, Pamela—(I must call you so yet, said she)—since you were brought to this house, till within these few days. Mrs. Jewkes, too, has given Worden such an account, as makes me pity you.

Indeed, madam, said I, if your ladyship knew all, you *would* pity me; for never poor creature was so hardly used. But I ought to forget it all, and be thankful.

Why, said she, as far as I can find, 'tis a mercy you are here now. I was greatly moved with some part of your story: and you have really made a noble stand, and deserve the praises of all our sex.

It was God's goodness that sustained me, madam, reply'd I.

Why, said she, 'tis the more extraordinary, because, I believe, if the truth were known, you lov'd the wretch not a little. Speak your mind freely, child. You may say any thing before Worden.—While my trials lasted, madam, answered I, I had not a *thought* of any thing, but to preserve my innocence; I did not, I could not, think of love.

But tell me truly, said she, did you not love him all the time?—I had always, madam, answer'd I, a great reverence for my master, and thought highly of all his good actions; and, though I abhorred his attempts upon me, yet I could not hate him; and always wish'd him well; but I did not know it was love. Indeed, I had not the presumption.

Sweet girl! said she; that's prettily said: but when he found he could not gain his ends, and began to repent of his treatment of you, and to admire your virtue, and to profess honourable love to you, what did you think?

Think! and please your ladyship, I did not know what to think: I could neither hope nor believe so great an honour would fall to my lot: and I fear'd more from his kindness, for some time, than I had done from his unkindness. And, having had a private intimation of a sham-marriage intended, by means of a man who was to personate a clergyman, my mind was kept in too much suspense, to be greatly overjoyed at his declaration.

How could you bear his threatenings? said she: for he is a most daring mortal! He has none of your puny hearts, but is as bold as a lion; and, boy and man, he never fear'd any thing. I myself, added she, have a pretty good spirit; but when I have made him really angry, I have always been forc'd to make it up with him, as well as I could. For, child, he is not, as you have heard me say before, one that is easily reconcil'd. But, after he had profess'd honourable love to you, did he never attempt you again?

No, indeed, madam, he did not. But he was a good while struggling with himself, and with his pride, as he was pleased to call it, before he could stoop so low; and consider'd, and consider'd again: and once, upon my saying but two or three words, that displeas'd him, when he was very kind to me, he turn'd me out of doors, in a manner, at an hour's warning; for he sent me above a day's journey towards my father's; and then sent a man and horse, post-haste, to fetch me back again; and has been exceedingly kind and gracious to me ever since; and, at last, made me happy.

That turning you away, said she, one hour, and sending after you the next, is exactly like my brother. If you were to vex him by any fault he should think wilful, I should not wonder, if he banishes you from one house to the other; and set out to bring you back before you had reached it. Had he married the first woman in the kingdom, we should often have had such banishments and recalls; but not the latter, till he had made her submit: yet has he some good qualities; for he is generous, nay, he is noble in his spirit; hates little mean actions; he delights in doing good. He is wise, prudent, sober, and magnanimous; and will not disguise his faults; but you must not expect to have him all to yourself, I doubt. No more, however, will I harp upon that string: you see how he was exasperated at an hint or two of that sort; tho' something of it was art, I believe.—Don't you think so?

Indeed, madam, I believe not. I find he was angry with me in

earnest, and that it will not be an easy task to behave unexceptionably to him; for he has very nice and delicate notions; but yet, as your ladyship says, exceeding generous.

Well, said she, I am glad thou hadst a little specimen of his anger; else I should have thought it art; and I do not love to be treated with low art, any more than he. But I understand, child, continued she, that you keep a journal of all matters that pass; and that he has several times found means to get at it: should you care I should see it? It could not be to your disadvantage; for I find it had no small weight with *him* in your favour; and I should take great pleasure to read all his stratagems, attempts, contrivances, menaces, and offers to you, on one hand; and all your counter-plottings, which he much praises, your resolute resistance, and the noble efforts you have made to preserve your virtue; and the steps by which his pride was subdu'd, till you were made what you now are: for it must be a rare, an uncommon story. I shall have great pleasure in reading it; and it will, probably, reconcile me to the step he has taken. And that, let me tell you, is what I never thought to be; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a match with him and Lady Betty C.; and had laboured it so much, that Lord C. approved of it, and so did the Duke of —, her uncle; and Lady Betty herself was not averse: and now I shall be rallied to death about it; and this made me so outrageous as I was to you. When I find, by your papers, that your virtue is but suitably rewarded, I shall have to make no excuse for myself, to Lady Betty, and her friends: he will be better justified for what he has done; and I shall love you.

There is nothing that I would not do, replied I, to oblige your ladyship; but my father and mother (who would rather have seen me buried quick in the earth, than to have been seduced by the greatest of princes) have my papers in their hands at present; and your brother has bespoke them, when they have done reading them; but if he gives me leave, I will shew them to your ladyship with all my heart, not doubting your generous allowances, as I have had his—(tho' I have doubted him very freely all the way, while he had wicked views)—and that your ladyship will consider them as the genuine sentiments of my heart, delivered from time to time to those whose indulgence I was sure of; and for whose sight, only, they were written.

Let me kiss you, said she, for your cheerful compliance. I make no doubt but my brother will consent I shall see them, because they must needs make for *your* honour; and I see he loves you better than he loves any one in the world.

I have heard, continued her ladyship, a mighty good character of your parents, as industrious, honest, sensible folks; and, as I doubt not my brother's generosity, I am glad they will make no ill figure, in the world's eye, with a little of his assistance.

There is not in the world, madam, said I, an honest, a more affectionate, a more conscientious couple. They once lived creditably; they brought up a great family, of which I am the youngest, and the only one left. Their misfortunes were owing to their doing beyond their abilities for two unhappy brothers, who are both dead, and whose debts they stood bound for; and, by harsh creditors, (I call them so, because the debts were not of their own contracting) turn'd out of all; and my father having, without success, set up a little country school, (for he understood a little of accompts, and writes a pretty good hand) he was

forced to take to hard labour; but all the time they were honest, contented; never repining; and loving to each other. All their fear was, that their poverty should subject me, their poor daughter, to temptation; and they were continually warning me on this subject. To God's grace, and their good lessons, and those I imbib'd from my dear good lady, your ladyship's mother, it is that I owe the preservation of my innocence, and the happy station I am exalted to.

She was pleased to salute me again, and said—There is such a sweet simplicity in thy story, as thou tellest it; such an honest artlessness in thy mind, and such an amiable humility in thy deportment, that I believe I shall be forced to love thee, whether I will or not. The sight of your papers, I dare say, will crown the work.

Worden, said my lady to her woman, you will take no notice of this conversation. I see you are much touch'd with it.—Indeed, madam, I am, answered she: and it is great pleasure to me to see so happy a reconciliation taking place, where there is so much merit.

I have discover'd, said I, so much prudence in Mrs. Worden, that, as well for that, as for the confidence your ladyship places in her, I have made no scruple of speaking my mind freely before her; and, in the progress of my story, of blaming your dear brother, while he was blame-worthy, as well as of acknowledging his transcendent goodness to me since; which exceeds all I can ever deserve.—Perhaps not, replied my lady; I hope you will be happy in each other. I will now rise, and tell him my thoughts, and ask him to let me have the reading of your papers; for I promise myself much pleasure in them; and shall not grudge a journey, and a visit to you, to the other house, to fetch them.

If, madam, I am blessed with your favour, and the continuance of your dear brother's goodness to me, I shall be too happy.

I withdrew; and she let me hear her say to Mrs. Worden—'Tis a charming creature, Worden! I know not which excels, her person or her mind. So young a creature, too! Well may my brother love her!

I am afraid, my dear father and mother, I shall now be proud indeed.

I had once a good mind to have ask'd her ladyship about Miss Sally Godfrey; but I thought it was better let alone, since she did not mention it herself. I wonder, tho', whether she be living or dead.

My lady was equally kind to me at breakfast; and asking my dear friend, he gave leave very readily that she should see all my papers, when you return'd them to me.—He was sure, he told her, when she came to read them, she would say, that I had well deserv'd the fortune I had met with; and would be of opinion, that all the kindness of his future life would hardly make me amends for my sufferings.

My lady resolving to set out on Thursday morning to return to her lord, my master order'd every thing to be made ready for our journey to Bedfordshire; and this evening our good neighbours will sup with us, by way of taking leave of Lady Davers and us.

Wednesday Night.

NOTHING having passed at supper, but the most condescending goodness, on my lady's side, to me; and the highest civilities from our neighbours, and reciprocal good wishes all round; and a promise obtained from *my* Mr. B. (there's a proud word!) that he would endeavour to pass a fortnight or three weeks in these parts, before the winter set in, I shall conclude this day, with observing, that I disposed of the money my master was so good to put into my hands, in the method he was pleased to direct. I

gave Mrs. Jewkes hers, in such a manner, as highly pleas'd her ; and she wish'd me, with tears, all kind of happiness ; and pray'd me to forgive her all her past wickcdness, as she herself call'd it. I begg'd leave of my master to present Mrs. Worden with five guineas for a pair of gloves ; which he said was well thought of.

I should have mention'd, that Miss Darnford and I agreed upon a correspondence, which will be no small pleasure to me ; for she is an admirable young lady, whom I prefer to every one I have seen ; and I shall, I make no doubt, improve by her letters ; for she is said to have a talent in writing, and is both learned and well-read.

Saturday.

ON Thursday morning Lady Davers, as she had intended, set out for her own seat ; and my best friend and I, attended by Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, for this dear house. Her ladyship parted with her brother and me with great tenderness, and made me promise to send her my papers ; with which I find she intends to entertain Lady Betty, and another lady or two, her select friends, as also her lord : in hopes to find, in the reading of them, as I have the pleasure to think, some excuse for her brother's choice.

My dearest master was all love and tenderness on the road, as he is in every place, and on every occasion. What a delightful change was this journey to that which, so contrary to all my wishes, and so much to my apprehensions, carry'd me hence to the Lincolnshire house !

We arrived not here till yesterday noon. Abraham rode before, to let them know we were coming. And I had the satisfaction to find every body there I wish'd to see.

All the common servants stood at the windows, as unseen as they could, to observe us. He took my hand, with the most condescending goodness ; and, with great complaisance, led me into the parlour, and saluted me.—Welcome once more, my dearest wife, said he, a thousand times welcome, to the possession of a house that is not more mine than yours.

Where is Mrs. Jervis ? said he to Abraham, who pass'd by the door. She bolted in—Here, good sir, said she ; here, good madam, am I, waiting impatiently, till called for, to congratulate you both. I ran to her, and clasp'd my arms about her neck, and kissed her.—O my dear Mrs. Jervis ! said I, my other mother ! receive your happy, happy Pamela : and join with me to bless God, and bless our master—

I was ready to sink in her arms, thro' excess of joy, to behold the dear good woman, who had been so often a mournful witness of my distress, as she was now of my triumph.—Dearest madam, said she, you do me too much honour. Let my whole life shew the joy I take in your deserved good fortune, and in my duty to you, for the early instance I received of your goodness in your kind letter.—O Mrs. Jervis, reply'd I, *there*, next to the Almighty, all thanks are due, both from you and me : for our dear master granted me this blessing, as I may justly call it, the very first moment I begg'd it of him.—Your goodness, sir, said she, I will for ever acknowledge ; and I beg pardon for the wrong step I made, in applying to Lady Davers.—All is over now, Mrs. Jervis, said he. I will forget that you ever disoblige me.

But where, said my master, is honest Longman ? And where is Jonathan ?—Come, Mrs. Jervis, said I, you shall introduce them, and all the good folks, to me present'ly. Let me now go up with you to behold the

apartments, which I have seen *before* with such different emotions to what I shall now do.

We went up ; and in the chamber I took refuge in, when my master pursued me, in my lady's chamber, in her dressing-room, in Mrs. Jervis's apartment (not forgetting her closet) in my own little bed-chamber, the green-room, and in each of the others, I bless'd God for my past escapes, and present happiness.

We went down again to the parlour, to our master.—Call in again Mr. Longman, said he : the good man longs to see you, my dear.

He came in :—God bless you, my sweet lady ! said he ; as now, Heaven be praised, I may call you ! Did I not tell you, madam, that Providence would find you out ?

And then he dry'd his eyes—good man !

Yes, I have been telling Mr. Longman, said my master, that I am obliged to him for his ready return to me ; and that I will entirely forget his appeal to Lady Davers ; and I hope he will find himself easy and happy to the extent of his wishes. My dear partner here, Mr. Longman, I dare promise you, will do all *she* can to make you so.

Heaven bless you both together ! said he. 'Tis the pride of my heart to see this ! I return'd with double delight, when I heard the blessed news ; and I am sure, sir, said he—(Mark old Longman's words)—God will bless you for this every year more and more. You don't know how many hearts you have made happy by this generous deed.

I am sure, said my dear master, I have made my *own* happy : and, Mr. Longman, tho' I must think you *SOMEBODY*, yet, as you are not a young man, I can allow you to wish my wife joy in the tenderest manner.

Adad ! sir, said he, I am sure you rejoice me with your favour : 'twas what I long'd for, but dar'd not presume.

My dear, said my master, receive the compliment of one of the honestest men in England, who always revered your virtues !—The good man saluted me ; and said (dropping down on one knee)—The great God of Heaven bless you both !. I must quit your presence. Indeed I must. And away he went.

When honest old Jonathan came in to attend at dinner, so sleek, and so neat, as he always is, with his silver hair, I said—Well, Mr. Jonathan, how do you ? I am glad to see you : you look as well as ever, thank God !—O madam, replied he, better than ever, to behold such a blessed sight ! God bless you, and my good master ! And I hope, sir, you will excuse all my past failings.—Ay, that I will, Jonathan, said his kind master ; because you never had any, but what were owing to your regard for my beloved wife. And now I can tell you, you can never err, because you cannot respect her too much.—O sir, said he, your honour is exceeding good. I'm sure I shall always pray for you both.

After dinner, Mr. Longman coming in, and talking of some affairs under his care, he said afterwards—All your honour's servants are now happy ; for Robert, who left you, has a pretty little fortune fallen to him, or he never would have quitted your service. He was here but yesterday, to enquire when you and my lady return'd hither ; and hop'd he might have leave to pay his duty to you both.—I shall be glad to see honest Robin, said my master ; for he is another of your favourites, Pamela. It was high time, I think, I should marry you, were it but to engage the respects of all my family to myself.

But I was going to say, said Mr. Longman, that all your honour's old

servants are now happy, but one.—You mean John Arnold? said my master.—I do indeed, reply'd he, if you will excuse me, sir.—O, said I, I have had my prayer for poor John answer'd, as favourably as I could wish. Why, said Mr. Longman, to be sure poor John has acted no very good part, take it all together; but he so much honour'd *you*, sir, and so much respected *you*, madam, that he would have been glad to be obedient to both: and so was faithful to neither. But indeed the poor fellow's heart is almost broken, and he won't look out for any other place; and says, he must live in your honour's service, or he must die wretched very shortly.

Mrs. Jervis was there when this was spoken:—Indeed, said she, the poor man has been here every day since he heard the tidings that have rejoiced us all; and he says, he hopes yet to be forgiven.—Is he in the house now? asked my master.—He is, sir; and was here when your honour came in; and play'd at hide-and-seek to have one look at you both, when you alighted; and was ready to go out of his wits for joy, when he saw your honour hand my lady in.—Pamela, said my master, you are to do with John as you please: you have full power.—Then, pray, said I, let John come in.

The poor fellow came in, with so much concern, that I have never seen a countenance that express'd so lively a consciousness of his faults, mingled with so much joy and shame.—How do you, John? said I. I hope you are very well! He could hardly speak, and look'd with awe upon my master, and with pleasure upon me.—Well, John, said my master, there is no room to say any thing to a man that has so much concern upon him already. I am told you *will* serve me, whether I will or not; but I turn you over altogether to my wife here: and she is to do by you as she pleases.—You see, John, said I, your good master's indulgence. Well may I forgive, that have so generous an example. I was always persuaded of your honest intentions. You were only at a loss what to do between your duty to your master, and your good-will to me: you will now, from his goodness, have no more puzzles on that account.—I shall be but too happy, said the poor man. God bless your honour! God bless you, madam! I have now the joy of my soul, in serving you both; and I will, to my power, make the best of servants.

He withdrew overjoy'd; and Mrs. Jervis and Mr. Longman were highly pleas'd; for tho' they were incens'd against him for his fault to me, when matters look'd badly for me, yet they, and the rest of his fellow-servants, always lov'd John.

My master then, filling a glass of wine, said—Mr. Longman, I will toast to you, the health of one of the happiest and honestest couple in England; my Pamela's father and mother.—Tears were in my eyes. I could not speak for joy.

I think, continued he, that our little Kentish purchase, Mr. Longman, as it is at a distance from my other estates, the management of which fully employ all your kind cares, will be in happy hands if Mr. Andrews will take upon him the trouble of managing it. We will well stock for him the farm we call Hodges's, that is in the middle of the purchase; and his directing eye over the whole, will be an employment for him, an ease to you, and a benefit to me. What think you, Mr. Longman?

Your honour cannot do a better thing; and I have had some inkling given me, that you may, if you please, augment that estate, by a purchase, of equal amount, contiguous to it; and as you have so much money to spare, I can't see your honour can do better.—Well, said my master,

let me have the particulars another time, and we will consider of it. But, my dear, added he, you will mention this to your father.

I have too much money, Mr. Longman, continued he, lying useless; tho', upon the present agreeable occasion, I shall lay out as much in liveries, and equipages, as if I had marry'd a woman of a fortune, equal, if possible, to my Pamela's merit. I reckon you have a good deal in hand?—Yes, sir, said he, more than I wish I had. But I have a mortgage in view, if you don't buy that Kentish thing, that I believe will answer very well: and when matters are riper, will mention it to your honour.

I took with me to Lincolnshire, said my master, six hundred and fifty guineas, and thought to have laid most of them out there.—[Thank God, thought I, you did not! for he offer'd me five hundred of them, you know.]—But I have not laid out above two hundred and fifty: I left there two hundred in my escritoire; intending to go thither again for a fortnight or three weeks, before winter; and two hundred I have brought back. I have besides money, I know not what, in three places here; the account of which is in my library.

You have made some little presents, Pamela, to my servants there, on our nuptials; and these two hundred that I have brought up, I will leave to your disposal, to do with some of them here, as you did there.

I am ashamed, sir, said I, to be so costly and so worthless!—Pray, my dear, replied he, not a word more in that style.

Why, madam, said Mr. Longman, with money in stocks, and one thing or other, his honour could buy half the gentlemen round him. He wants not money, and lays up every year.

And it would have been pity, but he should have wedded just as he has done.—Very true, Mr. Longman, said my master; and pulling out his purse—Tell out, my dear, said he, two hundred guineas. I did so.—Now, said he, take them yourself, for the purposes I mention'd.—But, Mr. Longman, do you, before sun-set, bring my dear girl fifty guineas, which is due to her this day, by my promise; and every three months pay her fifty more; which will be two hundred guineas per annum: and this for her to lay out at her own discretion, and without account, in such a way as shall derive a blessing upon us all: for she was my mother's almoner, and shall be mine, and her own too.

I'll go for it this instant, said Mr. Longman.

When he was gone, I look'd on my dear Mr. B., and on Mrs. Jervis; and he gave me a nod of assent; and I took twenty guineas, and said—Good Mrs. Jervis, accept of this, which is no more than my generous master order'd me to present to Mrs. Jewkes, for a pair of gloves, on my happy nuptials.

Mrs. Jewkes, madam, said she, was on the spot, at the happy time.—Yes, said my master; but Pamela would have rejoiced to have had you there instead of her.—That I should, sir, reply'd I, or instead of any body, except my own mother.

She gratefully accepted them, and thank'd us both; but I don't know what she should thank *me* for. I was not worth a fourth part of them myself.

I would have you, my dear, said he, in some handsome manner, as you know how, oblige Longman to accept of the like present.

Mr. Longman return'd from his office, and brought me the fifty guineas, saying—I have enter'd this new article with great pleasure: *To my lady—Fifty guineas to be paid the same sum quarterly.*—O sir, said I, what

will become of me to be so poor in myself, and so rich in your bounty? It is a shame to take all that your profuse goodness thus heaps upon me: but indeed it shall not be without account.—Make no words, my dear, answered he: are you not my wife? And have I not endow'd you with my worldly goods? Hitherto you have had a very inconsiderable part of them.

Mr. Longman, said I, and Mrs. Jervis, you both see how I am even oppress'd with obligations.—God bless the donor and the receiver too! said Mr. Longman: I am sure they will bring back good interest; for, madam, you had ever a bountiful heart; and I have seen the pleasure you used to take to dispense my late lady's alms and donations.

You would have me, Mr. Longman, said I, who am otherwise honoured beyond my desert, make no scruple of accepting large sums; pray, do not you make any, to accept of a pair of gloves on account of my happy nuptials.

He hesitated, and seemed at a loss; and Mr. B. said—If Mr. Longman refuse you, my dear, he will refuse your *first* favour.—I then put twenty guineas in his hand. He begged that he might return fifteen.—Don't give me reason to imagine, said I, that I have affronted you.—Well, if I must, returned he, I know what I know.—What is that, Mr. Longman? said I.—Why, madam, replied he, I will not lay it out till my young master's birthday, which I hope will be within this twelvemonth.

Not expecting any thing like this from the good old man, I look'd this way and that, and blush'd and held down my head.—Charmingly said, Mr. Longman! said my master, and clasp'd his arms about me:—O my dear life! God send it may be so! You have quite delighted me, Mr. Longman!—Madam, said the old gentleman, I beg your pardon; I hope no offence. But I would speak it ten times in a breath to have it so, take it how you please, as long as my master takes it so well.—Mrs. Jervis, said Mr. B., I hope you join in Mr. Longman's good wishes. She did, she said, with her whole heart.

When the servants had dined, I desired to see the maidens, and all four came up together.—You are welcome home, madam, said Rachel; we rejoice all to see you here, and more to see you our lady.—My good old acquaintances, said I, I joy to see you! How do you, Rachel? How do you do, Jane? How do you do, Hannah? How do you do, Cisely? And I took each of them by the hand, and could have kiss'd them.—For, said I to myself, I kissed you all, last time I saw you in sorrow; why should I not kiss you all with joy? But I forbore, because of their dear master's presence.

They seem'd quite transported with me; and my master was pleased with the scene.—See here, my lasses, said he, your mistress! I need not bid you respect her; for you always loved her; and she will have it as much in her power, as inclination, to be kind to the deserving.—Indeed, said I, I shall always be a kind friend to you; and your dear good master has order'd me to give each of you this, that you may rejoice with me on my happiness. I then gave them five guineas each; and said—God bless you every one. I am overjoy'd to see you. They withdrew with the greatest gratitude and pleasure, praying for us both.

My master sent for Jonathan, and I held up all the fingers of my two hands; and he giving a nod of approbation as the honest man came in, I said—Well, Mr. Jonathan, I could not be satisfy'd without seeing you by yourself, and thanking you for all your past good-will to me. You will accept of *that* for a pair of gloves, on this happy occasion. And I gave

him ten guineas, and took his honest hand between both mine :—God bless you, said I, with your silver hairs, so like my dear father! I shall always value such a good old servant of the best of masters!—Such goodness! Such kind words! said he. They are balm to my heart! Blessed be God, I have lived to this day! He withdrew, his eyes swimming in tears.

Then in came Harry, and Isaac, and Benjamin, and the two grooms of this house, and Arthur the gardener; for my dear master had order'd them by Mrs. Jervis thus to be introduced.—Where is John? said he. Poor John was asham'd, and did not come in till he heard himself call'd for. I asked each by his name, how he did! and gave each five guineas to rejoice, as I said, in my happiness. Harry, in the names of them all, blessed us, and congratulated themselves on the honour their master had done them in giving them a mistress, whom they always loved; and hardly could now more respect as their lady, than they did before for her virtue and sweetness of temper.

When I came to John, I said—I saw you before, John; but I again tell you, I am glad to see you. He said, he was quite asham'd and confounded.—You must look forward, John, said I, and forget all that is passed. Your good master will, and so will I. For God has wonderfully brought about all these things, by the very means I thought most grievous.

Arthur, said my master, I have brought you a mistress that is a great gardener. She will shew you a new way to plant beans: and never any body had such a hand at improving a sun-flower, as she!—I believe I looked a little silly. I felt my cheeks glow: but the best answer (the servants present) was silence.

To the postillion and two helpers, at my master's motion, I gave three guineas; calling each by his christian name (for my master has here, as well as in Lincolnshire, fine hunting-horses. Hunting is the chief sport he takes delight in). Nor was the poor scullion-boy, Tommy, forgot. I called for him, and gave him two guineas; and, by way of taking more notice of him, some good advice, not to spend it idly; but to give it to his mother to lay it out for him. Mr. Colbrand, Abraham, and Thomas, had been remembered at the other house.

When they were all gone but Mrs. Jervis, I said—And now, dearest sir, permit me, on my knees, thus, to bless you, and pray for you. May God crown you with length of days, and give you increase of honour; and may your happy, happy Pamela, by her grateful heart, appear always worthy in your eyes, tho' she cannot be so in her own, nor in those of any others!

Mrs. Jervis, said my master, tenderly raising me, you see the excellency of this sweet creature! And when I tell you, that the charms of her person, lovely as she is, bind me not so strongly to her as the graces of her mind, I know you will think that my happiness is built on a stable basis, and congratulate me upon it.—Indeed I do, most sincerely, sir, said she: this is a happy day to me!

I stepped into the library, while he was thus pouring out his kindness for me to Mrs. Jervis; and bless'd God there, for the difference between my present situation, and what I had once known in it.—Mrs. Jervis, it seems, had whisper'd to him the thankful heart I had expressed above; and he stopt to the library door; and, unobserved by me, saw me upon my knees, with my back towards him: but he softly put to the door again, as he had open'd it a little way. And I said, on my joining him, not knowing he had seen me—You have some charming pictures in your library, sir.—I have, my dear life, said he; but none equal to that which

your piety affords me! May the God you delight to serve, bless more and more my angel!—You are all goodness, sir, said I.—I hope, reply'd he, after your example, I shall be more and more worthy of my present happiness!

Do you think, my dear parents, there ever was so happy a creature as Pamela? To be sure it would be very ungrateful to think with uneasiness, or any thing but compassion, of poor Miss Sally Godfrey.

He ordered Jonathan to let the evening be passed merrily, but wisely, as he said, with what every one liked, whether wine or October.

He was pleased afterwards to lead me up-stairs, and gave me possession of my lady's dressing-room and cabinet, and her fine repeating-watch and equipage; and, in short, of a complete set of jewels, that were hers; as also of the two pair of diamond ear-rings, the two diamond rings, and necklace, he mention'd in his naughty articles, which her ladyship had intended for presents to Miss Tomlins, a rich heiress, who was proposed for his wife, soon after he returned from his travels, had the treaty been concluded; and which was set aside, after all was agreed upon by the friends on both sides, by reason of his objections to the masculine airs of the lady; though she liked *him* very well. He presented me also with books, pictures, linen, laces, and every thing that was in my late lady's apartment; and bid me call that apartment mine. Give me, give me, good God, an increase of humility and gratitude!

Sunday night.

This day, as things could not be ready for our appearance at a better place, we staid at home; and my dear master employ'd himself a good deal in his library. And I have been taken up pretty much, as I ought to be, in my newly-presented closet.

Several of the neighbouring gentry sent their compliments to him this day on his return, but not a word about his marriage; particularly Mr. Arthur, Miss Towers, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Martin of the Grove.

Monday.

I have had a good deal of employment in chusing patterns for my new clothes. Mr. B. thought nothing too good; and was so kind as to pick out six of the richest, for me to chuse three suits out of, saying—We would furnish ourselves with more in town, when we went thither. One was white, flower'd richly with silver. He was pleas'd to say, that, as I was a bride, I should make my appearance in that, the following Sunday. And so we shall have, in two or three days, from several places, nothing but mantua-makers and taylors at work. Bless me! what a chargeable creature am I to this most generous of men! But his fortune and station require a great deal of it; and his value for me will not let him do less, than if he had marry'd a fortune equal to his own: and then, as he says, it would be a reflection upon him, if he did. And so I doubt it will be as it is: for, either way, the world will have something to say. He made me also chuse some very fine laces and linen: and has sent a message on purpose, to hasten all down. What can be done in town, as the millinery matters, and such like, are to be completed there, and sent by particular messengers, as done. All to be finish'd and brought hither by Saturday afternoon.

I send away John this morning, with some more of my papers, to you, and with the few he will give you, separate. You will be so good as to send me all those you have done with, that I may keep my word with

Lady Davers. I am sure of the continuance of your prayers and blessings. Be pleased also to give me your answer about my dear Mr. B.'s proposal of the Kentish farm. I beg you will buy two suits of clothes each, of the finest cloth for you, my dear father, and a creditable silk for my dear mother; and good linen, and every thing answerable: and that you will, as my best friend bid me say, let us see you here as soon as possible. He will have his chariot come for you, when you tell John the day. How I long to see you both, my dear good parents, and to share with you in person my felicities!

You will have, I am sure, the goodness to go to all your creditors, which are chiefly those of my poor unhappy brothers, and get an account of all you are bound for; and every one shall be paid to the utmost farthing, and interest besides; tho' some of them have been very cruel and unrelenting.—But they are all entitled to justice, and shall be thankfully paid.

Now I think of it, John shall take what I have written down to this place; that you may have something to amuse you of your child's, instead of those you part with. I will continue writing till I am settled, and you are determined; and then I shall apply myself to the duties of the family, in order to become as useful to my dear master, as my small abilities will let me.

If you think a couple of guineas will be of use to Mrs. Mumford, who I doubt has not much aforehand, pray give them to her, from me, (and I will return them to you) as for a pair of gloves on my marriage; and look among your acquaintance, and neighbours, and let me have a list of such honest, industrious poor, as may be true objects of charity, and have no other assistance; particularly such as are blind, lame, or sickly, with their several cases; and also such families and housekeepers as are reduced by misfortunes, as ours was, and where a great number of children may keep them from rising to a state of tolerable comfort: and I will chuse as well as I can; for I long to be making a beginning, with the kind quarterly benevolence my dear Mr. B. has bestowed upon me for such good purposes.

I am resolved to keep account of all these matters: and Mr. Longman has already furnished me with a vellum book of white paper: some sides of which I hope soon to fill, with the names of proper objects. And tho' my beloved master has given me all this without account, yet shall he see, (but nobody else) how I lay it out from quarter to quarter; and I will, if any be left, carry it on, like an accomptant, to the next quarter, and strike a balance four times a year, and a general balance at every year's end. And I have written in it, *Humble RETURNS for DIVINE MERCIES*. And lock'd it up in my newly-presented cabinet.

I will detain John no longer. He will tell you to read the last part of the writing I send you first, and while he stays. And so, with my humble duty to you both, and my dear Mr. B.'s kind remembrance, I rest,

YOUR EVER DUTIFUL, AND GRATEFULLY HAPPY DAUGHTER.

Wednesday Evening.

I will now, my honoured parents, proceed with my journal.

On Tuesday morning, my dear Mr. B. riding out, returned, in company of Mr. Martin of the Grove, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, and a Mr. Chambers; and, stepping up to me, said—He had rid out too far to return to breakfast; but had brought with him some of his old acquaintance, to dine with me—Are you sorry for it, Pamela?—I remember'd his

lessons, and answered—No, sure, sir ; I can't be sorry for anything you are pleased to do.—You know Mr. Martin's character, said he, and have severely censur'd him, as one of my brother rakes, and for his three lyings-in.—I met them all, continued he, at Mr. Arthur's. His lady ask'd me, if I were *really* marry'd ? I said—Yes, *really*.—And to whom ? said Mr. Martin.—Why, replied I, without ceremony, to my mother's waiting-maid. They could not tell what to say to me on this answer ; and looked one upon another : and I saw I had spoil'd a jest, from each. Mrs. Arthur said—You have, indeed, sir, a charming creature as ever I saw ; and she has mighty good luck.—True, returned I, and so have I. But I shall say the less of that, because a man never did any thing of this nature, but he was willing to make the best of it.—Nay, said Mr. Arthur, if you have sinn'd, it is with your eyes open ! For you know the world as well as any man of your years in it.

Why, really, gentlemen, said I, I should be glad to please all my friends ; but, be that as it will, I do assure you, I am exceedingly pleased *myself*.

I have heard my wife, said Mr. Brooks, praise your spouse that is, so much for her beauty, that I greatly wanted to see her.—If, reply'd I, you will all go and take a dinner with me, you shall see her in her proper place, gracing my table. Mrs. Arthur, will you bear us company ?—No, indeed, sir, answered she.—What, I suppose, my *wife* will not be able to reconcile you to my *mother's waiting maid* ; is not that it ? Tell truth, Mrs. Arthur.—Nay, said she, I sha'n't be backward to pay your wife a visit, in company of the neighbouring ladies ; but my declining this sudden invitation, need not hinder you, gentlemen.

It should not, they said ; and, each sending home, they, and Mr. Chambers, a gentleman lately settled in the neighbourhood, came with me : and so, my dear, concluded he, when you make your appearance, next Sunday, you are sure of a party in your favour ; for all that see you must admire you.

He went down to them ; and when dinner was ready, he was pleased to take my hand, at my entrance into the dining-parlour—My dear love, said he, I have brought some of my neighbours to dine with you.—You are very good, sir, said I. He then presented to me each gentleman, Mr. Chambers first ; and each saluted me, and wish'd us both joy.

I, for my part, said Mr. Brooks, wish you joy most heartily, madam. My wife told me a good deal of the beauties of your person ; but I did not think we had such a flower in the county.

I felt my face glow even more than it did at my entrance : yet was not so weak as to take a compliment for a strict truth. I curtsied in silence ; and Mr. B. led me to my seat. The gentlemen seemed to try which should say the handsomest things of me. Yet were very free with one another (Mr. Martin particularly) upon matrimony in general. The married men, willing, as it seem'd, to draw me out, called upon me to defend the state I had so newly entered into.

I was sorry, I said, that so sacred an institution was supposed to want it. I dared to say, it did not with any married gentleman present. *They* had doubtless reason, and I questioned not their justice, to defend the state against the reflections of the single gentlemen.

I had compliments from every gentleman on this occasion. Mr. Martin affected to be dashed ; but it was only affectation. He is not easily put out of countenance.

Mr. Brooks whisper'd Mr. B. that he might call me what he would ; and so might the women of condition in the neighbourhood ; but that for behaviour, good sense, and politeness, he thought he had never (even beauty out of the question) seen a more accomplished woman.

My dear friend, answered my delighted master, I told you before, that her fine person made me a lover ; but it was her mind, that made me a husband.

The first course coming in, Mr. Arthur was pleased to observe, much to my advantage, on the ease and freedom with which I did the honours of the table ; and said, he would bring his lady to be a witness, and a learner both, of my manner. Mr. B. looking at me, as wishing me to speak, I said—I should be proud of Mrs. Arthur's favour ; and if I could be honoured with it, and with that of the ladies of the other gentlemen present, I should be enabled by their example to think myself better qualified for the place, to which the goodness of my dear Mr. B. had exalted me ; and which, at present, I was sensible, I filled with much insufficiency.

Mr. B. seemed pleased at the approbation given to what I said, by every gentleman.

Mr. Arthur drank to my health and happiness ; and said—My wife told Mr. B., madam, you had very good luck in such a husband ; but I now see who has the best of it.—Come, come, said Mr. Brooks, let us make no compliments ; the truth of the matter is, our good neighbour's generosity and judgment have met with so equal a match, in his lady's beauty and merit, that I know not which has the best luck. But may you be both long happy together, say I ! And he drank a glass of wine.

Mr. B. addressed himself to me, on all occasions, in the kindest, tenderest, and most respectful manner. Insomuch that the free Mr. Martin said—Did you ever think our good friend here, who used to ridicule matrimony so much, would have made so complaisant a husband ? How long do you intend, sir, that this shall hold ?—As long as my good girl deserves it, said he, and that I am sure will be for ever. But, continued the kind gentleman, you need not wonder I have changed my mind as to wedlock ; for I never expected to meet with one whose behaviour, and sweetness of temper, were so likely to make me happy.

After dinner, and having drank in one glass good healths to their ladies, I withdrew ; and they sat and drank, as they boasted, two bottles of Burgundy each ; and went away full of my praises, and vowing to bring their ladies to see me.

John having brought me your kind letter, my dear father, I told my master, after his friends were gone, how gratefully you receiv'd his generous intentions as to the Kentish farm, and promised your best endeavours to serve him in that estate ; and that you hoped your industry and care would be so well employed in it, that you should be very little troublesome to him as to the liberal manner in which he had intended to add to a provision, that of itself exceeded all you wished.

He was very well pleased with your cheerful acceptance of it.

I am glad your engagements to the world lie in so small a compass : as soon as you have gotten an account of them exactly, you will be pleased to send it me, with the list you are so kind to promise to procure for me of the deserving poor.

I think, as my dear Mr. B. is so generous, you should account nothing, that is plain, too good. Pray, don't be afraid of laying out upon your-

selves. My dear Mr. B. will not, when you come to us, permit you to return to your old abode; but will engage you to stay with us, till you set out for Kent. Be pleased, therefore, to dispose of yourselves accordingly.

John has brought me my papers safe. I will send them to Lady Davers, the first opportunity, down to the place I mention'd in my last.

My dear Mr. B. just now tells me, that he will carry me in the morning a little airing, about ten miles off, in his chariot and four, to breakfast at a farm-house, noted for a fine dairy, and whither, now-and-then, the neighbouring gentry of both sexes resort for that purpose. And he will send Abraham on horseback, before us, to let the good folks know it. How can I forbear making you a partaker with me of all my pleasures, and the distinction given me by this best of husbands!

Thursday.

Prepare, my dear parents, to hear something very particular. We set out at about half an hour after six, in the morning; and got to the truly neat house I mentioned in my former, by half an hour after eight.

We were prettily receiv'd and entertain'd here, by the good woman, and her daughter; and an elegancy ran through every thing, persons as well as furniture, yet all plain. And my master said to the good housewife—Do your young boarding-school ladies still at times continue their visits to you, Mrs. Dobson?—Yes, sir, said she; I expect three or four of them every minute.

There is, my dear, said he, within three miles of this farm, a very good boarding-school for ladies. The governess of it keeps a chaise and pair, which is to be made a double chaise at pleasure; and in summer-time, when the misses perform their tasks well, she favours them with an airing to this place, three or four at a time, to breakfast: and this serves both for a reward, and for exercise. The young ladies who have this favour, are not a little proud of it; and it brings them forward in their respective tasks.

A very good method, sir, said I. And just as we were talking, the chaise came in with four misses, all pretty much of a size, and a maid-servant to attend them. They were shewn another little neat apartment, that went thro' ours; and made their honours very prettily as they pass'd by us. I went into the room to them, and asked them questions about their work, and their lessons; and what they had done to deserve such a fine airing and breakfasting. They all answered me very prettily.—And pray, little ladies, said I, what may I call your names? One was called Miss Burdoff, one Miss Nugent, one Miss Booth, and the fourth Miss Goodwin.—I don't know which, said I, is the prettiest; but you are all best, my little dears; and you have a very good governess, to indulge you with such a fine airing, and such delicate cream, and bread and butter. I hope you think so.

My master came in. He kissed each of them; but look'd more wistfully on Miss Goodwin, than on any of the others; but I thought nothing just then: had she been called Miss Godfrey, I had hit upon it in a trice.

When we returned to our own room, he said—Which do you think the prettiest of those children?—Really, sir, reply'd I, it is hard to say: Miss Booth is a pretty brown girl, and has a fine eye. Miss Burdoff has a great deal of sweetness in her countenance, but her features are not so regular. Miss Nugent has a fine complexion: and Miss Goodwin has a fine black eye, and is, besides, I think, the genteelest-shap'd child. But they are all pretty.

Their maid led them into the garden, to shew them the bee-hives ; and Miss Goodwin made a particular fine curtsy to my master. And I said— I believe miss knows you, sir. And taking her by the hand—Do you know this gentleman, my pretty dear ?—Yes, madam, said she ; he is my own uncle. I clasp'd her in my arms :—O, why did you not tell me, sir, said I, that you had a niece among these little ladies ? And I kiss'd her, and away she tript after the others.

But pray, sir, said I, how can this be ?—You have no sister nor brother, but Lady Davers. How can this be ?

He smiled ; and then I said—O, my dearest sir, tell me now of a truth, does not this pretty miss stand in a nearer relation to you, than that of a niece ? I *know* she does ! I *know* she does !

'Tis even so, my dear, reply'd he ; and you remember my sister's good-natur'd hint of Miss Sally Godfrey—I do, sir, answer'd I : but this young lady is Miss Goodwin, not Godfrey.—Her mother chose that name for her, answered he, because she would not have her called by her own.—You must excuse me, sir, said I ; I must go and prattle with her.—I will send for her in again, reply'd he. He did ; and in she came, in a moment.—I took her in my arms, and said—Will you love me, my charming dear ? Will you let me be your aunt ?—Yes, madam, answer'd she ; and I will love *you* dearly : but I must not love my uncle.—Why so ? asked Mr. B.—Because, reply'd she, you would not speak to me at first ! And because you would not let me call you uncle (for it seems she was bid not, that I might not guess at her presently) ; and yet, said the pretty dear, I had not seen you a great while—so I had not.

Well, Pamela, said he, now can you allow me to love this little innocent ?—*Allow* you, sir ! reply'd I ; you would be very barbarous, if you did not ; and I should be more so, if I did not promote it all I could, and love the little innocent myself, for your sake, and for her own sake, and in compassion to her poor mother, tho' unknown to me. Tears stood in my eyes.

Why, my love, said he, are your words so kind, and your countenance so sad ? I drew to the window, from the child, he following me ; and said—Sad it is not, sir ; but I have a strange grief and pleasure mingled at once in my breast, on this occasion : it is indeed a twofold grief, and a twofold pleasurc.—As how, my dear ?—Why, sir, I cannot help being grieved for the poor mother of this sweet babe, to think, if she be living, that she must call her chiefest delight her shame : if she be no more, that she must have had sad remorse on her mind, when she came to leave the world, and her little babe : and, in the second place, I grieve, that it must be thought a kindness to the dear little soul, not to let her know how near the dearest relation she has in the world is to her. Forgive me, sir ; I say not this in the least to reproach you : indeed, I do not. And I have a twofold cause of joy. First, that I have had the grace to escape the misfortune of this poor lady ; and next, that this discovery has given me an opportunity to shew the sincerity of my grateful affection for you, sir, in the love I will always bear to this dear child.

I then stepp'd to her again, and kissed her ; and said—Join with me, my pretty love, to beg your uncle to let you come and live with your new aunt : indeed, my precious, I will love you dearly.

Will you, sir ? said the little charmer, will you let me go and live with my aunt ?

You are very good, my Pamela, said he. I have not been once de-

ceived in the hopes my fond heart had entertain'd of your prudence.— But will you, sir, said I, will you grant me this favour? I shall most sincerely love the little charmer; and she shall be entitled to all I am capable of doing for her, both by example and affection. My dearest sir, added I, oblige me in this thing! I think already my heart is set upon it! What a sweet employment and companion shall I have!

We will talk of this some other time, reply'd he; but I must, in prudence, put some bounds to your amiable generosity. I had always intended to surprise you into this discovery; but my sister led the way to it, out of a poorness in her spite, that I could hardly forgive. You have obliged me beyond expression, yet I cannot say, that you have gone much beyond my expectation on this occasion. For I have such a high opinion of you, that I think nothing could have shaken it, but a contrary conduct to this you have shewn on so tender a circumstance.

Well, sir, said the dear little miss, then you will not let me go home with my aunt, will you? She will be my pretty aunt; and I am sure she will love me.—When you break up next, my dear, said he, if you are a good girl, you shall pay your new aunt a visit. She made a low curtsy.—Thank you, sir.—Yes, my dear, said I, and I will get you some pretty picture books against the time. You love reading, I dare say?—Indeed I do.—I would have brought some now, said I, had I known I should have seen my pretty love.—Thank you, madam, return'd she.

I ask'd him, how old she was?—He said—Between six and seven.—Was she ever, sir, at your house?—My sister, reply'd he, brought her thither once, as a little relation of her lord's.—I remember, sir, said I, a little miss, once brought thither by Lady Davers; and Mrs. Jervis and I took her to be a relation of Lord Davers.

My sister, returned he, knew the whole secret from the beginning: and it made her a great merit with me, that she kept it from the knowledge of my father, who was then living, and of my mother, to her dying day; altho' she descended so low, in her passion, as to hint the matter to you.

The little misses took their leaves soon after. I know not how, but I am strangely taken with this dear child. I wish Mr. B. would let me have her home. It would be a great pleasure to have such a fine opportunity, oblig'd as I am, to shew my love for him, in my fondness for this dear miss.

As we came home together in the chariot, he gave me the following particulars of this affair, additional to what he had before mentioned:—

This lady, he said, was of a good family, and the flower of it. Her mother was a person of great art; and, in hopes to draw him in, as she knew that he was heir to a great estate, encouraged his private visits to her daughter; yet, as he was known to be unsettled and wild, and that her daughter was young and unexperienced, and far from being indifferent to him, she seemed not to consider that Miss Godfrey was in more danger from him, than he was from her; but depended too much upon her instructions to her.

At last, the young couple being found in a way, not very creditable to the lady; and he not talking of marriage; the mother thought of taking advantage of his youth, and of intimidating him. Accordingly, the next time he came, when the lovers were together, and not less familiar than before, an half-pay officer, her relation, accompanied by one who had been her servant, broke in upon the lovers; and, reproaching him with dishonourable intentions, drew their swords upon him, threatening him with

instant death, if he did not engage to marry the young lady on the spot; they having a clergyman in readiness below to join their hands.

He suspected, from some strong circumstances, that the young lady was in the plot, and enraged at the supposed imposition, drew; and was so much in earnest, that he run the servant into the arm; and pressing pretty forward upon the other, as he retreated, he rushed in upon him, near the top of the stairs, and pushed him down one pair. He was much hurt with the fall: Mr. B. owned, however, that he might have paid for his rashness; but that the business of his antagonists was rather to frighten than to kill him. He then, in sight of the old lady, the minister, and the other daughters, quitted the house, vowing never more to enter it; and that he would never again visit the young lady.

After this, however, Miss Godfrey found means to engage him to give her a meeting at Woodstock, in which she undertook to clear up his suspicions of her conduct. But there, poor lady! she found herself betrayed (wicked man!) into the grossest fault a young woman can be guilty of, in order to convince him of her innocence in a less.

They afterwards often met at Godstow, at Woodstock, and every neighbouring place to Oxford, where he was then studying, as it prov'd, guilty lessons, instead of improving ones; till, at last, the effect of their frequent interviews grew too obvious to be concealed. In vain did they endeavour to prevail on him by marriage to save the young lady's credit. At last, they resolved to complain to his father and mother. But he making his sister, then unmarried, and at home, acquainted with the affair, she so managed as to prevail upon them to hush up the matter for the sake of their own reputation; and Miss Godfrey was sent to Marlborough, where, at his sister's expence, which he answer'd to her again, she was provided for, and privately lay-in. Miss B. (afterwards Lady Davers) took upon herself the care of the little one, till it was put to the boarding school, where it now is.

Mr. B. has settled upon the child such a sum of money as the interest of it will handsomely provide for her; and the principal be a tolerable fortune, fit for a gentlewoman, when she comes to be of age.

This, my dear, said Mr. B., when he had given me the above particulars, is the story of Miss Sally Godfrey; and I do assure you, I am far from taking a pride in this affair: but since it has happened, I will do all I can to make the child happy.

And may she be so! said I. How much will it add to my felicity, if I can contribute to it! O that you would permit me to have her home. He made me no answer in words; but tenderly grasped my hand, and looked pleased.

I ask'd him, if Miss Goodwin had any notion of who were her father and mother?—No, answer'd he. Her governess has been told by my sister, that she is the daughter of a gentleman and his lady, who are related, at a distance, to Lord Davers, and now live at Jamaica; and she calls me uncle only because I am the brother to Lady Davers, whom she calls aunt, and who is very fond of her as is also my lord, who knows the whole matter. At all their little school-recesses they have her at their house.—I believe, added he, the matter is very little known or suspected; for as her mother is of a good family, her friends endeavour to keep it secret, as much as I; and Lady Davers, till her wrath boil'd over, the other day, has managed the matter very dexterously and kindly.

I wanted him to say, whether her mother is living; and his words, "her

mother is of a good family," left me no room to doubt it. And I said—But how, sir, can the poor mother be content to deny herself the enjoyment of so sweet a child?—Ay, Pamela, reply'd he, now *you* come in; I see you want to know what's become of the poor mother. I was willing to see how the little suspense would operate upon you.—Dear sir, said I—Nay, reply'd he, 'tis very natural, my dear! I think you have had a great deal of patience, and are come at this question so fairly, that you deserve to be answer'd.

You must know, then, there is some foundation for saying, that her mother is in Jamaica: there she does live, and very happily too. She suffer'd so much in childbed, that nobody expected her life; and this made such an impression upon her, that she dreaded nothing so much as the thoughts of falling into her former fault. To say the truth, I had intended to make her a visit, as soon as her month was up. She apprehended that I would; and, in order to avoid me, privately engaged herself to go to Jamaica, with two young ladies, who were born there; and were returning to their friends, after they had been four years in England for their education; recommending to me, by a very moving letter, her child, requesting that it might not be called by her name, but Goodwin, the better to conceal the disgrace she had brought upon her family.

She prevailed upon her friends to assign her five hundred pounds, in full of all her demands upon them; and went up to London, and embark'd, with her companions, at Gravesend, and sailed to Jamaica. There she is since well and happily married; passing to her husband for a young widow, with one daughter, which her first husband's friends take care of, and provide for. And so, you see, Pamela, that in the whole story on both sides, the truth is as much preserv'd as possible.

Poor lady! said I; how much does her story affect me! I am glad she is so *happy* at last.—And, my dear, said he, are you not glad she is so *far off*, too?—As to that, said I, I cannot be sorry, especially as she could not have been made happy *here*.

How greatly, sir, said I, is this unhappy lady to be admired! how much in earnest was she to be good, that she could leave her native country, leave all her relations, leave you, whom she so well lov'd, leave her dear baby, to try a new fortune, in a new world, among absolute strangers, hazarding seas and winds, to preserve herself from further guiltiness! But, sir, did you not *once* see the poor lady before she went abroad?

I did not believe her so much in earnest, answer'd he; and I went down to Marlborough, and heard she was gone from thence to Calne. I went to Calne, and heard she was gone to Reading, to a relation's there. Thither I went, and heard she was gone to Oxford. I follow'd; and there she was; but would not see me.

She at last received a letter from me, in which I begged a meeting with her; for I found her departure with the ladies was resolv'd upon, and that she was with her friends, only to take leave of them, and receive her agreed-on portion: and she appointed the Saturday following, and that was Wednesday, to give me a meeting at the old place at Woodstock.

Then, added he, I thought I was sure of her, and doubted not I should spoil her intended voyage.—[Naughty, naughty man! thought I]—I set out on Thursday to Gloucester on a party of pleasure; and on Saturday I went to the place appointed, at Woodstock: but, when I came thither, I found a letter instead of the lady; and, when I open'd it, it was to beg

my pardon for deceiving me ; expressing her concern for her past fault, her affection for me ; and the apprehension she had, that she should be unable to keep her good resolves, if she met me : she let me know, that she had set out the Thursday before for her embarkation ; being apprehensive that no other measure could save her ; and had appointed this meeting on Saturday, at the place of our mutual guilt, that I might be suitably impressed upon the occasion, and pity and allow for her ; and that she might be out of my reach. She recommended again, as upon the spot to which the poor little-one owed its being, my tenderness to it for her sake : and that was all she had to request of me, she said ; but would not forget to pray for me in all her own dangers, and in every difficulty she was going to encounter with.

I wept at this moving tale :—And did not this make a deep impression upon you, sir ? said I : surely such an affecting lesson as this, on the very guilty spot too—(I admire the poor lady's 'pious' contrivance !)—must have had a great effect upon you. One would have thought, sir, it was enough to reclaim you for ever. All your naughty purposes, I make no doubt, were quite changed at the time.

Why, my dear, reply'd he, I was much affected, you may be sure, when I came to reflect : but at first I was so assured of being a successful tempter, that I could not bear she should so escape me ; so much transcend me in heroic bravery : and I hasten'd away to Lord Davers, and got a bill of credit from him, upon his banker in London, for five hundred pounds ; and set out for that metropolis, having called at Oxford, and got what light I could, as to the place where there was a probability of hearing of her, there.

When I arriv'd in town, which was not till Monday morning, I went to a place called Crosby-square, where the friends of the two ladies lived. She had set out in the flying-coach ; got to the two ladies the same night ; and, on Saturday, had set out with them for Gravesend, much about the time she led me to expect her at Woodstock.

You may suppose, that I was much surpris'd at this information. However, I got my bill of credit converted into money ; and set out on Monday afternoon, and reached Gravesend that night ; and there I understood, that she and the two ladies had gone on board from the very inn I put up at, in the morning, and the ship waited only for the wind, which then was turning about in its favour.

I got a boat directly, and went on board the ship, and ask'd for Mrs. Godfrey. But judge you her surprize and confusion when she saw me. She had liked to have fainted away. I offer'd any money to put off the sailing till next day, but it could not be comply'd with ; and fain would I have got her ashore, and promised to attend her, (if she would go) over land, to any part of England the ship would touch at. But she was immoveable.

Every one concluded me her humble servant, and was affected at the tender interview ; the young ladies and their female attendants, especially. With great difficulty, upon my solemn assurances of honour, she trusted herself with me in one of the cabins ; and there I endeavour'd, all I could, to prevail upon her to quit her purpose : but all in vain : she said, I had made her quite unhappy by this interview ! She had difficulties enough upon her mind before : but now I had embitter'd all her voyage, and given her the deepest distress.

I could prevail upon her but for one favour, and that she granted with

the utmost reluctance ; which was, to accept of the five hundred pounds, as a present from me ; and she promised, at my earnest desire, to draw upon me for a greater sum, as upon a person who had her effects in my hands, when she arriv'd, if she should find it convenient for her. This, I say, was all the favour I could procure ; for she would not promise so much as to correspond with me, and was so determin'd on going, that, I believe, if I would have marry'd her, (which yet I had not in my head to do) she would not have been diverted from her purpose.

With a truly heavy heart, I went into my boat ; and stood up in it, looking at her, as long as I could see her, and she at me, with her handkerchief at her eyes ; and then I gaz'd at the ship, *till* and *after* I had landed, as long as I could discern the least appearance of it ; for she was under sail, in a manner, when I left her.

I return'd, highly disturb'd, to my inn. I went to bed ; but rested not ; set out for London the next morning ; and the same afternoon for the country. And so much, my dear, for poor Sally Godfrey.

She sends, I understand, by all opportunities, with the knowledge of her husband, to enquire how her child, by her first husband, does ; and has the satisfaction to know she is happily provided for. About half a year ago her husband sent a little *Negro* boy, of about ten years old, as a present, to wait upon her. But he was taken ill of the small-pox, and died in a month after he was landed.

Sure, sir, said I, you must have been long affected with a case so melancholy in its circumstances.

I will own, that the whole affair hung upon me for some time ; but I was full of spirits and inconsideration. New objects of pleasure danced before my eyes, and kept reflection from me. I pursued them, even to satiety ; and, at last, hoped, for a long time together, as my Pamela advanced to maturity, one day to prevail with her to be Sally Godfrey the second.

O sir ! what a sad, sad account is this ! I bless God for this disappointment : for your own sake, dear sir, as well as mine, I bless God for it.

And so do I, my dear, replied he. And you with the less doubt about my sincerity, when I tell you, that I have the more pleasure in my reformation, for having seen my error so early ; and that with such a stock of youth and health on my side, in all appearance, I can truly abhor my past liberties, and pity poor Sally Godfrey, from the same motives that I admire my Pamela's virtue ; and resolve to make myself as worthy of them as possible. And, to be more serious still, let me add, that I hope your prayers, my dear, for my pardon and perseverance, and your example, will not want their efficacy.

These agreeable reflections, on this melancholy, but instructive story, brought us in view of his own house ; where we alighted, and took a walk in the garden till dinner-time. And now we are so busy about making ready for our appearance, that I shall hardly have time to write till that be over.

Monday Morning.

Yesterday we set out, attended by John, Abraham, Benjamin, and Isaac, in new liveries, in the best chariot, which had been new-fitted, and lin'd, and harness'd ; so that it look'd like a quite new one. But I had no arms to quarter with those of my dear husband. Upon my taking notice of my

obscurity on this occasion, he smilingly said, that he had a good mind to have the olive-branch, which would allude to his hopes, quarter'd for mine. I was dressed in the suit I mention'd, of white flower'd with silver, and a rich head-dress, and the jewels I mention'd before : Mr. B. had on a fine laced silk waistcoat, of blue Paduasoy ; his coat was a pearl-coloured fine cloth, with silver buttons and button-holes, and lined with white silk. He looked charmingly indeed.

I said, I was too fine, and would fain have had the jewels omitted ; but he would not allow it.—Are you not my wife ? said he. I had rather people should have any thing to say, than that I do not put you, as such, upon a foot with any woman I might have married. The neighbouring gentry, it seems, had expected us ; and there was a great congregation ; for (against my wish) we were a little of the latest ; so that, as we walk'd up the church, to his seat, we had abundance of gazers and whisperers : but my dear Mr. B. behaved with an air so chearful, and was so complaisant to me, that he did credit to his choice ; and as it became me to think of nothing but the duties of the sacred day, and of thankful- to God, for his mercies to me, my intentness to them so much engaged my heart, that I was much less concern'd, than I should otherwise have been, at the gazings and whisperings of the ladies and gentlemen, as well as of the rest of the congregation ; whose eyes were all turn'd to our seat.

When the sermon was ended, we staid till the church was near empty ; but we found great numbers of people at the church-doors and in the porch : I had the pleasure of hearing many commendations, as well of my behaviour as my person and dress, and not one mark of disrespect. Mr. Martin, who is a single man, was there, as well as Mr. Chambers, Mr. Arthur, and Mr. Brooks, with their families. And the four gentlemen came up to us, before we went into the chariot, and, in a very kind and respectful manner, complimented us both. Mrs. Arthur and Mrs. Brooks were so kind as to wish me joy ; and Mrs. Brooks said—You sent Mr. Brooks home, madam, t'other day, quite charm'd with that easy and sweet manner, which you have convinc'd a thousand persons, this day, is so natural to you.—I courtsey'd gratefully to her ; and said, she did me honour.

My dear Mr. B. handed me into the chariot, but was prevented from stepping into it himself by the officiousness of Sir Thomas Atkyns, a ceremonious young baronet, who very unseasonably, as I thought, engaged him with fine speeches, tho' Mr. B. made several motions to come into the chariot to me. Mean time, I was abashed to hear the praises of the country-people, and to see how they crowded about the chariot. Several poor people begg'd my charity. Beckoning John with my fan, I gave him all the silver I had, which happened to be between twenty and thirty shillings, and bid him divide it among them in the further part of the church-yard ; and to tell them to come next morning to Mr. B.'s, and I would give them more, if they would not importune me now. This drew away from me their clamorous solicitations.

While Sir Thomas Atkyns was thus unseasonably engaging Mr. B., and telling him a story, at which he himself heartily laughed, Mr. Martin came up to me on the other side of the chariot, and lean'd on the door.—By all that's good, said he, you have charm'd the whole congregation. Not a soul but is full of your praises. My neighbour knew, better than any body could tell him, how to chuse for himself. Why, said he, the Dean himself look'd more upon you, than upon his book.

It is generous in you, sir, said I, to encourage a diffident heart.—I vow, said he, I say no more than truth : I would marry to-morrow, if I were sure of meeting with a woman of but half your merit.—You are, continued he, and 'tis not my way to praise too much, an ornament to your sex, an honour to your husband, and a credit to religion. Every body is saying so, added he ; for you have, by your piety, edified the whole church.

The Dean made me a compliment as he passed. And, at last, Mr. B. forced himself from Sir Thomas ; who awkwardly apologized to me for detaining him so long.

Mr. Martin told Mr. B., that if he would come to church every Sunday, with his bride, he would never be absent from it.—I told Mr. B. that I was obliged to Mr. Martin, for his countenance on his being detained from me.

Mr. B., in a very obliging manner, returned Mr. Martin's compliment ; who then went to his own chariot. When we drove away, the people kindly bless'd us, and called us a charming pair.

As I have no other pride, I hope, in repeating these things, than in the countenance the general approbation gives to my dear master for his stooping so low, you will excuse me for it, I know.

In the afternoon, we went again to church, and a little early, at my request ; but it was quite full, and, soon after, even crowded ; so much does novelty attract the eyes of mankind. Mr. Martin came in, after us, and made up to our seat ; and said—If you please, my dear friend, I will take my scat with you this afternoon. Mr. B. let him in. I was sorry for it ; but was resolv'd that my duty should not give place to bashfulness, or to any other consideration ; and when divine service began, I withdrew to the further end of the pew, and left the gentlemen in the front.

The Dean preached again, which he was not used to do, out of compliment to us ; and an excellent sermon he made on the relative duties of Christianity. Mr. Martin addressed himself twice or thrice to me, during the sermon ; but he found my attention so wholly ingross'd by the preacher, that he each time soon re-seated himself ; yet I took care, according to the lesson formerly given me, to observe to him a cheerful and obliging behaviour, as one of Mr. B.'s friends. My master invited him to supper ; and he said—I am so taken with your lady, that, if you encourage me, I shall be always with you.—The oftener the more obliging, replied Mr. B. ; and who knows but my example may reform another rake?—*Who* knows ? said Mr. Martin ; I know : for I am more than half reform'd already.

At the chariot-door, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mrs. Chambers, were brought to me, by their respective husbands ; and presently they were joined by the lively Miss Towers, who banter'd me before, as I once told you. Mrs. Arthur said, that all the ladies, my neighbours, would collect themselves together, and make me a visit.—This, said I, will be an honour, madam, that I can never enough acknowledge.

I had a slight cold, said Miss Towers, that kept me at home in the morning ; but I heard you so much talked of, that I resolv'd not to stay away in the afternoon : and I join in the joy every one wishes you. She turned to my master, and said—I always thought you a sly thief : where have you stolen this lady ? How barbarous is it to bring her out upon us at once, to eclipse us all !—A lady, replied Mr. B., who can express herself with so much generosity as Miss Towers does, on this occasion, shews a greatness of mind that cannot be eclipsed.

I own, said she, softly, I was one of your censurers ; but I never liked you so well in my life, as now that I see how capable your bride is of doing credit to her condition. And coming to me—My dear neighbour, said she, excuse me for a certain flippancy that I was once guilty of. Will it make an atonement, to say, that I see you now with Mr. B.'s eyes?

How shall I suitably return my acknowledgments? said I. Nothing, madam, can be wanting to complete my happiness, but the example and instruction of so many worthy ladies, as adorn this neighbourhood. Give me, in particular, madam, your countenance ; that will enable me to sustain the honours to which the most generous of men has raised me.

If I was in another place, said she, I would kiss you for that answer. Happy, happy Mr. B., turning to my master ; what reputation have you given to your judgment ! I won't be long before I see you, added she, I assure you, if I come by myself.—It shall be your own fault, Miss Towers, said Mrs. Brooks, if you do.

They passed on to their coaches. I gave my hand to my dear master.—Accept of it, dear sir, whisper'd I ; my heart is with it. How happy have you made me !—The Dean, passing us, whisper'd Mr. B., that he congratulated him on his happiness.—Every mouth, said he, is full of it.—Mr. B. said he should think himself honoured by a visit from him.—My wife and daughters, said he, are at my brother's at Bedford : when they return, we will attend your bride together ; bowing to me.—I curtsied, and said, that would be doing me honour ; and then I thank'd him for his fine discourse ; as he did me for my attention, which he called exemplary.

My dear master then handed me into the chariot ; and we were carried home, *both* happy, thank God !

Mr. Martin came in the evening, with another gentleman, his friend, one Mr. Dormer ; and he entertain'd us with the favourable opinion, he said, every one had of me, and of the choice my good Mr. B. had made.

This morning the poor came, to the number of twenty-five ; and I sent them away with glad hearts.

Tuesday.

My generous master has given me, this morning, a most considerate, but yet, from the nature of it, melancholy instance of his great regard for me, which I never could have wished, hoped for, or even thought of.

He took a walk with me, after breakfast, into the garden, and a little shower falling, he led me for shelter into the summer-house, in the private garden, where he formerly gave me apprehensions ; and, sitting down by me, he said—I have now finished all that lies on my mind, my dear, and am easy : for have you not wonder'd, that I have so much employ'd myself in my library? been so much at home, and yet not in your company?—I have never, sir, replied I, been so impertinent. And, besides, I know that the method you take of looking into your own affairs, engages so much of your time, that I ought to be very careful how I intrude.

You are very considerate, my dear : but I'll tell you what has been my last work : I took it into consideration, that, at present, my family is almost extinct ; and that the chief part of my *maternal* estate, in case I die without issue, will go to another family. And that I ought not to leave my Pamela at the mercy of those to whom my *paternal* estate, on the like contingency, will devolve. I have, therefore, as human life is uncertain, made such a disposition of my affairs, as will render you absolutely independent ; as will secure to you the means of doing a great deal of good, and living as my relict ought to do ; and, at the same time, put

it out of any body's power to molest your father and mother, in the provision I design them for the remainder of their days : and I have finish'd all, this very morning, except to naming trustees for you ; and if you have any persons in whom you would more particularly confide on this occasion, I would have you name them.

I was so touch'd with this mournful instance of his excessive goodness to me, and the thoughts necessarily flowing from what he had said, that I was unable to speak ; and, at last, relieving my mind by a violent fit of weeping, could only say, clasping my arms around him—How shall I support this ! So very cruel, yet so kind !

Let not *that*, my dearest life, said he, give you pain, that gives *me* pleasure. I am not the nearer my end, for having made this disposition ; but I think, the putting off these material articles, when life is so precarious, is one of the most inexcusable things a prudent man can be guilty of. My poor friend, Mr. Carlton, who so lately died in my arms, convinced me of this truth, that temporal concerns should not be left to the last debilitating hour, when the important moments ought to be filled up with other and greater considerations : he, poor man ! had to struggle with, at once, a disordered state of worldly affairs ; a weakness of body, and concerns of still as much more moment, as the soul is to the body. I had the happiness to relieve his anxiety as to the first : but the difficulties he had to contend with, and the sense he had of his incapacity to contend with them ; the horror, the confusion he was sometimes in, as life was drawing to its utmost verge ; so many things left undone, and to others to do for him ; that altogether made so great an impression upon my mind, that I was the more impatient to come to this house, where were most of my writings, in order to make the disposition I have now perfected : and, since it is grievous to my dear girl, I will myself think of proper trustees for her. I have only, therefore, to re-assure you, my dear, that, in this instance, I have contrived to make you quite easy, free, and independent.

I could not speak. He proceeded—As, my dear creature, I am determined henceforth to avoid every subject that may discompose you, I will mention now one request, the only one I have to make to you. It is this ; that if it please God, for my sins, to separate me from my Pamela, you will only resolve not to marry *our* person ; for I would not be such a Herod, as to restrain you from a change of condition with any other, however reluctantly I may think of any other person's succeeding me in your esteem.

I thought my heart would have burst : but was unable to answer one word.—To conclude at once, proceeded he, a subject that is so grievous to you, I will tell you, that this person is Mr. Williams. And now I will acquaint you with my motive for this request ; which is wholly owing to my niceness for you, and to no dislike I have to him, or apprehension of any likelihood, that it will be so : but, methinks, it would reflect a little upon my Pamela, if she were to take such a step, as if she had married one man for his *estate*, when, but for *that*, she would rather have had *another*. Forgive me, my Pamela, added he ; but I cannot bear even the most distant apprehension, that I had not the preference with you to any man living : as I have shewn you, that I have preferr'd you to all your sex, of whatever degree.

I was still silent. Might I have had the world, I could not speak. He took me in his arms—I have now, said he, spoken all my mind, and expect no answer ; and I see you too much mov'd to give me one. Only

say, you forgive me. And I hope I have not one disagreeable thing to say to my angel, for the rest of my life.

Grief still choaked up the passage of my words—The shower, said he, is over; and he led me out. Recovering myself a little, I would have spoken on the melancholy subject; but he said—I will not hear my dear creature say any thing in answer to my request: to hearken to your assurance of complying with it, would look as if I wanted it. I shall never more think on the subject. He then chang'd the discourse.

Don't you with pleasure, my dear, said he, take in the delightful fragrance, that this sweet shower has given to these banks of flowers? Your company is so enlivening to me, that I could almost fancy, that what we owe to the *shower* is owing to your presence. All nature, methinks, blooms around me, when I have my Pamela by my side. I will give you a few lines, that I made myself on such an occasion as this I am speaking of, the presence of a sweet companion, and the fresh verdure, that, after a shower succeeding a long drought, shew'd itself throughout all vegetable nature. And then, in a sweet and easy accent, with his arms about me as we walk'd, he sung me the following verses; of which he afterwards favour'd me with a copy:

All nature blooms when you appear;
The fields their richest liv'ries wear;
Oaks, elms, and pines, blest with your view;
Shoot out fresh greens, and bud anew;
The varying seasons you supply;
And when you're gone, they fade and die.

Sweet Philomel, in mournful strains,
To you appeals, to you complains.
The tow ring lark, on rising wing,
Your praise, delighted, seems to sing;
Presaging, as aloft he flies,
Your future progress thro' the skies.

The purple violet, damask rose,
Each, to delight your senses, blows.
The lilies ope, as you appear;
And all the beauties of the year
Diffuse their odours at your fest,
Who give to ev'ry flow'r its sweet.

For flow'rs and women are ally'd;
Both Nature's glory, and her pride!
Of ev'ry fragrant sweet possess't,
They bloom but for the fair-one's breast;
And to the swelling bosom borne,
Each other mutually adorn.

Thus sweetly did he palliate the grief, which the generosity of his actions, mix'd with the seriousness of the occasion, and the strange request he had vouchsafed to make me, had occasion'd. And all he would permit me to say, was, that I was not displeas'd with him!—Displeas'd with you, dearest sir! said I: let me thus testify my obligations, and the force all your commands shall have upon me. And I clasp'd my arms about his neck, and kissed him.

But yet my mind was pained at times, and has been to this hour. God grant that I may never see the dreadful moment, that shall shut up the precious life of this most generous of husbands! And—but I cannot bear to suppose—I cannot say more on a subject so deeply affecting.

I said, when we sat at supper—The charming taste you gave me, sir, of your genius, makes me sure you have more favours of this kind, to delight me with, if you please: may I beg to be indulg'd on this agreeable

subject?—Hitherto, said he, my life has been too much a life of gaiety and action, to be busied so innocently. Some little essays I have now-and-then made; but very few have I finished. Indeed I had not patience, nor attention enough, to hold me long to any one subject. Now-and-then, perhaps, I shall occasionally shew you what I have essay'd: but I never could please myself in this way.

You, my dear love, are a pretty *rhymist*; I will not flatter you by calling you a poetess; yet I admire that beautiful simplicity which in all you do, all you write, all you speak, makes so distinguishing a part of your character. Did I not see on your toilette yesterday a few lines begun in praise of humility?

You did not tell me before, that you saw them, sir. Supposing myself reproached by the daughter of an earl with my low birth, I was placing my whole merit in humility. I have written but that one stanza as I may call it, which I find you saw.—Finish it, my dear, said he, and let me see it.

I obeyed him. He was so good as to praise me for the simple verses. These are they:

Some boast their riches: some their birth;
 Their beauty some: some their degree;
 Yet all must turn to common earth;
 Should not this teach HUMILITY?
 Say, cottage-born, what mean'st thou, girl?
 Wouldst thou pretend to vie with me?
 O no!—Your sire's a noble earl:
 My only pride's HUMILITY.
 But while you boast of what you are,
 And scorn so much the low degree;
 Yet to be as rich, as great, as fair,
 Could you but boast HUMILITY.
 If wealth, and birth, and beauty give
 But pride and insolence to thee,
 O keep them all; and, while I live,
 Make all *my* pride HUMILITY.

Finis.

We were yesterday favour'd with the company of almost all the neighbouring gentry, and their ladies, who, by appointment with one another, met to make us a congratulatory visit. The ladies were extremely obliging, free, and even affectionate to me; the gentlemen exceedingly polite. All was perform'd (for they were prevail'd upon to pass the evening) with decency and order, and much to every one's satisfaction: which was principally owing to the care and skill of good Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent manager.

For my part, I was dressed out only to be admired, as it seems. And, if I had not known, that I did not make myself, as you, my dear father, once hinted to me; and if I had had the vanity to think as well of myself, as the good company was pleased to do, I might possibly have been proud. But I know, as my Lady Davers said, tho' in anger, yet in truth, that I am but a *poor bit of painted dirt*. What I value myself upon, is, that God has raised me to a condition to be useful to better persons than myself. This is my pride: and I hope this will be *all* my pride.

As I expect the happiness, the unspeakable happiness, my ever-dear, and ever-honour'd father and mother, of enjoying the company of you both, under this roof, so soon, (and pray let it be as soon as you can) I will not enter into the particulars of the last agreeable evening. I shall have a thousand things, as well as that, to talk to you upon. I fear you will be tired with my prattle, when I see you!

I am to return these visits singly ; and there were eight ladies here, of different families. I shall find enough to do ! I doubt my time will not be so well filled up, as I once promis'd my best friend it should. But he is pleas'd, chearful, kind, affectionate ! What a happy creature am I ! May I always be thankful to GOD, and grateful to *him* !

When all these tumultuous visitings are over, I shall have my mind, I hope, subside into a family calm, that I may make myself a little useful to the household of my Mr. B. ; or else I shall be an unprofitable servant indeed !

Lady Davers sent this morning a billet with her compliments to us both ; and her lord's wishes and congratulations. She desired I would send my papers by the messenger ; letting me know, that she will herself bring them to me again, with thanks, as soon as she has read them ; and she and her lord will come and be *my* guests (that was her particularly kind word) for a fortnight.

Methinks I want your list of the honest and worthy poor ; for the money lies by me, and brings me no interest. You see I am become a mere usurer ; indeed I want to make use upon use of it : and yet when I have done all, I cannot do so much as I ought.

I tell my dear Mr. B. that I long for another dairy-house visit. If he will not, at *present*, indulge me, I shall, when the sweet girl is a little *older*, tease him like any over-indulged wife, to permit me the pleasure of forming her tender mind, as well as I am able. I am providing many pretty presents for her against I see her next.

Just now I have the blessed news, that you will set out, for this happy house, on Tuesday morning. The chariot shall be with you without fail: God give us a happy meeting ! How I long for it ! Forgive your impatient daughter, who sends this to amuse you on your journey ; and is, and will be,

EVER MOST DUTIFULLY YOURS.

LETTER XXXIII.

WE arrived here last night, my dear father and mother, highly pleas'd with our journey, and the occasion of it. May God bless you both with long life and health, to enjoy your sweet farm, and pretty dwelling, which is just what I wished it to be. And don't make your grateful hearts uneasy in the possession of it, by your modest diffidence of your own worthiness : for, at the same time that it is what will do honour to the best of men, it is not so *very* extraordinary, considering his fortune, as that it will give any one cause to censure it as the effect of an injudicious generosity to the parents of one whom he *delighteth to honour*.

My dear master [why should I not still call him so, bound to reverence him as I am in every light that he can shine in to the most obliged and sensible heart ?] holds his kind purpose of fitting up the large parlour, and three apartments in the commodious dwelling he calls yours, for his entertainment and mine, when he shall permit me to pay my duty to you both, for a few happy days together : and he has actually given orders for that purpose ; and that the three apartments be so fitted up, as to be rather suitable to *your* condition, than his *own* ; for, he says, the plain simple elegance which he will have to be observed in the rooms, as well as the furniture, will make a variety in his retirement to this place, that will induce him to return to his own with the greater pleasure ; and at the same time, when we are not there, will be of use for the reception of any of your

friends ; and so he shall not, as he kindly says, rob the good couple of any of their accommodations.

The old bow windows he will have preserv'd, but will not have them sash'd, nor the woodbinds, jessamines, and vines, that run up against them, destroyed ; only he will have larger panes of glass, and more convenient casements, to let in more of the sweet air and light, to make amends for that obstructed by the shades of those fragrant climbers : for he has mentioned, three or four times, how gratefully they dispensed their intermingled odours to us, when, the last evening, we stood at the window in our bed-chamber, to hear the responsive songs of two warbling nightingales, one at a distance, the other near ; which took up our delighted attention for above two hours, and charm'd us the more, as we thought their season had been over. And when they had done, he made *me* sing him one, for which he rewarded me with a kiss, saying, How greatly do the innocent pleasures I now hourly enjoy, exceed the guilty tumults that used formerly to agitate my unequal mind ! Never talk, my Pamela, of obligation to me : one such hour as I now rejoice in, is an ample reward for all the benefits I can confer on you and yours in my whole life !

The parlour indeed will be more elegant, tho' that is to be plain, as well in its wainscot as furniture, and to be new floor'd. He has already given orders about it, and you will soon have workmen with you to put them in execution. The parlour doors are to have brass hinges and locks, and to shut as close, he tells them, as a watch case ; for who knows, said he, my dear, but we shall have still added blessings, in two or three charming boy and girls, to place there in their infancy, before they can be of age to be benefited by your lessons and example ? And besides, I make no doubt, but I shall entertain there some of my chosen friends, in their excursions, for a day or so.

The beds he will have of cloth ; because he thinks the situation a little cold, especially when the wind is easterly, and because he purposes to be down in the early Spring season now-and-then, as well as in the later Autumn ; and the window curtains of the same, in one room red, in the other green : but plain, lest you should be afraid to use them occasionally. The carpets for them will be sent with the other furniture ; for he will not alter the old oaken floors of the bed-chamber, nor yet of the little room he intends for my own use, to withdraw to, when I chuse not to join in such company as may happen to fall in : which, my dear, says he, shall be as little as is possible, only particular friends, who may be disposed, once in a year or two, to see, when I am there, how I live with my Pamela, and her parents ; and how I pass my time in my retirement, as I shall call this : for otherwise, perhaps, they will be apt to think I am ashamed of company I shall always be pleas'd with. Nor are you, my dear, continued he, to take this as a compliment to yourself, but a piece of requisite policy in me ; for who will offer to reproach me for marrying, as the world thinks, below me, when they shall see, that such a reproach, as they would intend it, is so far from being so to me, that I not only pride myself in my Pamela, but take pleasure in owning her relations as mine, and visiting them, and receiving visits from them ; and yet offer not to set them up in such a glaring light, as if I would have the world forget (who in that case would always take the more pleasure in remembering) what they were. And how will it anticipate low reflection, when it will be seen, that I can bend my mind to partake with your parents, the pleasures of their humble, but decent life ? and be rewarded for it too, with better health, better spirits, and a better mind.

In this manner does this generous man endeavour to disclaim (tho' I must be very ungrateful, if, with me, it did not enhance) the proper merit of a beneficence which is natural to him ; and which indeed, as I tell him, may be in one respect depreciated, inasmuch, as (so excellent in his nature) he cannot help it, if he would.

YOUR DUTIFUL AND HAPPY DAUGHTER.

LETTER XXXIV.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I need not repeat to you the sense your good mother and I have of our happiness, and of our obligations to your honoured spouse : you both were pleased witnesses of it every hour of the happy fortnight you passed with us. But, still, my dear, we hardly know how to address ourselves even to *you*, much less to the *'squire*, with the freedom he so often invited us to take : for, I don't know how it is, but tho' you are our daughter, and are so far from being lifted up by your high condition, that we see no difference in your behaviour to us, your poor parents ; yet, when we look upon you as the lady of so fine a gentleman, we cannot forbear having a kind of respect, and, I don't know what to call it, that lays a little restraint upon us. And yet we could not, methinks, have our minds be run away with the admiration of worldly grandeur, so as to have it thought we set too much by it.

But your merit, and your prudence, my dear daughter, is so much above all we could ever have any notion of : and to have gentry come only to behold you, and admire you, not so much for your gentleness and amiableness neither, as for your behaviour, and your affability to poor as well as rich, and to hear every one calling you an angel, and saying you *deserve* to be what you are, makes us hardly know how to look upon you, but as an angel indeed. I am sure you have been a good angel to us ; since, for your sake, God Almighty has put it into your honour'd husband's heart to make us the happiest couple in the world : but little less, indeed, we should have been, had we only, in some far distant land, heard of our child's happiness, and never partaken of the benefits of it ourselves. But *thus* to be provided for ! *Thus* kindly to be owned, and called father and mother by such a brave gentleman ; and *thus* to be placed, that we have nothing to do but to bless God, and bless him, and bless you, and hourly pray for you *both*, is such a providence, my dear child, as is too mighty to be borne by us with equalness of temper ; when all that we had to fear was, that as we grew older, and more infirm, and worn out by hard labour, we should be troublesome, where not our pride, but our industrious wills would have made us wish not to be so. For this would have grieved us the more, for the sake of you, my child, and your unhappy brother's children : for it is well known that, tho' we pretend not to boast of our family, and indeed have no reason, yet none of us were ever sunk so low as I was : to be sure, partly by my own fault ; for had it been for your poor aged mother's sake only, I ought not to have done what I did for John and William ; for, so unhappy were they, poor lads, that what I could do, was but as a drop of water to a bucket.

But yet the issue has shewn that (if I may presume to say so) what I did was not displeasing to God ; inasmuch as I have the comfort to see that my reliance on him, while I was doing what, tho' some thought *imprudent* things, yet not *wrong* things, is so abundantly rewarded beyond expectation and desert. You command me ; let me, as writing to Mr. B.'s lady, say *command*, tho', as to my dear *daughter*, I will only say *desire* me to

write long letters, and often. And how can I help it, if I would? For when here, in this happy dwelling, and this well-stock'd farm, in these rich meadows, and well-cropt acres, we look around us, and, which way soever we turn our heads, see blessings upon blessings, plenty upon plenty; see barns well-stored, poultry increasing, the kine lowing and crowding about us, and all fruitful; and are bid to call all these our own; and then think, that all is the reward of our child's virtue!

But do you think I will call all these things my own? Do you think I will live rent free?—Do you think I will? Can the honoured 'squire believe, that having such a generous example before me, if I had no gratitude in my temper before, I can help being touched by such an one as he sets me? If his goodness makes him know no mean in giving, shall I be so greedy as to know none in receiving? Come, come, my dear child, your poor father is not so sordid a wretch neither: he will shew the world that all these benefits are not thrown away upon one, who will disgrace you as much by his temper as by his condition: what tho' I cannot be as worthy of these favours as I wish, I will be as worthy as I can. And, let me tell you, my dear child, if the king and his royal family (God bless them!) be not ashamed to receive taxes and duties from his subjects; if dukes and earls, and all the top gentry, cannot support their bravery, without having their rents paid, I hope I shall not affront the 'squire, to pay to his steward what any other person would pay for this noble stock and improving farm: and I will do it, if it please God to bless me with life and health: I should not be worthy to crawl on the earth if I did not. And what did I say to Mr. Longman, the faithful Mr. Longman (sure, no gentleman had ever a more worthy steward)? It was as we were walking over the grounds together, and observing in what good order every thing was; he was praising some little contrivances of my own for the improvement of the farm, and saying how comfortably he hoped we might live upon it. Ay, Mr. Longman, said I, comfortably indeed: But do you think I could be properly said to *live*, if I was not to pay as much rent for it as another?—I can tell you, said he, the 'squire will not receive any thing from you, Goodman Andrews. Why, man, he has no occasion for it: he is worth a power of money, besides a noble and clear estate in land. Ad's-heart, you must not affront him, I can tell you that: for tho' he is as generous as a prince where he takes, he is hasty, and will have his own way.—Why, for that reason, Mr. Longman, said I, I was thinking to make *you* my friend.—Make *me* your friend! You have not a better in the world, to my power, I can tell you that; nor your dame neither; for I love such honest hearts: I wish my own brother would let me love him as well; but let that pass. What I can do for you, I will; and here's my hand upon it.

Well, then, said I, it is this: Let me account to you at the rent farmer Dickens offered; and let me know what the stock cost, and what the crops are valued at; and pay the one as I can, and the other quarterly; and not let the 'squire know it, till you can't chuse: and I shall be as happy as a prince: for I doubt not, by God's blessing, to make a comfortable livelihood of it besides.—Why, dost believe, Goodman Andrews, said he, that I would do such a thing? Would not his honour think, if I hid one thing from him, I might hide another? Go to, go to, honest heart, I love thee dearly; but can the 'squire do too much for his lady, think'st thou? Come, come (and he jeer'd me so, I could not tell what to say to him), I wish at bottom there is not some pride in this: What, I

warrant, you would not be too much beholdn to his honour, would you ? —No, good Mr. Longman, said I, it is not that, I am sure. If I have any pride, it is only in my dear child, to whom, under God, all this is owing. But some how or other it shall be so.

And so, my dear daughter, I resolve it shall : and it will be, over and above, one of the greatest pleasures to me to do the good 'squire service, as well as to be so much benefited and obliged by him.

Our eldest grandson, Thomas, is very desirous to come and live with us : the boy is honest, and, they tell me, industrious. And cousin Barlow wants me to employ his son Roger, who understands the business of a farm very well. It is no wonder that all one's relations should wish to partake of our happy lot ; and if they *can* and *will* do their business as well as others, I see not why relation should be an objection. But yet, I think, one would not *belcaguer*, as one may say, your honoured husband with one's relations. You, my best child, will give me always your advice as to my carriage in this my new lot : for I would not for the world be thought an incroacher. And I am sure, you have so much prudence, that there is nobody's advice fitter to be followed than yours.

Our blessings (I am sure you have blessed *us* !) attend you, my dearest child ; and may you be as happy as you have made us (I cannot wish you to be happier, because I have no notion how it can be in this life) conclude us, your ever loving father and mother,

JOHN AND ELIZ. ANDREWS.

May we not hope to be favour'd now-and-then with a letter from you, my dear child, like some of your former, to let us know how you go on ? It would be a great joy to us : indeed it would. But we know you'll have enough to do without obliging us in this way : so must acquiesce.

LETTER XXXV.

I HAVE shew'd your letter, my dear father and mother, to my best-beloved. Don't be uneasy that I have ; for you need not be ashamed of it, since it is my pride to have such honest and grateful parents : and I will tell you what he said to it as the best argument I can use why you should not be uneasy ; but enjoy, without pain or anxiety, all the benefits of your happy lot.

Good souls, said he, how does every thing they say, and every thing they write, manifest the worthiness of their hearts ! No wonder, Pamela, you love and revere such honest minds ; for that you would do, were they *not* your parents ; and tell them that, far from wishing them to believe, that what I have done for them is only owing to my affection for their daughter, that let 'em find out another couple, as worthy as themselves, and I will do as much for them. Indeed I would not place them, continued the dear obliger, in the *same* county, because I would wish *two* counties to be bless'd for their sakes. Tell them, my dear, that they have a right to what they enjoy, on the foot of their own *proper* merit ; and *bid* them enjoy it as their patrimony : and if there can any thing arise, that is more than they themselves can wish for, in the way of life they chuse to live, let them look round among their own relations, where it may be acceptable, and communicate to them the like solid reasons for rejoicing in the situation *they* are pleased with : and do you, my dear, continued he, still further enable them, as you shall judge *proper*, to gratify their honest hearts, for fear they should deny any comfort to themselves, in order to do good to others.

I could only fly to his generous bosom (for this is a subject which most affects me), and, with my eyes swimming in tears of grateful joy, and which overflowed as soon as my bold lips touch'd his cheek, bless God, and bless *him*, with my whole heart; for, speak I could not! But, almost choak'd with my joy, sobb'd to him my grateful acknowledgments. He clasp'd me in his arms, and said, How, my love, do you overpay me for what I have done for your parents! If it be thus to be bless'd for conferring benefits so insignificant to a man of my fortune, what joy is it not in the power of rich men to give themselves whenever they please! Foretastes, indeed, of those we are bid to hope for; which can surely only exceed these, as *then* we shall be all intellect, and better fitted to receive them!—'Tis too much! too much! said I, in broken accents: Oh, sir, bless me more gradually, and more cautiously; for I cannot bear it! And indeed, I could feel my heart flutter at his bosom, as if it wanted to break its too narrow prison, to mingle still more intimately with his own.

Surely, my dear parents, nobody's happiness is so great as mine! If it proceeds thus from degree to degree, and is to be augmented by the charming hope, that the dear second author of your blessings and mine, be the uniformly good, as well as the partially kind man to us, what a felicity will this be! And if our prayers shall be heard, and we shall have the pleasure to think, that his advances in piety are owing not a little to the example God shall give us grace to set: then, indeed, may we presume to think, we have repaid his goodness to us, and have satisfied the debt, which nothing less can discharge.

Wonder not, my dear, my worthy parents, if my style on this subject be raised above that natural simplicity which is more suited to my humble talents. But how can I help it? For when the mind is raised by gratitude, ought not the sense we have of our happiness, to dignify, as I may say, our expressions? Yes, surely. Call not this, therefore, the gift of utterance, if it should appear to you in a better light than it deserves. It is the gift of gratitude: a gift, which makes you, and me too, *speak* and *write*, as I hope it will make us *act*, above ourselves.

How, my dear parents, how can you, as in your *postscript*, say, may we not be *favour'd* now and then with a letter? Call *me* your daughter, your Pamela. I have more delight to be called your comfort, and to be thought to act worthy of the lessons you taught me, than in any one thing in this life, my determin'd duty to our common benefactor, the best of husbands, excepted. And I am sure, God has bless'd me for *your sakes*, and has thus answer'd for me all your prayers; nay, *more* than answer'd all you or I could have wished or hoped for. We only prayed, only hoped, that God would preserve *you* honest, and *me* virtuous: and see, how we are crown'd with blessings upon blessings, till we are the talk of all that know us: you, for your honesty! I, for my humility and that virtue which God's grace inspired, and your examples and lessons, with those of my late good lady, confirmed.

Hence, my dear parents (I mean, from the delight I have in writing to you), you will see that I *must* write to you, and cannot help it, if I would. And *will* it be a great joy to you? And is there any thing that can add to your joy, think you, that is in the power of your Pamela, that she will not *do*? I will write; *depend* upon it, on every occasion. You augment my joys, to think it is in my power to add to your comforts.

I must think every opportunity happy, whereby I can assure you, how

much I am, and will ever be, without any addition to my name, if that will make you easier,
YOUR DUTIFUL PAMELA.

LETTER XXXVI.

I AM half afraid, my dearest father and mother, to re-peruse your last letter. You must not write so affectingly to your child. Your *steadier* mind could hardly bear your own moving strain : how then can I, who love you so dearly, avoid being affected by such instances of your goodness.

My dearest Mr. B. commands me, with his kind love to you, to tell you, that he has thought of a method to make your *hearts* easy ; those were his words, and this is, said he, by putting that little estate, as I told you before I had thoughts of doing, with an additional purchase I have just agreed to make, contiguous to it, under your father's care. He writes, proceeded he, a good hand, and he shall take what assistance he pleases : and be it, Pamela, your care to see that this new task may be made as easy to him as possible. He shall make up his accounts only to you, my dear. There will be several pleasures arise to me upon it : first, it will be a relief to honest *Longman*, who grows in years, and has business enough on his hands without that new care. Next, it will make the good couple easy, that they have an opportunity of enjoying that as their due, which now their too grateful hearts give them so many causeless scruples about. Then, it will employ your father's time more suitably to *your* liking, and *mine*, because with more ease to himself ; for you see his industrious spirit cannot be satisfied without doing something. Next, the management of this estate will gain him more respect and reverence among the tenants, and his neighbours ; and yet be all in his own way. For, my dear, added he, you will see, that it is always one point in view with me, to endeavour to convince every one, that I esteem and value them for their own merit, and want not any body to distinguish them in any other light than that in which they have been accustomed to appear.

So, my dear father, the instrument will be drawn, and brought you by Mr. Longman, who will be with you in a few days, to put the last hand to the additional purchase, and to give you possession of your new employment, if you please to accept it ; as I hope you will ; and the rather, for my dear Mr. B.'s third reason ; and because I know, that this trust will be discharged as worthily, and as sufficiently, after you are used to it, as if Mr. Longman himself was in it : better it cannot be. And here let me add, that Mr. Longman takes this as meant for a relief to himself. He blessed Mr. B. for his considerateness to all concerned ; and declared, in his usual way of phrasing, that he will make the task as easy to you as a glove.

If you do accept this trust, Mr. B. will leave everything to you, as to the rent to be paid by the tenants, where it is not already fixed, and likewise as to acts of kindness and favour to be done where you think proper ; and he is pleased to say, that, with all his bad qualities, he was ever deemed a kind landlord, (and this I can confirm in fifty instances to his honour :) so that your father, said he, will always have it in his power to befriend an honest man. If any thing difficult or perplexing arises, or where a little knowledge in law-matters is necessary, Longman shall do all that : and your father will see, that he will not have, in those points, a coadjutor that will be too hard-hearted for his wish : for it was a rule my father set me, and I have strictly followed, that altho' I have a lawyer for my steward, it was rather to know how to do *right* things, than *oppressive*

ones : and Longman has so well answered this intention, that he was always more noted for composing differences, than promoting law-faults.

I dare say, my dear father, this will be an acceptable employment to you, on the several accounts my dearest Mr. B. was pleased to mention : and what a charming contrivance is here, to make you useful to him, and easy to yourself ; as well as respected by, and even a benefactor to, all around you ! What can one say to all these things ? But what signifies exulting in one's gratitude for *one* benefit ? Every hour he heaps new ones upon us, and we have hardly time to thank him for one, but a second, and a third follows, and throwing back my words upon my heart, if I may so say, obliges me to sit down under all in grateful silence.

As to what you mentioned of my cousins Thomas and Roger, to come to live with you, I endeavoured to sound what our benefactor's opinion was upon it. He was pleased to say, I have nothing to chuse in this case. Your father is his own master : he may employ whom he pleases ; and, if they are not wanting in respect to him and your mother, I think, as he rightly observes, relations should rather have the preference. He can remedy inconveniences, if he finds any. By all means therefore let every branch of your family have reason to rejoice with him.

But I have thought of this matter a good deal ; and I hope, since you condescend to ask my advice, you will excuse me, if I give it freely ; yet entirely submitting all to your own better judgment.

In the first place, then, I think it would be better to have *any body* than relations ; and that for these reasons :

We are apt to expect more regard from relations, and they more indulgence from us, than strangers can have reason for. And where there is such a difference in the expectations of both, it is hardly possible but uneasiness must arise.

If they are in fault, you must either bear with them, or part with them. If the former, you will know no end of impositions : if you dismiss them, it will occasion ill-will. They will call you unkind ; and you them ungrateful ; and as, it may be, your prosperous lot will raise you enviers, such will be apt to believe *them*, rather than *you*.

Then the world will be inclined to think, that we are crowding upon a benefactor a numerous family of indigent people : and tho' they may be ever so deserving, yet it will be said, the girl is filling every place with her relations, and *beleaguering*, as you significantly express it, a worthy gentleman.

One would not, therefore, I think, for *their* sakes, accept of their services ; especially as they may live with *less* reproach to us, and *equal* benefit to themselves, anywhere else : for I would not that any of them should be lifted out of his station, and made independent, at Mr. B.'s expense, if their industry will not do it ; altho' I would never scruple to do any thing reasonable to promote or assist that industry, in the way of their callings.

Then it will possibly put others of our relations upon the same expectations of living with you ; and this may occasion ill-will among them, if some be preferred to others in your favour.

Then, my dear father, I apprehend, that our honoured benefactor would be under some difficulty, from his natural politeness, and regard for you and me. You see how kindly, on all occasions, he treats you both, not only as the father and mother of his Pamela, but as if you were his own father and mother : and if you had any body as your servants there, who

called you cousin, or grandfather, or uncle, he would not care, when he came down, to treat them on the foot of common servants, tho' they might nevertheless think themselves honoured with his commands. And would it not, if they are modest and worthy, be as great a difficulty upon them, to be thus distinguished, as it would be to *him*, and to *me*, for *his* sake? For otherwise, believe me, I could sit down and rejoice with the meanest and remotest relation I have. But in the world's eye, to every body but my best of parents, I must, if I have ever so much reluctance to it, appear in a light that may not give additional discredit to his choice.

Then again, you will have it in your power, without the least injury to our common benefactor, and without incurring censure for your partiality, to do kinder things by any of our relations, when *not* with you, than you can do, if they *live* with you.

You may lend them a little money, to put them in a way, if any thing offers, that you think will be to their advantage. You can fit out my female cousins to good reputable places. The younger you can put to school, or, when fit, to trades, according to their talents; and so they will of course be in a way to get an honest and creditable livelihood.

But, above all things, one would as much discourage as one could, such a proud and ambitious spirit in any of them, as should want to raise itself by favour instead of merit; and this the rather, for that, undoubtedly, there are many more happy persons in low than in high life, take number for number, all the world over.

I am sure, altho' four or five years of different life had passed with me in my late lady's days, I had a pleasure in the thought of working for my living with you, that I cannot express.

But I beg of you, not to harbour a thought, that these my reasons proceed from a heart tainted with pride. Indeed there can be no reason for it, to one who thinks after this manner:—The greatest families have some among them, who are unhappy, and low in life; and shall such an one reproach me with having twenty low relations, because they have, peradventure, not above five? or with ten, because they have but one, or two, or three? Or should I, on the other hand, be ashamed of relations who had done nothing blameworthy; and whose poverty (a very necessary state in the scale of beings) was all their crime; when there is hardly any great family but has produced instances of persons guilty of bad actions, *really* bad, which have reduced them to a distress we never knew? Let the person who would reproach me with *low birth*, which is *no* disgrace, and what I *cannot help*, give me no cause to retort upon him *low actions*, which *are* a disgrace to any station, the more so, the higher it is, and which he *can help*; or else I shall smile with contempt at his empty reproach: and, could I be half so proud *with* cause, as he is *without*, glory in my advantage over him.

Let us then, my dear father and mother, endeavour to judge of one another, as God, at the last day, will judge of us all: and then the honest peasant will stand fairer in our esteem, than the guilty peer.

In short, this shall be my own rule—Every one who acts justly and honestly, I will look upon as my relation, whether he be so or not; and the more such a one wants my assistance, the more entitled to it he shall be, as well as to my esteem: while those who deserve it not, must expect nothing from me but compassion and my prayers, were they my brothers or sisters. It is true, had I not been poor and lowly, I might not have thought thus; but if it be a right way of thinking, it is a blessing that I

was so : and that shall never be matter of reproach to me, which one day, I hope, will be matter of justification.

Upon the whole, then, I should think it adviseable, my dear father and mother, to make such kind excuses to the offered services of my cousins, as your better reason shall suggest to you ; and to do any thing else for them of *more* value, as their circumstances may require, or occasions offer to serve them.

But if the employing them, and having them about you, will add any one comfort to your lives, I give up entirely my own opinion, and doubt not every thing will be thought well of, that you shall think fit to do.— I am, my ever dear parents,

YOUR DUTIFUL AND HAPPY DAUGHTER.

The copy of this letter I will keep to myself, till I have your answer to it, that you may be under no difficulty how to act in either of the cases mentioned in it.

LETTER XXXVII.

How shall I do, my dearest daughter, to answer your two last letters ? Surely no happy couple ever had such a child as we have ! But it is in vain for us to offer to set forth the thankfulness of our hearts, on the kind office your honoured husband has given us ; for no reason but to favour us still more, and to quiet our minds in the notion of being useful to him. God grant I may be able to be so ! Happy shall I be, if I can !

I can only say, I most gratefully accept of the kind offer ; and since it will ease the worthy Mr. Longman, shall, with still greater pleasure, do all I can in it. But I doubt I shall be wanting in ability ; I doubt I shall : but I will be just and honest, however : that, by God's grace, will be within my own capacity ; and that, I hope, I may answer for.

It is kind, indeed, to put it in my power to do good to those who shall deserve it : and I will take *double* pains to find out the true merit of such as I shall recommend to favour, and that their circumstances be really such as I shall represent them.

But one thing, my dear daughter, let me desire, that I may make up my accounts to Mr. Longman, or to his honour himself, when he shall make us so happy as to be here with us. I don't know how ; but it will make me uneasy, if I am to make up my accounts to you : for so well known is your love to us, that tho' you would no more do an unjust thing, than by God's grace, we should desire you ; yet this same ill-willing world might think it was like making up accounts to one's self.

Do, my dearest child, get me off of this difficulty, and I *can* have no other ; for already I am in hopes I have hit upon a contrivance to improve the estate, and to better the condition of the tenants at the same time, at least, not to worst it, and which I hope, will please every body : but I will acquaint Mr. Longman with this, and take his advice ; for I will not be too troublesome either to you, my dear child, or to your spouse. If I could act so for his interest, as not to be a burden, what happy creatures should we both be in our own minds ! We find ourselves more and more respected by every one ; and, so far as shall be consistent with our new trust, we will endeavour to deserve it, that we may interest as many as know us, in our own good wishes and prayers for the happiness of you both.

But let me say, how much convinced I am by the reasons you give for not taking to us any of our relations. Every one of those reasons has its

force with us. How happy are we to have so prudent a daughter to advise with! And I think myself obliged to promise this, that whatever I do for any of them above the amount of forty shillings at one time, I will take your direction in it, that your wise hints of making every one continue their industry, and not to rely upon favour, instead of merit, may be followed. I am sure this is the way to make them *happier*, as well as *better* men and women; for, as I have often thought, if one were to have an hundred pounds a year in good comings-in, it would not do without industry; and with it, one may do with a quarter of it, and less.

In short, my dear child, your reasons are so good that I wonder they came not into my head before, and then I needed not to have troubled you about the matter: but yet it ran in my own thought, that I could not like to be an encroacher: for I hate a dirty thing; and in the midst of my distresses, never could be guilty of one: thank God for it!

You rejoice our hearts beyond expression at the hope you give us of receiving letters from you, now and then: to be sure it will be the chief comfort of our lives, next to seeing you, as we are put in hope we sometimes shall. But yet, my dear child, don't let us put you to inconvenience neither. Pray, don't!

The workmen have made a good progress, and wish for Mr. Longman to come down; as we also do.

You need not be afraid we should think you proud, or lifted up with your condition. You have weather'd the first dangers; and but for your fine cloaths and jewels, we should not see any difference, indeed we should not, between our dear Pamela, and the much respected Mrs. B. But God has given you too much sense to be proud or lifted up. I remember, in your former writings, a saying of the 'squire's, speaking of you, that it was for persons who were not used to praise, and did not deserve it, to be proud of it: in like sort, one may say, it is for persons of little sense to be proud; but you, my dear child, every one sees, are *above* it: and that, methinks, is a proud word; is it not?

Your poor mother is very anxious about her child. I will not touch upon a matter so very irksome to you to hear of. But tho' the time may be some months off, she every hour prays for your safety and happiness, and for all the increase of felicity that his honour's generous heart can wish for to himself. This is all we will say, at present: only, that we are, with continued prayers and blessings, my dearest child, Your loving
Father and Mother,

J. and E. ANDREWS.

Yet one word more:—You cannot, my dear child, imagine how I was ashamed to have my poor letter shewn to your honoured husband. I hardly remember what I wrote; but it was from my heart, I'm sure; so I needed not to keep a copy: for an honest mind must always be the same, in cases that cannot admit of change, such as those of my thankfulness to God, and to himself. But don't shew him all I write; for I shall be afraid of what I say, if I think any body but our daughter sees it, who knows how to allow for her poor parent's defects.

LETTER XXXVIII.—FROM LADY DAVERS TO MRS. B.

MY DEAR PAMELA,—I had intended to have been with you before this;

but my lord has been a little indisposed with the gout, and Jackey, too, has had an intermitten fever; but they are pretty well recovered, and it shall not be long before I see you, now I understand you are returned from your Kentish expedition.

We have been exceedingly entertained with your papers. You have given us, by their means, many a delightful hour, that otherwise would have hung heavy upon us; and we are all charm'd with you. Lady Betty, as well as her mother, has always been of our party, whenever we have read your accounts. She is a generous lady, and has shed many a tear over them, as indeed we all have; and my lord has not been unmov'd, nor Jackey neither, at some of your distresses and reflections. Indeed, Pamela, you are a charming creature. We wanted to have had you among us an hundred times, as we read, that we might have kiss'd, and thank'd you.

I can assure you, my lord longs to see you, and will accompany me; for he says, he has but a faint idea of your person. I tell him, and tell them all, that you are the finest girl, and the most improv'd in person and mind, I ever beheld; and I am not afraid, altho' they should imagine all they can in your favour, from my account of you, that they will be disappointed when they see you, and converse with you. But one thing more you must do for us, and then we will love you still more; and that is, you must send us the rest of your papers, down to your marriage at least; and further, if you have written further: for we all long to see the rest, as you relate it, tho' we know in general what has passed.

I don't question but, if you have recited my passionate behaviour, when I was at the hall, I shall make a ridiculous figure enough; but I will forgive all that, for the sake of the pleasure you *have* given me, and will still *further* give me, if you comply with my request.

Lady Betty is pleased with your story. She longs to have the conclusion of it in your own words. She says now-and-then, What a hopeful brother you have, Lady Davers! O these intriguing men! What rogueries do they commit! I should have had a fine husband of him, had I received your proposals! The *dear* Pamela would have run in his head, and had I been the first woman in the kingdom, I should have stood but a poor chance in his esteem; for, you see, his designs upon her began early.

But we will give you our judgments at large, when we have read the rest of your accounts. So pray send them, as soon as you can, to (I won't write myself sister till then) Your affectionate, &c.,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XXXIX.

MADAM,—It is a high pleasure to me, now all is so happily over, to be told by your ladyship, that my poor papers were in the least entertaining to you, and your noble friends.

As to the letters following those in your hands, when I tell you, madam, that they must needs appear impertinent to such judges, after what you know; I dare say, your ladyship will not insist upon seeing them; and tho' they might be the most agreeable to those for whom only they were written, yet, *as* they were principally matters of course, after what your ladyship has seen; *as* the joy of my fond heart can be better judg'd of by you, than describ'd by me; and *as* you are acquainted with all the particulars that can be worthy of any other person's notice; I am sure your

ladyship will dispense with your commands : and I make it my humble request that you will.

Besides, madam, how should I be able to look my good Lord Davers in the face, if all the emotions of my heart, on such affecting occasions, were to stand confess'd to his lordship. And give me leave to hope, that two of the scenes, in the letters your ladyship had, were not read before gentlemen : for tho' I was the innocent subject of wicked attempts, and so cannot, I hope, suffer in any one's opinion, for what I could not help ; yet, for your brother's sake, as well as for the sake of decency, one would not be look'd upon, methinks, with that levity of eye, which perhaps hard-hearted men might affect in remembering those scenes, which would move pity and concern, in a lady's breast.

Be so good, my dear lady, as to let me know if the gentlemen *have* heard read the scenes I hint at. I hope they have not.

I hope your ladyship will not impute to disobedience the desire I have of being excused sending you the papers following those you have : and let me make it my humble request, as the letters in your hand give an account of the most critical part of my conduct, that you will point out to me such parts of it as deserve blame : indeed, I will try to make a good use of your correction, and am sure I shall be thankful for it ; since it will make me hope to be more and more worthy of the honour of being exalted into such a distinguish'd family, and the right the best of men has given me to style myself Your Ladyship's most humble and most obliged Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XL.—LADY DAVERS IN REPLY.

YOU have given us all a great disappointment, in declining to oblige me with the sequel of your papers. I was a little out of humour with you at first ; I must own I was : for I cannot bear denial, when my heart is set upon any thing. But Lady Betty became your advocate, and said, she thought you very excusable ; since, no doubt, there might be many tender things, circumstanc'd as you were, which might be well enough for your parents to see, but for nobody else ; and for relations on our side least of all, whose future intimacy, and frequent visits, might give occasions for raillery and remarks, that might not be always agreeable. I regarded her apology for you the more, because I knew it was a great disappointment to her, that you did not comply with my request. But now, child, when you know me more, you will find, that if I am oblig'd to give up one point, I always insist upon another, as near it as I can, in order to see if it be only *one* thing I am to be refused, or *every* thing ; in which last case I know how to take my measures.

Now, then, this is what I insist upon : that you correspond with me in the same manner you did with your father and mother, and acquaint me with every passage that is of concern to you ; beginning with your accounts, how you spent your time, both of you, when you were in Kent ; for, you must know, we are all taken with your duty to your parents, and the discretion of the good couple, and think you have given a very edifying example of filial piety to all who shall hear your story ; for if so much duty is owing to parents, where nothing can be done for one, how much more is it to be expected, where there is a power to add to the natural obligation all the comforts and conveniences of life ? We people in upper life, you must know, love to hear how gratitude and unexpected benefits operate upon honest minds who have little more than plain artless nature

for their guide; and we flatter ourselves with the hopes of many a delightful hour, by your means, in this our solitary situation; solitary it will be, if we are obliged to pass the next winter in it, as my lord and our neighbour Lord C. threaten we shall. Then let us hear of every thing that gives you joy or trouble: and if my brother carries you to town, for the winter, while he attends parliament, the advices you will be able to give us of what passes in London, and of the public entertainments and diversions he will take you to, as you will relate them in your own artless manner, will be as diverting, and as instructive to us, as if we were at them ourselves. Nay, perhaps more; for we people of quality go to those places, dress'd out and adorn'd, as if we consider'd ourselves as so many parts of the entertainment; and are too much pleased with ourselves, to be able so to attend to what we see, as to form a right judgment of it; and, indeed, we, some of us, behave with so much indifference to the entertainment, as if we thought ourselves above being diverted by what we come to see; and as if our view was rather to trifle away our time, than to improve ourselves, by attending to the story or the action.

See, Pamela, I shall not make an unworthy correspondent altogether; for I can get into your grave way, and moralize a little now-and-then: and if you will promise to oblige me by your constant correspondence, and divest yourself of all restraint, as if you were writing to your parents, (and I can tell you, you will write to one who will be as candid and as favourable to you as either of them can be) then I am sure we shall have truth and nature from you; and these are things which we are generally so much lifted above, by our condition, that we hardly know what they are.

But I have written enough for one letter: and yet, having more to say, I will, after this, send another, without waiting for your answer, which you may give to both together; and am, mean time—Yours, &c.,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XLI.

DEAR PAMELA,—I am very glad your honest man has let you into the affair of Sally Godfrey. But, pr'ythee, Pamela, give us an account of the manner in which he did it, and of your thoughts upon it; for it is a critical case; and according as he has represented it, I shall know what to say of it before you and him: for I would not make mischief between you for the world.

This, let me tell you, will be a trying part of your conduct. For he loves the child; and will judge of you by your conduct towards it. He really loved her mother; and, notwithstanding her fault, she well deserv'd his love: for she was a sensible, ay, and a modest woman, and of an ancient and genteel family. But he was heir to a noble estate, was of a bold and enterprising spirit, fond of intrigue—Don't let this concern you: you will have the greater happiness and merit too, if you can hold him: and it is my opinion, if any body can, you will. Then he did not like the young lady's mother, who sought artfully to intrap him. So that the poor girl, divided between her inclination for him, and her duty to her designing mother, gave into the plot upon him; and he thought himself, (vile wretch as he was, for all that!) at liberty to set up plot against plot; and the poor girl's honour was the sacrifice.

As to our remarks upon your behaviour, they have been much to your

credit, I can tell you : but, nevertheless, I will, to encourage you to enter into this requested correspondence with me, consult Lady Betty, and will go over your papers again, and try to find fault with your conduct ; and if we can see any thing censurable, will freely let you know our minds.

But, before-hand, I can tell you, we shall be agreed in one opinion ; and that is, we know not who would have acted as you have done, upon the whole.

So, Pamela, you see I put myself upon the same foot of correspondence with you. Not that I will promise to answer every letter : No, you must not expect that. Your part will be a kind of narrative purposely designed to entertain us here ; and I hope to receive six, seven, eight, or ten letters, as it may happen, before I return one : but such a part I will bear in it, as shall let you know our opinion of your proceedings. And as you wish to be found fault with, as you say, you shall freely have it, (tho' not in an ill-natur'd way) as often as you give occasion. Yours, &c.,

B. DAVERS.

You see, and I hope will take it as a favour, that I break the ice, and begin first in the indispensably expected correspondence between us.

LETTER XLII.—FROM THE SAME.

AND so, Pamela, you are very solicitous to know, if the gentlemen have seen *every* part of your letters ? I can't say but they have. Nor, except in regard to the reputation of your bold man, do I see why the parts you hint at might not be read by those to whom the rest might be shewn.

I can tell you, Lady Betty, who is very nice and delicate, had no objections to any part, tho' read before men : only now-and-then crying out, O the vile man ! See, Lord Davers, what wretches you men are ! And, commiserating you, Ah ! the poor Pamela ! And expressing her impatience to hear on, how you escaped at this time, and at that, and rejoicing in your escape. And now-and-then, O Lady Davers ! what a vile brother you have ! I hate him with all my heart. The poor girl cannot be made amends for this, tho' he has married her. Who, that knows these things of him, would wish him to be hers, with all his advantages of person, mind, and fortune ? Such were her praises of you, and condemnations of him.

Nor ought you to be concerned who sees any the most tender parts of your story, except, as I said, for *his* sake ; for it must be a very unvirtuous mind, that can form any other ideas from what you relate, than those of terror and pity for you. Your expressions are too delicate to give the nicest ear offence, except at him. You paint no scenes but such as make his wickedness odious ; and that gentleman, much more lady, must have a very corrupt heart, who could, from such circumstances of distress, make any reflections but what should be to your honour, and his disgrace. Indeed, child, I am so much convinc'd of this, that by this rule I would judge of any man's heart in the world, better than by a thousand protestations. I do assure you, rakish as Jackey is, and freely as I doubt not that Lord Davers has formerly lived (for he has been a man of pleasure) they gave me, by their resentments on these tender occasions, reason to be pleased with them ; and my lord several times exclaim'd, that he could not have thought my brother such a libertine, as some of those scenes shewed him to be.

I have run into length again ; so will only add, (and send all my three letters together) that we all blame you, in some degree, for bearing the wicked Jewkes in your sight ; much less, we think, ought you to have left her in her place, and rewarded her as you did ; for of this we have been informed by others (on enquiry into every particular of your conduct) tho' you were not so good as I thought you would have been, to send us those papers, in which, I suppose, we should have found the particulars of that and other matters, which would have been very agreeable to us from your pen.

I know not whether you shew him all I write, or not : but I have written this last part in the cover as well for want of room, as that you may keep it from him, if you please : tho', if you think it will serve any good end, I am not against you shewing to him all I write. So, Pamela, for this time, adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

MADAM,—I am honour'd with your ladyship's three most obliging letters ; and should be inexcusable, if I did not comply with your commands.

Indeed I am inexpressibly thankful for your condescension in accepting of my poor scribble, and promising me such an invaluable return. I only fear, that the veneration I have for your ladyship, will lay me under such a restraint, when I write to you, as will deprive me of the merit my papers have already, thro' your indulgence, made for me. But my will shall not be wanting ; you will pardon all other defects.

Your ladyship's first command, is, to give you the particulars of the happy fortnight we pass'd in *Kent*, on one of the most agreeable occasions that could befall me.

Next, to give you an account of the manner in which your brother acquainted me with the affecting story of Miss Godfrey, and my behaviour upon it.

And, next I presume, your ladyship expects, that I should say something upon your remarks on my conduct to Mrs. Jewkes.

And now give me leave to tell your ladyship, that I promise myself so much improvement from this correspondence, that I enter upon it with greater delight than I can express, notwithstanding the mingled awe and diffidence, that will accompany me in every part of the agreeable task.

To begin with your first command,

Your dear brother, and my honest parents, and myself, set out on the Monday morning for *Kent*, passing thro' St. Alban's to London, at both which places we stopp'd a night ; for our dear benefactor would make us take easy journeys ; and on Wednesday evening we arriv'd at the sweet place allotted for the residence of the venerable couple ; your ladyship will allow me to call them so, I am sure.

Mr. Longman had been down there for a fortnight, employ'd in settling the terms of an additional purchase to this pretty well-wooded and well-water'd estate ; and the account he gave of his proceedings was very satisfactory to Mr. B. He told us, he had much ado to dissuade the tenants from pursuing a form'd resolution of meeting their landlord on horseback, at some miles distance ; for he had inform'd them when he expected us : but knowing how desirous Mr. B. was of being retir'd, while he staid here this time, he had ventured to assure them, that when every thing was

settled, they would have his presence among them now-and-then; and he promised to introduce them all at different times to their new landlord, before we left the country.

The house is large, and we found every thing in it, and about it, exceeding neat and convenient; a great deal of which was owing to Mr. Longman's care and direction. The ground is well stock'd, the barns and out-houses in excellent repair, and my poor father and mother have only to wish, that they and I may be deserving of the goodness we experience from the bountiful mind of your brother.

But, indeed, madam, I have the pleasure of discovering every day more and more, that there is not a better dispos'd and more generous man in the world than himself, insomuch that, I verily think, he has not been so careful to conceal his *bad* actions as his *good* ones. His heart is naturally beneficent, and his beneficence is the gift of God to him, for the most excellent purposes. Pardon me, my dear lady; I wish I may not be impertinently grave: but I find a great many instances of his considerate charity, which hardly any body knew of, and which, since I have been his almoner, could not avoid coming to my knowledge. But this, possibly, is no news to your ladyship. Every body knows the generosity of your *own* heart; and every one that wanted relief, tasted the bounty of my late honour'd lady, your mother: so that 'tis a *family grace*, and I have no need to speak of it to you.

I know not if I always write to be understood; but my grateful heart is so over-fill'd, when it is employ'd on this subject, that, methinks, I want to say a great deal more, at the same time that I am apprehensive I say too much. Yet, perhaps, the copies of the letters I here inclose to your ladyship, (that mark'd [XXXIII.] written by me to my father and mother, on our return hither from *Kent*; that mark'd [XXXIV.] from my father in answer to it, and that mark'd [XXXV.] mine in reply to his*) will, (at the same time that they may convince your ladyship, that I will conceal nothing from you, in the course of this correspondence, that may in the least amuse and divert you, or that may better explain our grateful sentiments) in a great measure, answer what your ladyship expects from me, as to the happy fortnight we pass'd in *Kent*.

And here I will conclude this letter, and suspend my part of the correspondence, till I know from your ladyship, whether you will not dispense with your own commands for my writing to you, when you see it is so little likely to answer what you may possibly expect from me; or whether, if you insist upon my scribbling, you would have me write in any other way, be less tedious, less serious—in short, less or more any thing. For all that is in my power, your ladyship may command from, madam, Your obliged and faithful Servant,
P. B.

Your dearest brother, from whose knowledge I would not keep any thing that shall take up any considerable portion of my time, gives me leave to proceed in this correspondence, if you command it; and is pleas'd to say, he will content himself to see such parts of it, *only*, as I shall choose to shew, or read to him.

LETTER XLIV.—LADY DAVERS TO MRS. B.

YOU very much oblige me, my dear Pamela, by your cheerful compliance with my request. I leave it entirely to you to write in what manner you

* See Letters XXXIII., XXXIV., XXXV.

please, and as you shall be in the humour to write, when you take up your pen ; since then I shall have you write with less restraint : for, you must know, that what we admire in your letters, are truth and nature, and not study and art. We can hear at church, or we can read in our closets, fifty good things that we expect not from you ; but we cannot receive from any body else the pleasure of sentiments flowing with that artless ease, which so much affects us when we read your letters. Then, my sweet girl, your gratitude, your prudence, your integrity of heart, your humility, shine so much in all your letters and thoughts, that no wonder my brother loves you as he does !

But I shall make you proud, I doubt ; and so by praise ruin those graces which we admire.

Hitherto all is unexampled prudence ; and you take the right method to reconcile even the proudest of us to your marriage, and make us not only love you, but respect your parents, as well for their honesty, as prudence, since we see they will not forget themselves, nor their former condition.

I can tell you, you are exactly right ; for if you were to be an *encroacher*, as the good old man calls it, my brother would be one of the first to see it ; and he would gradually think less and less of you : for the least shadow of imposition, low cunning, or mean selfishness, he cannot bear.

But Lady Betty and I both agree that you are a charming girl : and Lady Betty adds, that if he makes you not the best and *faithfullest* of husbands, he cannot deserve you, notwithstanding his advantages of birth and fortune. And, in my heart, I begin to think so too.

But I'll tell you what has been a great advantage to you : It is this love of scribbling. For here, having a natural fund of good sense, and a prudence above your years, you have, with the observations these have enabled you to make, been flint and steel too, as I may say, to yourself ; and struck *fire* when you pleas'd, wanting nothing but a few dry'd leaves, like the first pair in old Du Bartas, to serve as tinder to catch your animating sparks. So that reading constantly, and thus using yourself to write, and enjoying besides the benefit of a good memory, every thing you heard or read became your own ; and not only so, but was improv'd by passing thro' more fabulous ducts and vehicles ; like some fine fruit grafted upon a common free-stock, whose more exuberant juices serve to bring to quicker and greater perfection the downy peach, or the smooth nectarine with its crimson blush.

For my own part, I begin to like what I have written myself, I think ; and your correspondence will possibly revive the poetical ideas that used to fire my mind, before I enter'd into the drowsy married life ; for my good Lord Davers's turn happening not to be to books, my imagination was in a manner quench'd ; and I, as a dutiful wife should, endeavour'd to form my taste by that of the man I chose.

But after all, Pamela, you are not to be a little proud (I can tell you) of my correspondence ; and I could not have thought it ever would have come to this : but you will have the penetration to observe, that I am the more free and unreserv'd, to encourage *you* to write without restraint : for already you have made us a family of writers and readers ; so that Lord Davers himself is become enamour'd of your letters, and desires of all things he may hear read every one that passes between us. Nay, Jackey, who was the most thoughtless, whistling, sauntering fellow you ever knew, and whose delight in a book ran no higher than a song or a catch, now comes in with an enquiring face, and vows he will set pen to paper, and

turn letter-writer himself ; and if my brother won't take it amiss, he will begin to *you*, provided he could be sure of an answer.

I have twenty things still to say ; for you have unlocked all our bosoms : and yet I intended not to write above ten or a dozen lines when I began ; only to tell you, that I would have you take your own way, in your subjects, and in your style. And if you will give me hope, that you are in the way I so much wish to have you in, I will then call myself *your affectionate sister* ; but, till then, it shall only barely be, your correspondent,

B. DAVERS.

LETTER XLV.

MY DEAR GOOD LADY,—What kind, what generous things, are you pleased to say of your happy correspondent ! And what reason have I to value myself on such an advantage as is now before me, if I am capable of improving it as I ought ! I wish I be not now proud indeed ! To be praised by my honoured benefactor's noble sister, whose favour next to his, it was always my chief ambition to obtain, and to be called by her, her correspondent, are enough to fill with vanity a steadier and a more equal mind than mine.

Most encouragingly generous are your ladyship's praises of my writing. But, madam, did you but know the pains my late excellent lady took to improve her poor servant, you would rather wonder that she made no greater advantage of her goodness to her, than that she made so much. Besides making me keep a book of the charities she dispensed by my hands, she caused me always to set down, in my way, the cases of the distressed, and their joy in her bountiful relief. By this means I was enter'd early into the various turns, that affected worthy persons, and was taught the better to regulate my own heart, especially by the help of the fine observations which my good lady used to make to me, when I read to her what I wrote. For many a time has her worthy heart run over with pleasure at my remarks, and with praises ; and I was her good girl, her docile Pamela, her hopeful maiden ; and she would sometimes draw me to her, and vouehsafe to kiss me ; and frequently said what she would do for me, if God spared her life, and if I continued to be deserving.

As the letters I sent before, and those I now send, will let your ladyship into several particulars, such as a brief description of the house and farm, and Mr. B.'s intentions of retiring thither sometimes ; of the happiness and gratitude of my parents, and their wishes to be able to deserve his goodness ; and that in stronger lights than I am able to set them ; I will only, in a summary manner, mention the rest : and, particularly,

That the behaviour of your dear brother to me, to my parents, to Mr. Longman, and to the tenants, was one continued series of benignity and condescension. He endeavour'd, in every kind and generous way, to encourage the good couple to be free and cheerful with him ; and, seeing them unable to get over that grateful reverence with the high sense they have of their obligations to him will ever fill them with, he more than once, took their hands, and called them by the nearest and dearest names of relationship, as if they were his own parents ; and I believe would have distinguished them oftener in this manner, but that he saw them too much affected with his goodness to bear the honour (as my dear father says, in his first letter) with *equality of temper*. He seemed always to delight in being particularly kind to them before strangers, and before the tenants, and before Mr. Sorby, and Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Shepherd, three

of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who, with their ladies, came to visit us; and whose visits we *all* returned; for he would not permit my father and mother to decline the invitation of those worthy families.

Judge you, my dear lady, with what a joy these kind distinctions, and this sweet behaviour, must fill their honest hearts: judge of my grateful sentiments and acknowledgments, of these hourly instances of his goodness; and of the respect which this generous condescension must induce every one to pay to the good couple. Let me give your ladyship one high instance of his goodness, and shall I say his magnanimity? When once Mrs. Bennett had like to have said something of our former condition, which she would have recalled in some confusion; and when she could not, apologized for it; the dear gentleman said, All is well, Mrs. Bennett. No apologies are necessary; and to shew you they are not, I will tell you myself what you cannot have heard so particularly from any other, and which, were I to endeavour to conceal, would be a piece of pride, as stupid as despicable.

He then, in a concise manner, gave them an account of my story, so much to my advantage, and so little to his own, that you cannot imagine, madam, how much they were affected by it; and how much, in particular, they applauded him for his generosity to-me, and to my parents; and your ladyship will permit me to observe, that since the matter is circumstanced as it is, policy, as well as nobleness of mind, obliged him to this frankness and acknowledgment; for, what remained for the hearers but to *applaud* when he had left them no room to *reproach*, not so much as in thought.

Every day we rode out, or walked a little about the grounds; and while we were there, he employ'd hands to cut a vista thro' a coppice, as they call it, or rather a little wood, to a rising ground, which fronting an old-fashion'd balcony, in the middle of the house, he order'd it to be planted like a grove, and a pretty alcove to be erected on its summit, of which he has sent them a draught, drawn by his own hand; and this, and a few other alterations mentioned in my letter to my father, are to be finish'd against we go down next.

We passed thro' London again, in our return to this most agreeable mansion, but tarry'd not to see anything of it, any more than we did in going thro' it before; your brother only stopping at his banker's, and desiring him to look out for a handsome house, which he purposes to take for his winter residence: he chuses it to be about *Soho-square*, or the new buildings call'd *Hanover-square*; and he left Mr. Longman there, to see one, which his banker believed would be fit for him.

And thus, madam, have I answer'd your first command; and conclude this, with the assurance, that I am, with high respect, Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XLVI.

I NOW set myself to obey your ladyship's second command, which is, to give an account in what manner your brother broke to me the affair of the unfortunate Miss Godfrey, with my behaviour upon it; and this I cannot do better, than by transcribing the relation I gave of it at the time, in letters to my father and mother.

It is a great pleasure to me, that I can already flatter myself, from the hints you kindly gave me, that I behaved as you wished I should. Indeed, madam, I could not help it; for I pitied most sincerely the unhappy

lady ; and tho' I could not but rejoice that I had had the grace to escape his dangerous attempts, yet never did the story of any unfortunate person make such an impression upon me as hers did : she loved *him*, and believed, no doubt, he loved *her* too well to take ungenerous advantages of her passion for him ; and so, by degrees, put herself in his power ; and too seldom, alas ! have the noblest-minded of the seducing sex the mercy or the goodness to spare the poor creatures that do ! And then this love, when it is suffer'd to reign, is a perfect tyrant, requiring an unconditional obedience to its arbitrary dictates, and deeming every instance of discretion and prudence, and even virtue itself, too often, but as so many acts of rebellion to its usurped authority.

And then, how do even blemishes become perfections in those we love ? Crimes themselves too often, to inconsiderate minds, appear but as human failings ; and human failings are a *common cause*, and every frail person excuses them for his or her own sake.

And is it not another misfortune of people in love, generally to think highly of the beloved object and lowly of themselves ? such a self-mortifier is this arbitrary passion.

I say not this, madam, to excuse the poor lady's fault : nothing can do that ; because virtue is, and ought to be, preferable to all considerations, and to life itself. But methinks I love this poor lady so well, for her edifying penitence, that I would fain extenuate her crime ; and the rather as, in all probability, it was a *first love* on *both* sides ; and so he could not appear to her as a *practised* deceiver.

Your ladyship will see, by what I have transcribed, how I behaved myself to Miss Goodwin ; and I am so fond of the little charmer, as well for the sake of her unhappy mother, tho' personally unknown to me, as for the relation she bears to Mr. B., that I must beg your ladyship's interest to procure her to be given up to my care, when it shall be thought proper. I am sure I shall act by her as tenderly as if I were her own mother. And glad I am that the poor unfaulty child is so justly beloved by Mr. B.

I will here conclude this letter, with assuring your ladyship, that I am
Your obliged and humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER XLVII.

I NOW come to your ladyship's remarks on my conduct to Mrs. Jewkes ; which you are pleased to think too kind and forgiving, considering the poor woman's baseness.

Your ladyship says, " that I ought not to have borne her in my sight, much less to have left her in her place, and rewarded her, as you are informed I did." Alas ! my dear lady, what could I do ; a poor prisoner, as I was, and had been for weeks together, without a creature who durst be my friend ; and every day expecting to be ruin'd and undone by one of the most determin'd of men ? And when it pleas'd God to incline him to abandon his wicked attempts, and to profess honourable love to me, his poor servant, can it be thought I was to insist upon conditions from him, who had me in his power ; and who, if I had provoked him, might have resumed all his wicked purposes ?

O madam ! had I not too often experienced the violence and impetuosity of his temper, to dispute his will ; a violence which even his honoured mother never ventured to oppose till it began to subside ; and

then, indeed, he was all goodness and acknowledgment (of which I could give your ladyship more than one instance). Would it have been safe for such a poor girl to take upon herself lady-airs, and resent?

But, my dear ladies (let me, in this instance, bespeak the attention of you both), I should be inexcusable if I did not tell you all the truth; and that is, that I not only forgave the poor wretch, in obedience to *his commands*, but from *my own inclination* also.

If I am wrong in this, I am ready to take upon myself the blame I shall be found to deserve in your ladyships' judgment: but, indeed, were it to do again, I verily think I could not help forgiving her. And were I not able to say this with truth, I should be thought to have made a mean court to my master's passions, and to have done a wrong thing with my eyes open: which, I humbly conceive, no one should do.

When full power was given me over this poor creature (seemingly at least, tho' it might possibly have been resumed, and I might have been re-committed to hers, had I given him reason to think I made an arrogant use of it), you cannot imagine what a triumph I had in my mind over the mortify'd guilt which (from the highest degree of insolence and imperiousness, that before had hardened her masculine features) appear'd in her countenance, when she found the tables likely to be soon turned upon her.

This change of behaviour, which at first discover'd itself in a sullen awe, and afterwards in a kind of silent respect, shew'd me what an influence power had over her; and that when the bad woman could treat her late prisoner, when taken into favour, so obsequiously, it was the less wonder she could think it her duty to obey commands so unjust, when her obedience to them was required from her master.

But, my dear ladies, when I consider'd the matter in *one* particular light, I could the more easily forgive her: and, *having* forgiven her, *bear her in my sight*, and act by her (the consequence of that forgiveness) as if she had not so horribly offended. Else, how would it have been forgiveness? Especially as she was ashamed of her crime, and there was no fear of her repeating it.

Thus, then, I thought on the occasion: Poor wretched agent, for purposes little less than infernal! I *will* forgive thee, since *thy* master and *my* master will have it so. And indeed thou art beneath the resentment even of such a poor girl as I. I will *pity* thee, base and abject as thou art. And she who is the object of my *pity* is surely beneath my anger. My eye, that used to quiver and tremble at thy haughty eye, shall now, with conscious worthiness, take a superior steadiness, and look thy scowling guilty one into self-condemnation, the state thou couldst never cast mine into, nor from it will be able to raise thine own! Bear the reprobation of thine own wicked heart, low, vile woman, unworthy as thou art of the *name*; and chosen, as it should seem, for a foil to the innocent, and to make virtue shine forth the brighter, the *only* good use such wretches as thou can be of to others (except for examples of penitence and mercy): this will be punishment enough for thee, without my exposing myself to the imputation of descending so near to a level with thee, as to resent thy baseness, when thou hast no power to hurt me.

Such were then my thoughts, my *proud* thoughts; so far was I from being guilty of intentional meanness, in forgiving, at Mr. B.'s request, the poor, low, creeping, abject, *self-mortify'd* Mrs. Jewkes.

And do you think, ladies, when I could see my haughty persecutor be-

come my repentant protector; the lofty spirit that used to make me tremble: when this impetuous spirit could stoop to request one whom he had sunk beneath even her usual low character of his servant, who was his prisoner, under sentence of a ruin worse than death, as he had intended it, and had seized her for that very purpose; could stoop to acknowledge the villainess of that purpose: "could say, at one time, for these were his words, "that my forgiveness of Mrs. Jewkes should stand me in greater stead than I was aware of;" could tell her, before me, "that she must for the future shew me all the respect that was due to one he must love." At another, acknowledge before her "that he had been very wicked, and that I was very forgiving." Again, to Mrs. Jewkes, putting himself on a level with her as to guilt, "we are both in generous hands: and, indeed, if Pamela did not pardon *you*, I should think she but half forgave *me*, because you acted by my instructions;" another time, to the same, "we have been both sinners, and must be both included in one act of grace."

Indeed, my good ladies, I found such a subject for exultation in this providential change of my condition, that I had much ado to subdue my rising pride, and thought I was in more danger of being lifted up (every moment, to see such improving contrition on the poor creature's part), than to be supposed guilty of a meanness of heart, in *stooping* (yes, madam, that, in the elevation wherein I found myself, was the proudly proper word) to forgive her! And would it not have been out of character in me, and against all expectation of my high-soul'd (tho' sometimes, as in my case, for a great while together, meanly-acting) master, if I had not?

Would it not have shewn him, that the low-born Pamela was incapable of a generous action, had she refused the *only* request her humble condition had given her the opportunity at that time of granting, with innocence; would he not have thought the humble cottager as capable of insolence, and vengeance too, in her turn, as the better-born? And that she wanted but the power to shew the like unrelenting temper by which she herself had so grievously suffer'd?

I hope, from what I have said, it will appear to your ladyship, and to Lady Betty too, that I am justify'd, or at least excused, in pardoning Mrs. Jewkes: and I have yet another reason behind for doing so, had she been as absolutely in my power, as the wish of the most resenting person in the world could have made her; and that is, the hope I had, that the poor creature, by being continued in a family where the master of it gave hopes of so desirable a reformation, and where the example of the person he was about to honour in so eminent a degree, beyond all she could have hoped for a few days before, might, possibly, contribute to make her change her manner of thinking, as well as acting.

Nay, would not this behaviour of mine, very probably, operate on a much higher and nobler subject, her master, and let *him* see the force and amiableness of conquering one's self? that there must be something in that duty which could make so young a creature regard it, in an instance so difficult to some minds (and especially to the passionate and high-born), that of forgiving injuries, where there is a power to revenge, and of returning good for evil?

Then I have no notion of that slight distinction I have so often heard, between *forgive* and *forget*, when persons have a mind to split hairs, and to distinguish away their christian duties, and say, *I must forgive such an action, but I will never forget it!* when I would rather say, *I will remember such an action, in order for my future guard; but I will forgive it as*

often as I remember it: if I cannot, I will try to forget it for ever, that it may not occasion a breach in my christian charity.

I will only add, that I thought it would not be wrong to retain her, as, besides what I have mention'd, it would induce the world to think, that Mr. B. had not gone such very wicked lengths, as would have been imagin'd had she not been supportable to me in the same house?

How then, dearest ladies, if these considerations have any weight, could I act otherwise than I did, either with respect to your brother, myself, or the poor woman? And when I tell your ladyships, that I have all the reason in the world to be pleas'd with this manner of acting, when I consider the confidence it has given me with Mr. B. and (what I was very desirous of) the good effects it has had upon the woman herself, I dare say, the opinions of you both will be in my favour on this head.

I refer, my dear ladies, to another letter what I have to say, as to these good effects; and am in the mean time,

Your Ladyship's most obliged and faithful Servant, P. B.

LETTER XLVIII.

I WILL now, my dear lady, acquaint you with the good effects my behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes has had upon her.

She began to be affected as I wish'd, before I left the hall, as I had the pleasure to observe, not only in the conversations I had with her after your brother had made me happy, but in her general demeanour to the servants, to the neighbours, and in her devout behaviour at church: and this still further appears by a letter I have received from Miss Darnford. I dare say, your ladyship will be pleased with the perusal of the whole letter, altho' a part of it would answer my present view: in confidence therefore that you will excuse, for the sake of its other beauties, the high and undeserved praises which that young lady so lavishly bestows upon me, I will transcribe it all.

MISS DARNFORD TO MRS. B.

I MUST depend upon your known goodness, my dear neighbour that was, and I hope soon will be again, to excuse me for not writing before, in answer to your letter of *compliment*: I will call it so; because we received from you much greater favours and civilities than you did from us.

The truth is, my father has been much disordered with a kind of rambling rheumatism, to which the physicians give the name of *the flying gout*; and when he ails ever so little [it signifies nothing concealing his infirmities, where they are so well known, and when he cares not who knows them], he is so peevish, and wants so much attendance, that my mamma, and her two girls (one of which is as waspish as her papa; *you may be sure I don't mean myself*), have much ado to make his worship keep the peace: and I being his favourite, when he is indisposed, because I have most patience (if I may give myself a good word), he calls upon me continually, to read to him when he is grave, and to tell him stories, and sing to him, when he is merry; and so I have been employ'd as a principal person about him, till I have frequently become sad to make him cheerful; and thought myself happy when I could do it at any rate: for once, in a pet, he flung a book at my head, because I had not attended him for two hours.

O these men! fathers or husbands, much alike! the one tyrannical, the other insolent; so that, between one and the other, a poor girl has nothing

for it, but a few weeks' courtship, and perhaps a first month's honey-moon, if *that*; and then she is as much a slave to a husband, as she was subservient to her father. I mean, if the father be a Sir Simon Darnford, and the husband a Mr. B.

But I will be a little more grave; for a graver occasion calls for it, and yet an occasion that will give you real pleasure. It is the very great change which the example you have left behind you has had upon your house-keeper.

You desired her to keep up as much regularity as she could among the servants there; and she is next to exemplary in it; so that she has every one's approbation. She speaks of her lady not only with respect, but reverence; and calls it a blessed day for all the family, and particularly for herself, when you came into *Lincolnshire*. She reads, or makes one of the servants read prayers, every *Sunday* night; and never misses being at church morning and afternoon; and is preparing herself, by Mr. Peter's advice and direction, for the sacrament, which she earnestly longs to receive, and says it will be the seal of her reformation.

Mr. Peter gives us this account of her, and says she is full of contrition for her past mis-spent life; and is often asking him, if such and such sins can be forgiven? and among them, names her vile behaviour to her angel-lady, as she calls you.

It seems, she has written a letter to you, which passed Mr. Peter's revision, before she had the courage to send it; and prides herself, that you have favoured her with an answer to it; which, she says, when she is dead, will be found in a cover of black silk next her heart: for any thing from your hand, she is sure, will be efficacious to her keeping her good purposes; and for that reason she places it there: and when she has any bad thoughts, or is guilty of any faulty word, or passionate expression, she recollects her lady's letter; and that recovers her to a calm, and puts her again into a better frame.

As she has written to you, it is possible I might have spar'd you the trouble of reading this account of her; but yet you will not be displeas'd, that so free a liver and speaker should have some testimonial besides her own assurances, to vouch for the sincerity of her reformation.

How happy are you, that persuasion dwells upon your tongue, and reformation follows your example! We all hear continually of your excellencies. Every body is proud of speaking of you, and of having something to say of what they observe in you. This makes us long more and more to see you here again. My papa the other day said, he wish'd you would undertake *him*.

Happy Mr. B. ! And happy every one who sees, who knows, who converses with Mrs. B., not more the glory of the humble cot, than the ornament of the stately palace! But when shall I finish my letter, if I give way to my admiration of you?—I will break off, and only make it my request to you, that, whenever it shall be put into your power to favour us with a return to our neighbourhood, you will oblige us: and then will you add to the number of the happies,
 Your MARY DARNFORD.

I will here, my dear Lady Davers, subjoin a copy of Mrs. Jewkes's letter, to me, mentioned in that of Miss Darnford's.

HONOURED MADAM,—I have been long labouring under two difficulties; the desire I had to write to you, and the fear of being thought presumptuous, if I did. But I will depend on your goodness, so often try'd; and

put pen to paper, in that very closet, and on that very desk, which once were so much used by your dear self, when I was acting a part, that now cuts me to the heart, to think of. But you forgave me, madam, and shew'd me you had too much goodness to revoke your forgiveness. And could I have silenc'd the reproaches of my own heart, I should have had no cause to think I had ever offended.

But, oh ! madam, how has your goodness, which once filled me with so much comfort, now, on reflection, made me sorrowful, and at times miserable !—To think I should act so barbarously as I did, by so much sweetness, and so much forgivingness ! Every place that I remember to have used you hardly in, how does it now fill me with sadness, and makes me often smite my breast, and sit down with tears and groans, bemoaning my vile actions, and my then hard heart ! How many places are there in this house, that call one thing or other to my remembrance, that gives me remorse ! But the pond, and the wood-house, whence I dragged you so mercilessly, after I had driven you almost to destruction, what thoughts do they bring to my remembrance !—Then my wicked instigations—what an odious wretch was I !

His honour has done justice to your merits, and so aton'd for *his* fault. But as for *me*, it is out of my *power* ever to make reparation ! All that is left me, is, to let you see, that your pious example has made such an impression upon me, that I am miserable now in reflecting upon my past guilt !

You have forgiven me, and God will, I hope ; for the creature cannot be more merciful than the Creator. Yet sometimes, I dread, that I am forgiven here, at least not punished, in order to be punished the more hereafter ! What will then become of the unhappy wretch, who has thus lived in a state of sin, and has so qualify'd herself by a course of wickedness, as to be thought a proper instrument for the worst purposes that any one could be employ'd in ?

Good madam, let not my honour'd master see this letter. He will think I have the boldness to reflect upon him ; when, God knows my heart, I only write to condemn myself, and my *unwomanly* actions, as you often justly called them.

But I might go on thus for ever accusing myself, not considering whose precious time I am taking up. But what I chiefly write for, I am not come to yet ; that is, to beg your prayers for me. For, oh ! madam, I fear I shall else be for ever miserable ! We every week hear of the good you do, and the charity you extend to the bodies of the miserable. Extend, I beseech you, to the unhappy Jewkes, the mercy of your prayers, and tell me, if you think I have not sinned beyond hope of pardon ; for there is a woe denounced against the presumptuous sinner.

You assured me, at your departure, on the confession of my remorse for my misdoings, and my promise of amendment, that you would take it for a proof of my being in earnest, if I would endeavour to keep up a regularity among the servants here ; if I would subdue them with kindness, as I had owned myself subdued ; and if I would endeavour to make every one think, that the best security they could give of their doing their duty to their master in his *absence*, was by doing it to God Almighty from whose eye nothing can be hid. This, I remember, you told me, was the best test of fidelity and duty, that any servants could shew ; since it was impossible without religion, but that worldly convenience, or self-interest, must be the main tie ; and so the worst actions might succeed, if ser-

vants thought they should find their sordid advantage in sacrificing their duty.

So well am I convinced of this truth, that I hope I have begun the example to good effect; and as no one in the family was so wicked as I, it was therefore less difficult to reform them; and you will have the pleasure to know, that you have now servants here, whom you need not be ashamed to call yours.

'Tis true, I found it a little difficult at first to keep them as *orderly* as I wished them, after you were departed: but when they saw I was in earnest, and used them courteously, as you advised, and as your usage of me convinced me was the rightest usage; when they were told I had your commands to acquaint you, how we proceeded; the task became easy: and I hope we shall all be still more and more worthy of the favour of so good a mistress, and so bountiful a master.

Your unworthy servant dares not presume upon the honour of a line. Yet it would comfort me much, if I could have it. But whether you shall thus favour me or not, I shall ever pray for your and his honour's felicity, as becomes Your undeserving Servant,

K. JEWKES.

LETTER XLIX.

IT is needful, my dear lady, that your ladyship should know, that your generous brother has made me his almoner, as I was my late dear lady's; and has ordered Mr. Longman to pay me fifty guineas quarterly, for purposes of which he requires no account, tho' I have one always ready to produce; and he has given me other sums to enable me to do all the good I can to distressed objects, at my first setting out. Thus enabled, your ladyship knows not how many honest hearts I have made glad already, and how many more I hope to rejoice before a year is at an end, and yet keep within my limits.

Now, madam, as I knew Mrs. Jervis was far from being easy in her circumstances, she thinking herself obliged to pay old debts for two extravagant children, who are both dead; and to maintain in schooling and cloaths three of their children, which always kept her low: I took upon me, one day, as she and I sat together, at our needle works, to say to her, (as we are always running over old stories, when we are alone) My good Mrs. Jervis, will you allow me to ask you after your own private affairs, and if you are tolerably easy in them?

You are very good, madam, said she, to concern yourself about my poor matters, so much as you have to employ your thoughts about; but I can with great pleasure say (thanks to your's and my master's bounty) that I am easier and easier every day.

But tell me, my dear Mr. Jervis, said I, what are your particular circumstances. I love to mingle concerns with my friends; and as I hide nothing from *you*, I hope you will treat *me* with equal freedom; for I always loved you, and always will.

She had tears of gratitude in her eyes; and taking off her spectacles, I cannot bear, said she, so much goodness! Oh! madam!

Oh! my Pamela, say, reply'd I. How often must I chide you for calling me any thing but your Pamela, when we are alone together.

My heart, said she, will burst with your goodness!—I cannot bear it.

But you *must* bear it, and bear still greater exercises to your grateful heart, I can tell you: a pretty thing, truly! Here, I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress, by the generosity of the kindest of

men, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on lady-airs to a gentlewoman born, the wisdom of whose years and her faithful services, and good management, make her a much greater merit in this family than I can pretend to have ! And return (shall I?) in the day of my power, insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benevolence I received from her in that of my indigence ! Indeed, I won't forgive you, my dear Mrs. Jervis, if I think you capable of looking upon me in any other light than as your daughter ; for you have been a mother to me, when the absence of my own could not afford me the comfort and counsel I received every day from you.

Then moving my chair nearer her, and taking her hand, and wiping, with my handkerchief in my other, her reverend cheeks, Come, come, my dear second mother, said I, call me your daughter, your Pamela : I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name : and as I have but too seldom such an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my *second* mother as easy and happy as our dear master has made my *first*.

She hung her head on her shoulder, and I waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance to her words ; provoking only her speech, by saying, you used to have three grandchildren to provide for in cloaths and schooling. They are all living, I hope ?

They are, madam : and your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once !) made me very easy, and very happy.

How easy, and how happy, Mrs. Jervis ?

Why, madam, I paid five to one old creditor of my unhappy son's ; five to a second ; and two and an half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands ; and with the other five I paid off all arrears of the poor children's schooling and maintenance, and every one is satisfy'd and easy, and all declare they will never do harsh things by me, if they are paid no more.

But, tell me, Mrs. Jervis, what you owe in the world, put all together ; and I will contrive, with justice to our best friend, to do all I can, to make you quite easy ; for, at your time of life, I cannot bear, that you shall have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove ; and so, my dear Mrs. Jervis, let me know all.

Come, dear, just, good woman, your debts, I know, are ever before you : so come, putting my hand to her pocket, let me be a friendly pick-pocket : let me take out your memorandum-book, and we will see how all matters stand, and what can be done. You are too much moved ; your worthy heart is too much affected (pulling out her book, which she always has about her) : I will go to my closet and return presently. Accordingly I went, giving her an opportunity to recover her spirits.

Mr. B. stepping into the parlour just after I was gone out, Where is my love, Mrs. Jervis ? said he ; and being told, came up to me, What ails the good woman below, my dear ? I hope you and she have had no words !

No, indeed, sir, answer'd I. If we had, I am sure it would have been my fault : but I have picked her pocket of her memorandum-book, in order to look into her private affairs, to see if I cannot, with justice to our common benefactor, make her as easy as you, sir, have made my other dear parents.

A blessing on my charmer's benevolent heart, said the generous man. I will leave every thing to your discretion, my dear. Do all the good you prudently can to your Mrs. Jervis.

I clasped my arms about him, the starting tear testifying my gratitude : Dearest, dear sir, said I, after a pause, you affect me as much as I did Mrs. Jervis : and if any one but you had a right to ask, What ails your Pamela? as you do, What ails Mrs. Jervis? I must say, I am hourly so much oppress'd by your goodness, that there is hardly any bearing my own joy.

He saluted me, and called me a dear obliging creature. But, said he, I came to tell you, that after we have din'd, we will take a turn, if you please, to Mrs. Arthur's : she has a family of London friends for her guests, and begs I will prevail upon you to give her your company, and attend you myself, only to drink tea with her, for I have told her, we are to have friends to sup with us.

I will attend you, sir, reply'd I, most willingly ; tho' I doubt I am to be made a shew of.

Something like it, said he. She has promised her friends this favour.

I need not dress otherwise than I am?

No, he was pleased to say, I was always what he wished me to be.

He left me to my *good works*, (those were his kind words) and I ran over Mrs. Jervis's accounts, and found a balance drawn of all her debts, in one leaf, in a very clear manner, and a thankful acknowledgment to God, for her master's last bounty, "which had enabled her to make her creditors easy,—Thank God, and him." As she had written underneath.

The balance of all was £35 11s. and odd pence ; and I went to my *escritoire*, and took out £40, and down I hastened to my good Mrs. Jervis. And said to her, Here, my dear good friend, is your pocket-book ; but are £35 or £36 all you owe, or are bound for in the world?

It is, madam, said she, and a large sum too. But it is in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances ; and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for it ; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master's service.

Nor shall it ever be in any body's *power*, said I, to trouble you. I will tell you how we will order it.

I sat down, and made her sit down by me, Here my dear Mrs. Jervis, is £40. It is not so much to me now, as the two guineas were to you, that you would have given me, if I would have accepted of them, at my going away from this house, to my father's, as I thought. But I will not *give* it you neither, at least at *present*, as you shall hear : indeed I will not make you so uneasy as that might do. But here, take this, and pay the £35 odd money to the utmost farthing ; and the remaining four pounds odd will be a little fund in advance towards the children's schooling. And thus you shall repay it. I always designed, as our dear master added five guineas *per annum* to your salary, in acknowledgment of the pleasure he took in your services, when I was Pamela Andrews, to add £5 *per annum* to it from the time I became Mrs. B. But from that time, for so many years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole £40 be repaid. And so, my dear Mrs. Jervis, you will not have any obligation to me, you know, but for the advance before due ; and that is a poor matter, not to be spoken of : and I will have leave for it, for fear I should die.

Had your ladyship seen the dear woman's behaviour on this occasion, you would never have forgotten it. Tears ran down her cheeks in cur-

rents; her modest hand put gently from her my offering hand; her bosom heav'd; she sobb'd; and, for a few moments, was unable to speak.

I arose, and putting my arm round her neck, wiped her eyes, and kissed her cheek. My dear, my excellent lady! said she, 'tis too much! too much! I cannot bear it!—And then she threw herself at my feet; for I was not strong enough to hinder it; and with uplifted hands, May God Almighty, said she—I kneeled by her, and clasping her hands in mine, both uplifted together—May God Almighty, said I, drowning her voice with my louder voice, bless us both together, for many happy years! And may he bless and reward the dear man who has thus enabled me to make *the widow's heart to sing for joy.*

Dear good woman, proceeded I, rising, and raising her, do you think you shall outdo me in prayers and praises to the fountain of all these mercies? And while I am impower'd to do good to so many worthy objects *abroad*, shall I forget to make my dear Mrs. Jervis happy at *home*?

I am a little affected at the remembered scene. Permit me, madam, to close this letter here, and to resume the subject in my next. Till when, I have the honour to be Your ladyship's most obliged and faithful Servant,
P. B.

LETTER L.

I NOW resume my last subject where I left off, that your ladyship may have the whole before you at one view.

I went after dinner, with your dear brother, to Mrs. Arthur's; and met with fresh calls upon me for humility, from the praises and professed admiration of that lady's guests. Mr. B. was pleased to entertain me in the chariot, going and coming, with an account of the orders he had given in relation to the London house, which is actually taken, and consulting me about the furnishing of it; so that I had no opportunity to tell him what I had done in relation to Mrs. Jervis.

But after supper, retiring from company to my closet, when his friends were gone, he came up about our usual bed-time: he enquired kindly after my employment. I was trying to read in the *French Telemachus*: for, madam, I am learning *French*, I assure you! And who do you think is my master?—The best I *could* have in the world, your dearest brother, who is pleased to say, I am no dunce: how inexcusable should I be, if I were with such a master, who says, I have already nearly mastered the accent and pronunciation, which, he tells me, is a great difficulty got over.

I requested him to render for me into *English* two or three places that were too difficult for me; and when he had done, he ask'd me, in *French*, What I had done for Mrs. Jervis?

I said, permit me, sir, (for I am not proficient enough to answer you in my new tongue) in *English*, to say, I have made the good woman quite happy; and if I have your approbation, I shall be as much so myself in this instance, as I am in all others.

I dare answer for your prudence, my dear, he was pleased to say; but this is your favourite: let me know, when you have so bountiful a heart to strangers, what you do for your favourites?

I then said, permit my bold eye, sir, to watch yours, as I obey you; and you know you must not look full upon me then; for if you do, how shall

I look at you again? how see as I proceed, whether you are displeas'd or not, for you will not chide me in words.

He put his arm round me, and look'd down now and then, as I desired; and I told him all I have written to your ladyship about the forty pounds.—And now, dear sir, said I, half hiding my face on his shoulder, you have heard what I have done, chide your Pamela, if you please: it shall be all welcome from you, and matter of future direction and caution.

He rais'd my head, and kiss'd me two or three times, saying, thus then I chide my angel!—And yet I have one fault to find with you; and let Mrs. Jervis, if not gone to rest, come to us, and hear what it is; for I will *expose* you, as you deserve, before her. My Polly being in attendance in my antichamber, I call'd her, and bid her acquaint Mrs. Jervis, that I would be glad to speak with her. And tho' I thought, from his kind looks, and kind words, as well as tender behaviour, that I had not much to fear, yet I was impatient to know what the fault was, for which I was to be expos'd.

The good woman came; and as she enter'd with all that modesty which is so graceful in her, he mov'd his chair further from me, and, with a set aspect, but not unpleasant, said, Step in, Mrs. Jervis: your lady (for so, madam, he will call me to Mrs. Jervis, and to the servants) has incur'd my censure; and I would not tell her in what, till I had you face to face.

She look'd surpris'd, now on me, now on her master; and I, not knowing what he would say, look'd a little attentive. I am sorry; I am very sorry for it, sir! said she, court'sying low: but should be more sorry, if I were the unhappy occasion.

Why, Mrs. Jervis, I can't say but it is on your account that I must blame her.

This gave us both confusion; but especially the good woman; for still I hop'd much from his kind behaviour to me just before;—and she said, Indeed, sir, I could never deserve—

He interrupt'd her, My charge against you, Pamela, said he, is that of niggardliness, and no other; for I will put you both out of your pain: you ought not to have found out the method of *refayment*. The dear creature, Mrs. Jervis, seldom does any thing that can be mended; but, I think, when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgment from me, in addition to your salary, your mistress should have shew'd herself no less pleas'd with your service than your master. Had it been but for old acquaintance-sake, for sex-sake, she should not have given me cause to upbraid her on this head. But I will tell you, that you must look upon the forty pounds you have, as the effect of a just distinction on many accounts; and your salary from last quarter-day shall be advanced, as the dear niggard intended it some years hence; and let me only add, that when my Pamela begins to shew a coldness to her Mrs. Jervis, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue which makes her the delight of all who converse with her.

This was what he was pleas'd to *say*: thus, with the most graceful generosity, and a nobleness of mind peculiar to himself, was he pleas'd to *act*: and what, does your ladyship think, could Mrs. Jervis or I say to him?—Indeed, nothing! We could only look upon each other, with our eyes and our hearts full of a gratitude that would not permit either of us to speak; but which express'd itself at last in tears of joy.

Oh, my dear lady! how many opportunities have the *rich* to make *them*.

selves, as well as their *fellow-creatures*, happy ! All that I could think, or say, or act, was but my duty before ; what a weight of obligation, then, must I lie under to this most generous of men !

But here let me put an end to this grateful subject : the principal part of which will serve as a proof of my chearful compliance with your ladyship's commands, that I recite *every* thing that is of concern to me, and with the same freedom as I was used to do to my parents.

Give me leave to conclude with the assurance, that I am, my dearest lady, Your obliged and faithful Servant,

P. B.

LETTER LI.—FROM LADY DAVERS TO MRS. B. IN ANSWER TO THE SIX LAST LETTERS.

“ WHERE she had it, I can't tell ; but I think I never met with the fellow of her in my life, at any age ;” are, as I remember, my brother's words, speaking of his Pamela, in the early part of your papers. In truth, you are a surprising creature ; and, every letter we have from you, we have new subjects to admire you for. Do you think, Lady Betty, said I, when I had read to the end of the subject about Mrs. Jervis, I will not soon set out to give this charming girl a box or two of the ear ?

For what, Lady Davers ?

For what !—Why don't you see how many slaps of the face the bold hussy hits me ?—*I'll* lady-air her !—*I'll* teach her to reproach me, and so many of her betters, with her cottage-excellencies, and with improvements that shame our education.

Did you, my charming Pamela, only excel me in *words*, I could forgive you ; for there may be a knack, a volubility, as to *words*, which a natural talent may supply ; but to be thus out-done in *thought* and in *deed*. Who can bear it ? and in so young an insulter too ?

Well, Pamela, look to it when I see you : for here, instead of my stooping, as I had thought it would be, to call *you* sister, I shall be forced to tlink, in a little while, that you ought not to own *me* for *yours*.

But to come to business ; I will summarily take notice of the following particulars in your six obliging letters, in order to convince you of my friendship, by the freedom of my observations on the subjects you touch upon.

First, then, I am highly pleased with what you write of the advantages you received from the favour of my dear mother ; and as you know many things of her by your attendance upon her in the last three or four years of her life, I must desire you will give me, as opportunity shall offer, all you can recollect in relation to the honoured lady, and of her behaviour and kindness to you, and with a retrospect to your own early beginnings, the dawnings of this, your bright day of excellence : and this, not only I, but Lady C. and Lady Betty, with whom I am going over your papers again, and her sister, Lady Jenny, request of you.

2. I am much pleased with your Kentish account ; tho' we wished you had been more particular in some parts of it : for we are greatly taken with your descriptions, and your conversation-pieces : yet I own, your honest father's letters, and yours, a good deal supply that *defect*. Your parents are honest, discreet folks. I have a value for them. And you are the most prudent creature I ever knew, in all your ways ; particularly in the advice you give them about your more distant relations, and that they will

aim at nothing beyond their natural sphere. Every tittle is right, and as it should be. On these accounts it is, that all the world will allow that you, and your parents, too, merit the fortune you have met with.

3. I am delighted with the account you give me of my brother's breaking to you the affair of Sally Godfrey, and your conduct upon it. 'Tis a pretty, tho' sad story, as he brought it in, and as you relate it. The wretch has been very just in his account of it. But don't you think he was a wicked young fellow? Well may you be thankful for *your* escape! We all admire your behaviour on the occasion; but none of us think we could have imitated it in all its parts. We are in love with you for your charitable reflections in favour of the poor lady; and the more, as she certainly deserved them; and a better mother, too, than she had, and a more faithful lover than she met with.

4. You have exactly hit his temper, in your declared love of Miss Goodwin. I see you know your man; and never fear but you will hold him, if you can go on thus to act, and out-do most women. But I should think you might as well not insist upon having the girl with you; for she may be pert, perhaps insolent (you know who is her father); you would not care to check her, for several reasons, and this may make you uneasy; for, if you *did*, he might take it amiss, let your motives be ever so good; so I think you had better see her now-and then at the dairy-house, or at school, than have her with you. But this I leave to your own discretion, and *his* good pleasure; for in the latter it must rest, let you, or me, or any body, say what we will.

5. You have fully, and to our satisfaction, answer'd our objection to your behaviour to Mrs. Jewkes. We had not consider'd your circumstances quite so thoroughly as we ought to have done; and as we might have had a better opportunity of doing, had we been obliged with your accounts of them in the papers you *refused* to let me see. But, however, you are a charming girl; and all your motives are so just, that we shall be a little more cautious for the future how we censure you. We are particularly pleased with the triumphs of your innocence over his and her guilt; and agree that they are the rightest and best-to-be-defended motives for pride that ever were set before us. In short, I say, with Lady C., this good girl is not without her pride; but it is the pride that becomes, and can only attend the innocent heart.

6. We are pleased with your observations on the *forget* and *forgive*; and think you have distinguished well on that head.

7. You are a good girl for sending me a copy of Miss Darnford's letter. I always had a great opinion of her: her letter confirms me in it. I hope you will communicate to me every one that passes between you: and pray send me, in your next, a copy of your answer to her letter. I must insist upon it, I think.

8. I am glad with all my heart to hear of poor Jewkes's reformation. Your example carries all before it. But pray oblige me with your answer to her letter also. Do not think me unreasonable. 'Tis all for your own sake: you must needs know *that*, or you know nothing. For I think you deserve all Miss Darnford says of you; and that is a great deal, too.

Pray have you shewn Jewkes's letter to my brother? Lady Betty wants to know (if you *have*) what he could say to it? for, she says, it must cut him to the quick; and I think so too, if he takes it as he ought.

9. Your manner of acting by Mrs. Jervis, with so handsome a regard to my brother's interest, her behaviour upon it, and your relation of the

whole, and of his generous spirit in approving, reprovng, and improving your prudent generosity, make no inconsiderable figure in your papers. And Lady Betty says, hang him, he has some good qualities, too! It is impossible not to like him for some things: his good actions go a great way with me towards atoning for his bad. But you, Pamela, have the glory of all!

10. I am glad you are learning French: thou art a happy girl in thy teacher, and he is a happy man in his scholar. It would be strange if you did not make great improvements with such methods of instructing and rewarding; the man you love your teacher. Such fondness of men to their wives, who have been any time marry'd, is so rare, and so unexpected from *my* brother, that we thought you should have written a side upon that subject at least.

Now, my dear Pamela, I think I have taken notice of the most material articles in your letters, and have no more to say to you; but write on, and remember to send me the copy of your letter to Miss Darnford, of that you wrote to poor penitent Jewkes, and every article I have written about, and all that comes into your head, or that passes, and you'll oblige Yours, &c.,
B. DAVERS.

LETTER LII.

I RECEIVED with pleasure your ladyship's commands, in your last kind and obliging letter, and you may be sure of a ready obedience in every one of them that is in my power.

That which I can most easily do I will first do; and that is, to transcribe the answer I sent to Miss Darnford, and that to Mrs. Jewkes, the former of which (and a long one it is) is as follows:

I BEGIN now, my dear Miss Darnford, to be afraid I shall not have the pleasure and benefit I promised myself, of passing a fortnight or three weeks at the Hall, in your conversation, and that of your worthy family, as well as those others in your agreeable neighbourhood, whom I must always remember with equal honour and delight.

The reason will be principally, that we expect very soon a visit from Lord and Lady Davers, who propose to tarry here a fortnight at least; and after that, the advanced season will carry us to London, where Mr. B. has taken a house for his winter residence, and in order to attend parliament: a service, he says, which he has been more deficient in hitherto than he can either answer to his constituents or to his own conscience; for tho' he says, he is but one, yet if any good motion should be lost by *one*, every absent member, who is independent, has to reproach himself with the consequences that may follow, on the loss of that good which might otherwise redound to the commonwealth. And besides, he says, such excuses as *he* could make *every one* might plead, and then public affairs might as well be left to the administration, and no parliament be chosen.

He observed further on this subject, that every absent member, in such cases, indirectly abets the minister, be he *who* he will, in all his designs, be they *what* they will: and is even less excusable to his country than the man who, for a transitory benefit to his private family, takes a pension or reward for his vote; since the difference is only, that the one passively ruins his country by neglect and indolence, which can do nobody good,

and the other more actively for a bribe; which practice, tho' ruinous in the end to the whole public, in which his own private is included, yet serves to answer some present turn or benefit to himself or family.

See you, my dear Miss Darnford, from the humble cottager, what a public person your favour'd friend is grown! And behold how easy it is for a bold mind to look forward; and, perhaps, forgetting what she was, now she imagines she has a stake in the country, takes upon herself to be as important, as significant, as if, like my dear Miss Darnford, she had been born to it. But if, nevertheless, I am censured for troubling my head with politics, let me answer that I am at liberty, I hope, to tell you Mr. B.'s sentiments of these high matters; and that is all I have done.

Well, but, my dearest Miss Darnford, may I not presume to ask whether, if the mountain cannot come to Mahomet, Mahomet will not come to the mountain? Since Lady Davers's visit is so uncertain as to its beginning and duration, and so great a favour, as I am to look upon it, and really shall, it being her first visit to *me*; and since we must go and take possession of our London house; why cannot Sir Simon spare to us the dear lady, whom he could use so hardly; and whose attendance (tho' he is indeed intitled to all her duty) he did not, in that one instance, quite so much deserve?

"Well, but, after all, Sir Simon," would I say, if I had been in presence at his peevish hour, "you are a fine gentleman, are you not? to take such a method to shew your daughter that, because she did not come *soon enough* to you, she came *too soon*! And did ever father, before you, put a *good book* (for such I doubt not it was, *because* you were in affliction, tho' so little affected by its precepts) to such a *bad use*? As parents' examples are of force, suppose Miss Darnford had taken this very book, and flung it at her sister; Miss Nanny at her waiting-maid; and so it had gone thro' the family; would it not have been an excuse for every one, to say that the father and head of the family had set the example?"

"But, again, Sir Simon, suppose you had hurt the sweet dove-like eyes of my Miss Darnford! Suppose you had bruised or broken the fine skin of any part of that fine face, which gives, at first sight, so bright a promise of her still finer mind, what, let me ask you, sir, could you have said for yourself? How would the dear young lady's appearance, with one eye, perhaps, muffled up; with a plaister'd forehead, or a veiled cheek, hiding herself from every body but you, and her grieved mother, and pitying sister, reproach'd you for so rash an act;—nay, reproach'd you more by her unrepublishing obligingness and chearful duty than if (were she capable of it) she could have spoken in sharp complaints and expostulatory wailings?"

"You almost wish, my dear Miss Darnford tells me, that I would undertake *you*! This is very good of you, Sir Simon," might I have added—"But I hope, since you are so sensible, that you *want* to be undertaken, and since this peevish rashness convinces me that you *do*, that you will undertake *yourself*: that you will not, when your indisposition makes the attendance and duty of my dear Lady Darnford and your daughters necessary, make it *more* uncomfortable to them by *adding* a difficulty of being pleased, and an impatience of spirit, to the concern their duty and affection make them have for you. Let me advise you that, at least, you will resolve never again to take a book into your

hand in your sick fits, if you cannot make a better use of it than you did then."

Pray, my dear Miss Darnford, tell your papa that I beg the favour of him to present *me* with this book, and I will put a mark upon it, and it shall never more either give or receive such disgrace. Be it what it will, I will present him with as good an one.

I will write in it, "memorandum, this book, reversing the author's good intention, had like to have done mischief next to unpardonable!"—Or, "This book, instead of subduing the reader's passions (I take it for granted, you see, my dear, that it was Seneca's *Morals*, or some such good book) had like to have been the cause of a violent evil.—Henceforth, unavailing instructor, be thou condemned to stand by thyself, on a lone shelf, in my closet; a shelf most out of my reach, or that of any other person, for pretending to prescribe rules so inefficacious for subduing the passions. And, consigned to dust and cobwebs, not once presume to squeeze thyself into rank with better, or, at least, with more convincing, teachers."

But think you, my dear, that Sir Simon would be angry, if opportunity had offer'd, and I had been thus bold? If you think so, do not let him see I had such thoughts in my head. But, after all, if he were to have been thus freely treated by me, and if he should have *blush'd* with *anger* at my freedom, it is but what he ought to bear from me; for more than once he has made me *blush* for *shame*, at much greater on his part; nay, and that too in presence of his daughters: so that I have but half my revenge upon him yet.—And will you bear malice, will he say, Mrs. B. ?—Yes, Sir Simon, I will; and nothing but your amending the error can make me forgive a man, that is *really* a gentleman, who can forego his character, and, before any company, not scruple to expose a modest virgin to the forward leer, and loud laugh, of younger men, who durst not take such liberties of speech, as they will saucily applaud, from the mouth of one of Sir Simon's better promising time of life.

But Sir Simon will say, I have *already undertaken* him, were he to see this. Yet my Lady Darnford once begg'd I would give him a hint or two on this subject; which, she was pleased to say, would be better received from me than from any body: and if it be a little too severe, it is but a just reprisal made by one, whose ears, he knows, he has wounded more than once, by what he calls his *innocent* double entendres—and who, if she had not borne her testimony against such license when an opportunity offer'd, must have been believed by him, to be an hypocrite. And here ends all my malice; for now I have spoken my mind.

Yet I hope, your papa will not be so angry with me, neither, as to deny me, for this my freedom, the request I make to *him*, to your *mamma*, and to your *self*, for your company, for a month or two, in Bedfordshire, and at London: and if you might be permitted to winter with us at the latter, how happy should I be! It will be half done the moment you desire it. Sir Simon loves you too well to refuse you, if you are earnest in it. Your mamma is always indulgent to your requests: and Mr. B., as well in kindness to me, as for the great respect he bears you, joins with me to beg this favour of you, and of Sir Simon, and my Lady Darnford.

I am much affected with the account you give me of Mrs. Jewkes's penitence.

I have seen ladies in upper life shamed, as I may say, out of their duty! But let me rejoice that such a poor girl as I, raised from a cottage to a

palace, am so happy as by persevering in the good principles which had been instilled into her mind, by worthy, tho' poor parents, and the best of women her mistress; has not only brought the world to respect her for doing good, but has even found her example efficacious, thro' divine grace, to bring over to penitence and imitation a poor creature, who used to ridicule her for her pretensions to virtue.

But let me not *dwell* on these thoughts, lest I fall into the snare that, persons meaning well, have the greatest reason to dread; that of *spiritual pride*, the most dangerous of all pride.

In hopes of your kind compliance with my wishes for your company, I remain, Your faithful and obliged Friend and Servant, PAMELA B.

The following, my dear Lady Davers, is a copy of what I wrote to Mrs. Jewkes.

You give me, Mrs. Jewkes, very great pleasure, to find that at length God has touch'd your heart, and let you see, while health and strength lasts, the error of your ways. Many an unhappy creature has not been so graciously touched, till they have smarted under some heavy afflictions, or till they have been confined to the bed of sickness, when, perhaps, they have made vows and resolutions, that have held them no longer than the discipline lasted: but you give me much better hopes of the sincerity of your conversion; as you are so well convinced, before some heavy evil has overtaken you: and it ought to be an earnest to you of the divine favour, and should keep you from despondency.

I have often pray'd for you, even when you used me the most unkindly. May the divine goodness enable you to persevere in the course you have entered upon! And when you can taste the all-surpassing pleasure that fills the worthy breast, on being placed in a station, where your example may be of advantage to the souls of others, as well as to your own; a pleasure that every *good* mind glories in, and none else can truly relish; then may you be assured, that nothing but your perseverance, and the improvement resulting from it, is wanted to convince you, that you are in a right way, and that the woe, that is pronounced against the presumptuous sinner, belongs not to you.

Let me, therefore, dear Mrs. Jewkes (for now *indeed* you are dear to me), caution you against two things; the one, that you return not to your former ways, and wilfully err after this repentance; lest the divine goodness in that case, should look upon itself as mocked, and withdraw itself from you. The other, that you do not despair of the divine mercy, which has so evidently manifested itself in your favour, by awakening you out of your deplorable lethargy, without those sharp medicines and operations, which others, and perhaps *not more faulty* persons, have been forced to submit to. But go on cheerfully in the happy path which you have begun to tread. Depend upon it, you are now in the right way, and turn not either to the right hand or to the left: for the reward is before you, in reputation and a good fame in this life, and everlasting felicity beyond it.

Your letter is that of a sensible woman, and of a truly contrite one, as I hope you will approve yourself to be; and I the rather hope it, because I shall, in that case, be desirous of taking every opportunity that shall offer of doing you real service, as well with regard to your present as future life; for I am, *good* Mrs. Jewkes, as I now hope I may call you, Your Friend to serve you,

P. B.

Whatever good books the worthy Mr. Peters will be so kind as to recommend to you, and for those under your direction, send for them either to Lincoln, or Stamford, or Grantham, as you can get them, and place them to my account : and may they be the effectual means of confirming you and them in the good way you are in.

I am impatient for the honour, which your ladyship makes me hope for, of your presence here : and yet I perplex myself with the fear of appearing so unworthy in your eyes, when near you, as to suffer in your opinion ; but I promise myself, that however this may be the case on your *first* visit, I shall be so much improved by the benefits I shall reap from your lessons and good example, that whenever I shall be favour'd with a *second*, you shall have fewer faults to find with me ; till, as I shall be more and more favoured, I shall in time be just what your ladyship will wish me to be, and of consequence more worthy than I am of the honour of styling myself Your Ladyship's most humble and obedient Servant,

P. B.

LETTER LIII.—MISS DARNFORD.—IN ANSWER TO MRS. B.'S LETTER, P. 285.

YOU are highly obliging to me, my dear Mrs. B., in expressing so warmly your wishes to have me with you. I know not any body in this world, out of own family, in whose company I should be so happy : but my father won't part with me, I think ; tho' I have secur'd my mother in my interest ; and I know Nancy would be glad of my absence from envy : yet, foolish girl, she does not consider, that, if her envy be now not ill-grounded, I should return with more than double advantages to what I now have, improved by your conversation.

My father affects to be in a fearful pet at your lecturing of him so justly ; for my mother *would* shew him the letter ; and he says he will positively demand satisfaction of Mr. B. for your treating him so freely. And yet he shall hardly think him, he says, on a rank with him, unless Mr. B. will, on occasion of the new commission, take out his *deimus* : and then, if he will bring you down to Lincolnshire, and join with him to commit you prisoner for a month at the Hall, all shall be well.

It is very obliging in Mr. B. to join in your kind invitation : but yet (I am loth to say it to you) the character of your gentleman, I doubt, stands a little in the way with my father.

But, sir, said I, I hope, if I may not go to Bedfordshire, you will permit me to go to London when Mrs. B. goes.

No, said he, positively no !

Well, sir, I have done. I could hope, however, you would enable me to give a better reason to Mrs. B. why I am not permitted to accept of her kind invitation, than that which I understand you have been pleased to assign.

He stuck his hands in his sides, with his usual humorous positiveness ; Why, then, tell her, she is a very saucy woman in her last letter to you ; and that her lord and master is not to be trusted ; and it is my absolute will and pleasure, that you ask me no more questions about it.

I will very faithfully make this report, sir.—Do so.—And so, my dear, I have.—And your poor Polly Darnford is disappointed of one of the greatest pleasures she could have had.

If you truly pity me, I can put you in a way to make me easier under

the disappointment, than otherwise I can possibly be ; and that is, to favour me with epistolary conversations, since I am deny'd personal ones : in this request joins my mother ; who is particularly desirous to know how Lady Davers's first visit will pass.

This denial of my father comes out, since I wrote the above, to be principally owing to a proposal made him of an humble servant to one of his daughters : he won't say which, he tells us, in his usual humorous way, lest we should fall out about it.

I suppose, I tell him, the young gentleman is to pick and chuse which of the two he likes best. But be he a duke, 'tis all one to me, if he has not qualities which set him above our common Lincolnshire fox-hunters.

I have shewn Mr. and Mrs. Peters your letter. They admire you beyond expression ; and Mr. Peters says, he does not know, that ever he did any thing in all his life, that gave him so much inward reproach, as his denying you the protection of his family, which Mr. Williams sought to procure for you, when you was confined at the Hall, before Mr. B. came down to you, with his heart bent on mischief ; and all he comforts himself with is, that that very denial, as well as the other hardships you met with, were the means made use of to bring about that work of Providence which was to reward you for your virtue.

Yet, he says, he doubts he shall not be thought excusable by you, who are so exact in your own duty, that he did not embrace the opportunity to do *his*, called upon as he was : and he begg'd of me, some how or other, and at some time or other, to hint his concern to you on this head ; and to express his hopes, that neither religion nor his cloth may suffer in your opinion, for the imperfection of one of its professors, who never was so much wanting in his duty before.

He had it often upon his mind, he says, to write to you on this very subject : but he had not the courage ; and besides, did not know how Mr. B. might take it, if he should see that letter, as he must in blaming himself, as he should very freely have done, have cast still greater blame upon him, at least by implication.

Mr. Peters is certainly a very good man, and my favourite for that reason ; and I hope, *you*, who could so easily forgive the penitent Jewkes, will overlook with kindness a fault in a good man, which proceeded more from pusillanimity, than from want of principle : for once, talking of it to my mother before me, he accused himself on this score, to her, with tears in his eyes. She would have given you this protection, at Mr. Williams's desire : but wanted the power to do it.

So you see, my dear Mrs. B., how your virtue has shamed every one into such a sense of what they ought to have done, that good, bad, and indifferent are seeking to make excuses for past misbehaviour, and to promise future amendment.—Your most affectionate
MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER LIV.—SIR SIMON DARNFORD TO MR. B.

LITTLE did I think I should ever have occasion to make a formal complaint against a person very dear to you, and who I believe deserves to be so ; but don't let her be so proud and so vain of obliging and pleasing you, as to make her not care how she affronts every body else.

The person is no other than the wife of your bosom, who has taken great liberties with my character ; and sought to turn my own child against me ; in short, to make a dutiful girl a rebel.

If people will set up for virtue, and all that, let them be uniformly virtuous, or I would not give a farthing for their pretences.

Here I have been plagued with gouts, rheumatisms, and nameless disorders, ever since you left us, which have made me call for a little more attendance than ordinary; and I had reason to think myself slighted, where an indulgent father can least bear to be so, that is where he most loves: and that by young upstarts, who are growing up to the enjoyment of those pleasures which have run away from me, fleeting rascals as they are! before I was willing to part with them. And I rung and rung, and Where's Polly? (for I honour the baggage with too much of my notice) Where's Polly? was all my cry, to every one who came up to ask what I rung for. And at last in burst she, with an air of assurance, as if she thought all must be well the moment she appeared, with, Do you want me, papa?

Do I want you, Confidence! Yes, I do. Where have you been these two hours, that you never came near me, when you knew it was my time to have my foot rubbed, which gives me mental pain? For you must understand, that nobody's hand is so soft as Polly's.

She gave me a saucy answer as I was disposed to think it, because I had just then a twinge, that I could scarce bear; for pain is a plaguy thing to a man of my lively spirits.

She gave me, I say, a careless answer, and turned upon her heel; and not coming to me at my first word, I flung a book I had in my hand at her head.

This the boldface (girls now-a-days make nothing of exposing their indulgent parents) has mention'd in a letter to Mrs. B.; and she has abused me upon it in *such* a manner——Well, sir, if you don't take some course with *her*, I must with *you*, that's positive; and young as you are, and a cripple as I am, I'll stump to an appointed place, to procure to myself the satisfaction of a man of honour.

Your wife has written to Polly what *she* would have said to me on this occasion; with a view, no doubt, to hint to Polly what she would say to her father. She has reflected upon me for not reading a book of mortification, when I was labouring under the highest sense of it, and confined to my elbow-chair in a single room, whom lately half a dozen counties could not have confined. She has put it into Polly's head to fling this very book at her sister's head, and hopes Nancy will fling it at somebody's else, till it goes all round the house: she reproaches me for making no better use of a good book, as she calls *Racine's Tragedies*, which I innocently was reading to make me the more cheerfully bear my misfortune; and runs on a pack of stuff about Polly's eyes, and skin, and I don't know what, on purpose to fill the girl with notions most likely to make her proud and saucy: and then, to excite her to be insolent to me, runs on with suppositions of what harm I might have done her, had the book bruised her face, or put out her eyes, and so forth: as if *my* daughters' eyes were not *our* eyes, their faces *our* faces: at least till we can find somebody to take them, and all the rest of their trumpery, off our hands. Saucy baggages! who have neither souls nor senses, but what they have borrowed from us: and whose very bones, and the skin that covers them, so much their pride and their ornament, are so many parts of our own undervalued skin and bones; our skins only the more wrinkled, by taking pains to make theirs smooth.

Nay, this fine wife of yours, this paragon of meekness and humility,

in so many words, bids me, or tells my own daughter, which is worse, to bid me, never to take a book in my hands again, if I will not make a better use of it : and yet, what better use can an offended father make of the best books, than to correct a rebellious child with them, and oblige a saucy daughter to jump into her duty all at once ?

Then, pray, sir, do you allow your wife to beg presents from gentlemen ? This is a tender point to touch upon : but you shall know all, I am resolved : for here she sends to desire me to make her a present of this very book, and promises to send me another as good.

Come, come, sir, these are no jesting matters ; for, is it not a sad thing that women, let them be young or old, well-marry'd or ill-marry'd, cannot live without intrigue ? And, here, if I were not a very honest man, and your friend, and *resolved* to be a virtuous man too, in spite of temptation, one does not know what might be the consequence of such a correspondence as is here *desired* to be begun ; for I have too much honour to give into it ; and I hope you'll think yourself much obliged to me. I know the time that I could have improved a more mysterious hint than this, into all that I had a mind to make of it. And it may be very happy for you, neighbour, that I *must* and *will* be virtuous, let the temptation be from whom it will : for the finest lady in the world is nothing to me now—in this my reformed state.

But this is not all : Mrs. B. goes on to reflect upon me for making her blush formerly, and saying things before my daughters, that, truly, I ought to be ashamed to say ; and then avows malice and revenge. Why, sir neighbour, are these things to be borne ? Do you allow your wife to set up for a general corrector of every body's morals but your own ? Do you allow her to condemn the only instances of wit that remain to this generation, that dear polite *double entendre*, which keeps alive the attention, and quickens the apprehension of the best companies in the world, and is the sauce, which gives a poignancy to all our genteeler entertainments.

Very fine, truly, that more than half that world shall be precluded their share of conversation among the gay and polite of both sexes, were your wife to have her will ! Let her first find a people who can support a conversation with wit and good sense like her own, and then something may be said : but till then, I positively say, and will swear upon occasion, that *double entendre* shall not be banish'd from our tables ; and where this will not raise a blush, or create a laugh, we will be at liberty, if we please, for all Mrs. B. and her new-fangled notions, to force the one and the other by still plainer hints, and let her help herself how she can.

Thus, sir, you find my complaints are of a high nature, regarding the quiet of a family, the duty of a child to a parent, the advances of a marry'd woman to a man who is resolv'd to be virtuous, and the freedom and politeness of conversation ; in all which points your lady has greatly offended ; and I insist upon satisfaction from you, or such a correction of the fair transgressor, as is in your power to inflict, and which may prevent worse consequences from Your offended Friend and Servant.

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER LV.—MR. B. IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

DEAR SIR SIMON,—You cannot but believe, that I was much surprised at your letter, complaining of the behaviour of my wife. I could no more have expected such a complaint from you, than I could, that *she* would

have deserved it : I am very sorry on *both* accounts. I have talked to her in such a manner that, I dare say, she will never give you like cause of complaint.

It happened, that the fair criminal herself receiv'd your letter from her servant, and brought it to me in my closet, and making her honours, (for I can't say but she is very obliging to me, tho' she takes such saucy freedoms with my friends) away she tripp'd. I open'd and read it with surprise, as you may believe ; and instantly enquiring for her ; found she was gone, as indeed she had before intended, to visit a poor sick neighbour.

It was well for her, that she was not in the way in my first emotion ; and there is another *well-for-her* too in *her* case ; which I mention not, tho' it is a case that engages my utmost tenderness for her, on my own account.

I longed, however, for her return ; that I might do justice to my injured friend ; and that for my own sake, as well as his ; for who knows whither first faults may lead, if not checked in time : and at last, in she came, with such a sweet composure in her face, and so much obligingness in her manner, that all my anger must have been disarmed, had the offence regarded only myself. But it behoved me in a *friend's* behalf not to be soon subdued by a too partial fondness : I resumed therefore that sternness and displeasure which her entrance had almost dissipated. I took her hand : her eye quiver'd at my clouded aspect, and her lips half-drawn to a smile, trembled at a countenance so changed from what she left it.

And then, all stiff and stately as I could look, did I accost her : Come with me, Pamela, to my closet, I want to talk with you.

Dear sir ! What have I done ?

We enter'd. I sat down, still holding her trembling hand, her pulse fluttering under my finger, like a dying bird.

'Tis *well*, said I, 'tis *well*, your present condition pleads for you ! and I must not carry what I have to say too far, for considerations less in your favour, than for one unseen : but I have great complaints against you.

Against me, sir ! What have I done ? Let me know, looking round, with half-affrighted eyes, on the books and pictures, and on me, by turns.

You shall know soon the crime you have been guilty of.

Crime, sir ! This closet, I hoped, would not be a *second* time—There she stop't and there, Sir Simon, hangs a tale, which I am not very fond of relating, since it gave beginning to the triumphs of this little sorceress.

I still held one hand, and she stood before me, as criminals ought to do before their judge ; I see sir, trying to smile, sure I do, less severity in your eyes, than in your countenance. Dear sir, let me know my fault. I will repent, acknowledge, and amend.

You must have great presence of mind, Pamela, such is the nature of your fault, if you can look up when I tell it you.

Then let me, said the irresistible charmer, hiding her face in my bosom, and putting her other arm about my neck ; let me thus, my dear Mr. B., hide this guilty face, while I hear my fault told ; and I will not seek to extenuate it, but by my tears, and my penitence.

I could hardly hold out. What infatuating creatures are these women, when they can think it worth their while to sooth and calm the tumults of an angry heart ! When, instead of *scornful* looks darted in return for *angry* ones, words of *defiance* for words of *peevishness*, persisting to defend *one* error by *another*, and returning *vehement wrath* for *slight indignation*,

and all the hostile provocations of the marriage welfare; they can thus hide their faces in our bosoms, and wish but to *know* their faults, in order to *amend* them.

I believe I did, unawares to myself, and in defiance of my determined displeasure, press with my lips, the forehead of the sweet culprit, as the rest of her face was hid in my bosom: but considering it was the cause of my *friend* that I was to assert, my *injured* friend, wounded and insulted, in so various a manner, by the fair offender, thus haughtily spoke I to the trembling mischief.

I will not, too inadvertent and undistinguishing Pamela, keep you long in suspense, for the sake of a circumstance, that, with all your faults, endears you to me. Know then, that the letter you delivered to me before you went out, was a letter from a friend, a worthy friend, complaining of your behaviour to him; no other than Sir Simon Darnford, a man I must always respect, and whom as *my* friend, I expected *you* should: since by the value a wife expresses for one esteemed by her husband, (and the more if she thinks not so well of him herself) a man may generally judge of the sincerity of her regards to himself.

She raised her head at once on this: thank heaven! said she, it is no worse! O what apprehensions!—Dear, sir, how could you frighten me so?—I know how all this is!—I can now look up, and hear all that Sir Simon can charge me with: for I am sure, I have not so affronted him, as to make him angry indeed. And truly, (ran she on, secure of pardon, as she seem'd to think) I should respect Sir Simon, not only as your friend, but on his own account, if he were not at his time of life—

How now, Pamela, interrupting her (for who knows else, on so captious a subject, what she might farther have said?)—And is it thus, by *repeating* a fault, that you *atone* for it? Do you think I can bear to have my friend so freely treated? What would become of Sir Simon, what of me, if our faults were written on our foreheads?

Thank heaven, my dear Mr. B., you are so pleasant with me. Indeed I do respect Sir Simon as your *friend*, permit me to repeat; but cannot for his wilful failings. Would it not be, in some measure, to approve of faulty conversation, if one can hear it, and not discourage it, when the occasion comes properly in? But if my freedom has really displeas'd him, I am sorry for it, and will restrain myself for the future.

Read then the heavy charge, and I'll return instantly to hear your answer to it. I left her for a few minutes.

But, would you believe it, Sir Simon? She seem'd, on my return, very little griev'd for the cause she had given you to complain of her. What self-justifying minds have the meekest of these women! Instead of finding her in tears, as one might have expected, she took your angry letter for a jocular one, and I had great difficulty to convince her of the heinousness of *her* fault, or the reality of *your* resentment. Upon which, being determin'd to have justice done to my friend, and a due sense of her own great error impress'd upon her, I began thus:

Take care, Pamela, that you do not suffer the purity of your own mind to destroy your charity: do not be so puffed up with your own perfections, as to imagine, that, because other persons allow themselves liberties you cannot take, *therefore* they must be wicked. Sir Simon is a man who indulges himself in a free way of talking, and, I believe, *has been* a rake (you'll excuse me, Sir Simon, because I am taking your part): but what

then? The case is different now : he only talks : you see he says himself, That he *must* and therefore *will* be virtuous : and is a man for ever to hear of the faults of his youth, when he himself is so willing to forget them?

Ah! but sir, sir, answered she, can you say he is *willing* to forget them? Does he not repine here in this very letter, that he *must* forsake them? And does he not plainly cherish the *inclination*, when he owns—she hesitated—Owns what?—You know what I mean, sir; and I need not speak it : and can there well be a more censurable character! Then, dear sir, *before* his maiden daughters! *before* his virtuous lady! *before* any body! What a licentiousness is this, in a gentleman at a time of life, which should make him aim at giving a better example!

What, Sir Simon, could I answer? But, dear sir, continued the sweet prattler, (taking advantage of a silence that was more owing to displeasure than approbation) let me, for I would not be *ensorious*, (no not she! In the very act of censoriousness to say this! let me) offer but one thing : don't you think Sir Simon himself would be loth to be thought a reform'd man? Don't you see the delight he takes when he speaks of his former pranks, as if he was sorry he could not play them over again? See but how he simpers, and *enjoys*, as one may say, the relations of his own rakish actions, when he tells a free story! Indeed, sir, I am afraid, so bad in this way is your neighbour, that he would account it a disgrace to him to be thought reform'd : and how then can I abuse the gentleman, by representing him in a light in which he loves to be considered.

But, said I, were this the case, (for I profess Sir Simon, I was at a loss to defend you) was it well done for you to write all these free things, of a father to his daughter? Was that right, Pamela?

O sir! the *good* gentleman himself has taken care, that such a character as I presum'd to draw to Miss Darnford of her father, was no strange one to *her*. You have seen, yourself, Mr. B., whenever his arch leers, and the attitude in which he puts himself on those occasions, have taught us to expect some shocking story, how his lady and daughters (us'd to him as they are) have suffer'd in their apprehensions of what he would say, before he spoke : with what concern, Miss Darnford in particular, has look'd at me, as if desirous, were it possible, to save her father from the censure, which his faulty expressions must naturally bring upon him? And, dear sir, is it not a sad thing for a young lady, who loves and honours her father, to observe, that he is discrediting himself, and *wants* the example he ought to *set*? And, pardon me, sir, for smiling on so serious an occasion; but is it a becoming sight, do you think, to behold a gentleman, as we have more than once seen Sir Simon, when he has thought proper to read a passage or so, in some bad book, pulling off *his spectacles*, to talk grossly upon it? Methinks, I see him now, added the bold creature, splitting his arch face, with a broad laugh, and shewing a mouth, with hardly a tooth in it, while he is making indecent remarks upon what he has read.

And then the saucy-face laugh'd out, to bear *me* company; for I could not, for the soul of me, forbear laughing at the figure she brought to my mind, which I have seen my old friend make, on two or three occasions of this sort, with his dismounted spectacles, his arch mouth, and gums of shining jet, succeeding those of polish'd ivory, of which he often boasts, as one ornament of his youthful days. And I the rather in my heart, Sir Simon, gave you up, because when I was a wicked fellow myself, it was

always a maxim with me, to endeavour to touch a lady's heart without wounding her ears.

But, resuming my gravity, Pamela, said I, do you think I will have my friend thus made the subject of your ridicule? Suppose a challenge should have ensu'd between us on your account: what might have been the issue of it? To see an old gentleman, stumping, as he says, on crutches, to fight a duel in defence of his wounded honour! A pretty sight this would have yielded, would it not? And what (had any one met him on the way) could he have said he was going to do? Don't you consider that a man is answerable for the faults of his wife? And, if my fondness for you would have made me deny doing justice to my friend, and resolve in your behalf to give him a meeting, and he had flung his crutch at my head, as he did the book at his daughter's, what think you might have been the consequence?

Very bad, sir, to be sure; I see that; for had you carry'd off Sir Simon's crutch, as a trophy, the poor gentleman must have lain sighing and groaning, like a wounded soldier in the field of battle, till another had been brought him, to have stump'd home with.

But, dear Sir Simon, I have brought this matter to an issue, that will, I hope, make all easy: it is this—Miss Darnford, and my Pamela, shall both be punish'd as they deserve, if it be not your own fault. I am told, that the sins of your youth do not sit so heavily upon your limbs, as they do in your imagination; and I believe change of air, and the gratification of your revenge (a fine help to such lively spirits as yours) will set you up. You shall then take coach, and bring your pretty criminal to mine; and when we have them together, they shall humble themselves before us, and it shall be in your power to absolve or punish them as you shall see proper. For I cannot bear to have my worthy friend insulted in so heinous a manner by a couple of saucy creatures, who, if not taken down in time, may proceed from fault to fault, till there will be no living with them.

If (to be still more serious) your lady and you will lend Miss Darnford to my Pamela's wishes, whose heart is set upon the hope of her wintering with us in town, you will lay an obligation upon us both; which will be acknowledged with everlasting gratitude, by, dear sir, Your most affectionate and faithful Servant,
W. B.

LETTER LVI.—SIR SIMON DARNFORD. IN REPLY.

HARK ye, 'squire B.—A word in your ear! I like neither you, nor your wife, to be plain with you, well enough to trust my Polly with you.

But here is war declar'd against my poor gums, it seems. Well I will never open my mouth before your lady, as long as I live, if I can help it. I have for these ten years avoided to put on my cravat; and for what reason, do you think? Why, because I could not bear to see what ruins a few years have made in a visage, that us'd to inspire love and terror as it pleas'd. And here your what-shall-I-call-her of a wife, with all the insolence of youth and beauty on her side, follows me with a glass, and would make me look in it, whether I will or not. I'm a plaguy good-humour'd old fellow (if I am an old fellow) or I should not bear the insults contained in your letter.

Dismounted *specacles*, *arch mouth*, *gums of shining jet*, and such like fine descriptions; are these yours, or your lady's? I would be glad to know that, Mr. B.

Well but, what a devil must a man do? I would be glad, at any rate, to stand in your lady's graces : nor would I be the last rake and libertine unreform'd by her example, which, I suppose, will make virtue the fashion, if she goes on as she does. But who can conquer habit? Have I not been us'd to cut a joke, and toss the squib about : and it has, as far as I know, help'd to keep me alive in the midst of pain and aches, and with two women-grown girls, and the rest of the mortifications that will attend on *advanced years* ; for I won't, (hang me if I will) give it up as absolute *old age* !

I love, I own it, to make a pretty woman blush ; it is double-damasking a fine rose, as it were ; and till I saw your—[do, let me call her some free name or other ! I always lov'd to be free with pretty women ! Till I saw your—methinks I like her *arcadian* name, tho' I am so old a swain, as not to merit any thing but rebuke at her hands—well then, till I saw you]—Pamela—I thought all women in their hearts, lov'd a little squib of that kind. For why should they not, when it adds so much grace to their features, and improves their native charms? And often have I toss'd the joke about, as much, in my intention, to oblige *them*, as *myself*. Yet no one can say, but that I always wrapp'd it up in clean linen, as the saying is : only suiting myself to my company, till I had made the dear rogues *sensible*, and shew they could apprehend.

But now, it seems, I must leave all this off, or I must be mortify'd with a looking glass held before me, and every wrinkle must be made as conspicuous as a furrow. And what, pray, is to succeed to this reformation ! I can neither fast nor pray, I doubt. And, besides, if my stomach and my jest depart from me, farewell, Sir Simon Darnford !

But cannot I pass as one necessary character, do you think ; as a foil (as, by-the-bye, some of your own actions have been to your wife's virtue) to set off some more edifying example, where variety of characters make up a feast in conversation ?

I beseech you, Mr. B.'s Pamela, stick me into some posy among your finer flowers ; and if you won't put me into your bosom, let me stand in some gay flower-pot in your chimney : I may serve for shew, if not for smell. Or, let me be the bass in your musick, or permit my humorous humdrum to serve as a pardonable kind of discord to set off your own harmony. I verily think, I cannot be so good as you would have me be : so pray let your poor *Anacron* go off with what he loves.

Well, but after all, I believe I might have trusted you with my daughter, under your lady's eye, rake as you have been yourself ; and fame says wrong, if you have not been, for your time, a bolder sinner than ever I was, tho' 'tis to be hoped you are now reformed ; and if you are, the whole country round you, east, west, north and south, owe great obligations to your fair relaimer. But here is a fine prim young fellow coming out of *Norfolk*, with one estate in one county, another in another, and jointures and settlements in his hands, and more wit in his head, as well as more money in his pocket, than he can tell what to do with, to visit our Polly ; tho' I tell her, I much question the former quality, his wit, if he is for marrying. And would you have the girl be attending your wife's nursery, when she may possibly be put into a way to have a raree-shew of her *own* !

Here then is the reason I cannot comply with your Mrs. B.'s request. But if this matter should go off ; if he should not like *her*, or she *him* ; or if I should not like *his* terms, or he *mine* ; or, still another *or*, if he should like Nancy better ; why, then, perhaps, if Polly be a good girl, I may trust to her virtue, and to your honour, and let her go for a month or two.

Now, when I have said this, and when I say further, that I can forgive your severe lady, and yourself too, (who however, are less to be excus'd in the airs you assume, which looks like one chimney-sweeper calling another sooty rascal) I give a proof of my charity, which I hope with Mrs. B. will cover a multitude of faults; and the rather, since, tho' I cannot be a *follower* of her virtue in the strictest sense, I can be an *admirer* of it; and that is some little merit: and indeed all that can be at present pleaded by *yourself*, I doubt, any more than Your humble Servant,

SIMON DARNFORD.

LETTER LVII.

I HOPE, my ever honoured and ever dear parents, you will excuse my long silence, which has been owing to several causes, besides my having had nothing new to entertain you with: and yet this last is but a poor excuse neither to you, who think every trifling subject agreeable from your daughter.

I daily expect here my Lord and Lady Davers. This gives me no small pleasure, and yet it is mingled with some uneasiness at times, lest I should not, when view'd so intimately near, behave myself answerably to her ladyship's expectations. But this I resolve upon, I will not endeavour to move out of the sphere of my own capacity, in order to emulate her ladyship. She has, and must have advantages, from conversation, as well as education, which it would be arrogance in me to think of imitating.

All that I will attempt to do, therefore, shall be, to shew such a respectful obligingness to her, as shall be consistent with the rank to which I am raised; that so she may not have reason to reproach me of pride in my exaltation, nor her brother to rebuke me for meanness in condescending: and, as to my family management, I am the less afraid of inspection, because by the natural bias of my own mind, I bless God, I am above reserves, and have not one selfish or sordid view, that should make me wish to avoid the most scrutinizing eye.

I have begun a correspondence with Miss Darnford, a young lady of uncommon merit. But you know her character from my former writings. She is very solicitous to hear of every thing that concerns me, and particularly how Lady Davers and I agree together. I loved her from the moment I saw her first; for she has the least pride, and the most benevolence, and solidity of thought, I ever knew in a young lady, and knows not what it is to envy any one. I shall write to her often: and as I shall have so many avocations besides to fill up my time, I know you will excuse me, if I procure from her, as I hope to do, the return of my letters, for your perusal, and for the entertainment of your leisure hours. This will give you, from time to time, the accounts you desire of all that happens here. But as to what relates to our own particulars, I beg you will never spare writing, as I shall not answering; for it is one of my greatest delights, that I have such dear, such worthy parents, (as, I hope in God, I long shall) to bless me, and to correspond with me.

The papers I send herewith will afford you some entertainment; particularly, those relating to Sir Simon Darnford; and I must desire, that when you have perused them, (as well as what I shall send for the future) you will return them to me.

Mr. Longman gave me great pleasure, on his last return from you, in his account of your health, and the satisfaction you take in your happy

lot; and I must recite to you a brief conversation, on this occasion, which, I dare say, will please you, as much as it did me.

After he had been adjusting some affairs with my dear Mr. B., which took them up two hours, Mr. B. sent for me.—My dear, said he, taking my hand, and seating me by him, and making the good old man sit down, (for he will always rise at my approach) Mr. Longman and I have settled in two hours some accounts, which would have taken up as many months with some persons. For never was there an exacter or more methodical accomptant than Mr. Longman: he gives me (greatly to my satisfaction, because I know it will delight you) an account of the Kentish concern, and of the pleasure your father and mother take in it.—Now, my charmer, said he, I see your sweet eyes begin to glisten. Never was so dutiful a daughter, Mr. Longman; and never did parents better deserve a daughter's duty!

I endeavour'd before Mr. Longman, to rein-in a gratitude, that my throbbing heart, as I could perceive, confessed through my handkerchief: but the good old man could not hinder his from shewing itself at his eyes, to see how much I was favour'd.—Excuse me, sir, excuse me, madam, said he, wiping his cheeks: my delight to see such merit so justly rewarded will not be contained, I think.—And he arose, and walked to the window.

Well, good Mr. Longman, said I, as he returned towards us, you say, that my father and mother are *well*; and happy then they *must* be, in a goodness and bounty, that I, and many more, rejoice in.

Well and happy, madam! Ay, that they are! And a worthier couple never lived, I assure you. Prosperously indeed do they go on in the farm. Your honour is one of the happiest gentlemen in Britain. All the good you do, returns upon you in a *trice*. It may well be said, *you cast your bread upon the waters*; for it presently comes to you again, richer and heavier than when you threw it in. All the Kentish tenants, madam, are *hugely* delighted with their new steward: every thing, I see, will prosper under his management: the gentry love both him and my dame; and the poor people adore them. Indeed they do a *power* of good, in visiting their poor neighbours, and giving them cordials, and such-like; insomuch that colicks, agues, and twenty distempers, nipp'd in the bud, fly before them. And yet the doctors themselves can have nothing to say against them; for they administer help to those only who cannot be at the charge either of skill or physick.

In this manner ran on Mr. Longman, to my inexpressible delight, you may believe; and when he withdrew, 'Tis an honest soul, said my dear Mr. B., I love him, for his respectful love to my angel, and his value for the worthy pair. Very glad I am, that every thing answers *their* wishes. May they long live, and enjoy their happiness!

My dear Mr. B. makes me spring to his arms, whenever he touches this string: for he speaks always thus generously and kindly of you; and is glad to hear, he says, that you do not live only to yourselves; and now-and-then adds, that he is as much satisfy'd with your prudence, as he is with mine; that parents and daughter do credit to one another; and that the praises he hears of you from every mouth, make him take as great pleasure in you, as if you were his own relations. How delighting, how transporting rather, my dear parents, must this goodness be to your happy daughter! And how could I forbear repeating these kind things to you, that you may see how well every thing is taken that you do!

When the expected visit from Lord and Lady Davers is over, the approaching winter will call us to London, and as I shall then be nearer to you, we may more frequently hear from one another; which, I need not say, will be a great heightening to my pleasures.

But I have such an account given me of the immoralities of the place, that it takes off a little from the satisfaction I should otherwise have in the thought of going thither. For they say, quarrels, and duels, and *gal-lantries*, as they are called, so often happen at London, that those enormities are heard of without the least wonder or surprize.

This makes me very thoughtful at times. But God, I hope, will preserve our dearest benefactor, and continue to me his affection, and then I shall be always happy; especially while your healths and felicity confirm and crown the delights of

YOUR EVER DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

LETTER LVIII.

MY DEAREST CHILD,—It may not be improper to mention ourselves, what the nature of the kindnesses is, which we confer on our poor neighbours, and the labouring people, lest it should be surmised by any body, that we are lavishing away means that are not our own. Not that we fear either your honoured husband or you will suspect any such matter, or that the worthy Mr. Longman would insinuate as much; for he saw what we did, and was highly pleased with it, and said he would make such a report of it as you mention he did. What we do is in small things, tho' the good we hope from them is not small: and if a very distressful case should happen among our poor neighbours, that would require any thing considerable, and the objects be deserving, we will acquaint you with it, and leave it to you to do as God shall direct you.

But this, indeed, we have done, and continue to do: we have furnished ourselves with simple waters and cordials of several sorts; and when in a hot sultry day, I see poor labouring creatures ready to faint and drop down, I order them, if they are only fatigued, a mouthful of bread or so, and a cup of good ale or beer, and this makes them go about their business with new spirits; and when they bless me for it, I tell them they must bless the good 'squire, from whose bounty, next to God, it all proceeds. If any are ill, I give them a cordial; and we have been the means of setting up several poor creatures, who have labour'd under colicky and aguish disorders, or have been taken with slight stomach ailments. And nothing is lost by it, my dear child; for poor people have often grateful souls, and it would delight your heart to see how many drooping spirits we have raised, and how, in an hour or two, some of them, after a little cordial refreshment, sometimes in eating; as well as by an inspiring cup, from languishing under a hedge, or behind a hay-stack, have skipped about, as nimble as deer, whistling and singing, and pursuing with alacrity their several employments; and instead of cursing and swearing, as is the manner of some wicked wretches, nothing but blessings and praises poured out of their glad hearts upon his honour and you; calling me their father and friend, and telling me, they will live and die for me and my wife; and that we shall never want an industrious servant to do his honour's business, or to cultivate the farm. And in like sort, we communicate to our sick or wanting neighbours, even altho' they be not tenants to the estate.

Come, my dear child, you are happy, very happy, to be sure you are; and, if it *can* be, may you be yet happier and happier! But still I verily

think you cannot be more happy than your father and mother, except in this one thing, that all our happiness, under God, proceeds from you ; and, as other parents bless their children with plenty and benefits, you have bless'd your parents (or your honoured husband rather has done it for your sake) with all the good things this world can afford.

The papers you send us are the joy of our leisure hours ; and you are kind, beyond all expression, in taking care to oblige us with them.

Really, and indeed, we are so enraptured with your writings, that when our spirits flag, thro' the infirmity of years, we have recourse to some of your papers. Come, my dear, cry I, what say you to a banquet now?—She knows what I mean.—With all my heart, says she.—So I read, altho' it be on a *Sunday*, so good are your letters ; and, you must know, I have copies of a great many of them : and after a little while we are as brisk as if we had had no flagging at all, and return to the duties of the day with double delight.

And pray now, be not over-thoughtful about what may happen at London ; for why should you let the dread of future evils lessen your present joys? There is no absolute perfection in this life, that's true, but one would make one's self as easy as one could. 'Tis time enough to be troubled when troubles come : *Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*—Your ever loving Father and Mother,

J. and E. ANDREWS.

LETTER LIX.

THE interest I take in every thing that concerns you, my dear Miss Darnford, makes me very desirous to know how you approve the gentleman whom some of *his* best friends and well-wishers have recommended to your favour.

Your father, in his humorous manner, mentions his large possessions and riches : but, indeed, were he as rich as *Cæsus*, he should not have my consent, if those be his *greatest* merit ; tho' they are what the generality of parents look out for first : and indeed an easy fortune is so far from being to be disregarded, that, when attended with *equal* merit, I think it ought to have the *preference* given to it, supposing affections disengaged. For it is certain that a man or woman may have as good a chance for happiness in marriage with a person of fortune as with one who has not that advantage ; and notwithstanding I had neither riches nor descent to boast of, I must be of opinion with those who say they never knew any body despise either, that had them. But to permit riches to be the *principal* inducement, to the neglect of superior merit, that is the fault which many persons smart for, whether the choice be their own, or imposed upon them by those who have a title to their obedience.

Here is a saucy creature, might some, who have not Miss Darnford's kind consideration for her friend, be apt to say, who being meanly descended, presumes to give her opinion, in these high cases, unasked. But I have one thing, my dear, to say ; and that is, that I think myself so entirely divested of self-partiality, that, as far as my judgment shall permit, I will never have my own case in view when I am presuming to hint my opinion of general rules. For, most surely, the honours I have received, and the debasement to which my best friend has subjected himself, have for their principal excuse that he was entirely independent ; had no questions to ask, and had a fortune sufficient to make himself, as well as the person he chose, happy, tho' she brought him nothing at all ; and tha'

he had, moreover, such a character for good sense, and knowledge of the world, that nobody could impute to him any other inducement but that of a noble resolution to reward a virtue he had so frequently, and I will say so wickedly, try'd.

But why do I thus run on to Miss Darnford, whose partial friendship attributes to me merits I cannot claim? I will quit this subject, and proceed to what was principally in my view when I began to write; and that is, to complain of your father, who has (let me say it) done his endeavour to set at variance a man and his wife.

I will not enter into the particulars, because the appeal is to *Cæsar*, and it would look like invading his prerogative to take it into my own hands. But I can tell Sir Simon that he is the only man, I hope, who, when a young person of my sex asked him to make her a present of a book, would put such a mischievous turn as he had done upon it, to her husband. Indeed, from the *beginning* I had reason to call him a tell-tale—But, no more of that—Yet I must say, I had rather he should have flung this book at *my* head too than to have made a so much worse use of it. But I came off tolerably, no thanks to Sir Simon, however!—And *but* tolerably neither: for Mr. B. kept me in suspense a good while, and put me in great flutters, before he let me into the matter.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, let me, as a subject very pleasing to me, touch upon your kind mention of the worthy Mr. Peters's sentiments in relation to that part of his conduct to me which (oppress'd by the terrors and apprehensions to which I was subjected) once indeed I censured; and so much the more readily as I had ever so great an honour for his cloth, that I thought, to be a clergyman, and all that was compassionate, good and virtuous, were the same thing.

But when I came to know Mr. Peters, I had a high opinion of his worthiness; and as no one can be perfect in this life, thus I thought to myself: how hard was then my lot, to be a cause of stumbling to so worthy a heart! There is no doubt but a man who knows and practises so well his duty, in every other instance, and preaches it so efficaciously to others, must have been *one day* sensible, that it would not have misbecome his function and character, to have afforded the requested protection to oppressed innocence.

But as he had once a name-sake, thought I, that failed in a much greater instance, let not my want of charity exceed his fault; but let me look upon it as an infirmity, to which the most perfect are liable. I was a stranger to him; a servant girl carry'd off by her master, a young gentleman of violent and lawless passions; whose heart, altho' God might touch, it was not probable any lesser influence could.

Moreover, he might think that the person who was moving him to this worthy measure might possibly be seeking to gratify a view of his own; and that while he was endeavouring to save, to outward appearance, a virtue in danger, he was, in reality, only helping another to a wife, at the hazard of exposing himself to the vindictiveness of a rich neighbour, who had power as well as will to resent; for such was his apprehension, groundless, entirely groundless as it was.

Then, again, the sad examples set by too many *European* sovereigns, in whom the *royal* and *priestly* offices are united (for are not kings the *Lord's* *anointed*?); and the little scruple which many persons, right reverend by their functions and characters, too generally make, to pay sordid court and

visits (far from bearing their testimony against such practices) even to concubines, who have interest to promote them, are no small discouragements to a private clergyman, to do his duty, and to make himself enemies among his powerful neighbours, for the cause of virtue. And especially (forgive me, Sir Simon Darnford, if you should see this) when an *eminent magistrato*, one of the principal gentlemen of the county, of an independent fortune, who had fine young ladies to his daughters (which daughters have only their superior rank to exempt them from like attempts), refused to interfere (tho' such a violation of the laws of society was plainly intended). This, I say, must add to the discouragement of a man a little too diffident and timorous : and who, having no one to second him, had he afforded me his protection, must have stood alone in the gap, and made to himself, in an active young gentleman, an enemy who had a thousand desirable qualities to make one wish him for a friend.

Upon these considerations, I think myself obliged to pity rather than too rigorously to censure Mr. Peters. And I must and will always respect him : and thank him a thousand times, my dear Miss Darnford, in my name, for his goodness in condescending to acknowledge, by your hand, his infirmity, as such : for this gives an excellent proof of the natural worthiness of his heart ; and that it is beneath him to seek to extenuate a fault when he thinks he has committed one.

Forgive, my dear Miss Darnford, this tedious scribble. I cannot write short letters to those I love. Let me hope, that you will favour me with an account of your new affair, and how you proceed in it ; and with such of your conversations, as may give me some notion of a polite courtship. For, alas ! your friend, happy as she is in marriage, knows nothing of this. All *her* courtship—O my dear ! It was SUCH a courtship !—Pray, then, let me know, how gentlemen address their equals in degree ; how they look, with knees bent, sighing, supplicating, and *all that*, as Sir Simon says, with the words *slave, servant, admirer*, continually at their tongues' ends.

But, after all, it will be found, I believe, that, be the language and behaviour ever so obsequious, it is all designed to end alike. The plain *English*, of the politest address, is, I am now, dear madam, the humblest of your servants : be so good as to allow me to be your lord and master. Yes, and thank you too, says the lady's heart, tho' not her tongue, if she likes him. And so they go to church together.

But I am convinced, that with a man of sense, a woman of prudence *must* be happy. Whenever you marry, may it be to such a man, who must value you as you deserve, and may you be as happy as I now am, wishes and prays Your obliged Friend and Servant,
P. B.

LETTER LX.—IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

YOU charm us all, my dear Mrs. B., with your greatness of mind. Mr. Peters says he will never retire to rest, nor rise, but he will pray for you, and desires me to return his thankful acknowledgments for your favourable opinion of him, and kind allowances. If there be an angel on earth, he says you are one. My father, altho' he has seen your reflection upon his refusal to protect you, is delighted with you too ; and says, when you come down to *Lincolnshire* again, he will be *undertaken* by you in good earnest ; for he thinks it was wrong in him, to deny you his protection.

Mr. Murray (that's the man's name) has been here, and continues his visits. He is a lively man, well enough in his person, has a tolerable character, yet loves company, and will take his bottle freely; my father likes him ne'er the worse for that. He talks a good deal; dresses gaily, and seems to like his own person very well: no sure prognostic that he will like that of his wife the better for it, when he marries; yet he falls short of that genteel ease, and graceful behaviour, which distinguish your Mr. B. from every man I know.

I wish Mr. Murray would apply to my sister. She is an ill-natur'd girl; but would make a good wife, I hope; and I fancy she would not dislike him. I cannot say that he stands high in my favour at present; nor is very likely so to do. He laughs too much; has something boisterous in his conversation; his complaisance is not a pretty complaisance: he is, however, well vers'd in country sports; and my father loves him for that too, and says, he is a most accomplish'd man: yes, sir, said I, as men go.—He called me saucy: and told me that if I remained single a year or two longer, I would be willing to *jump*, was his word, at a much worse offer.

I hoped, I said, with all due reverence, he would be mistaken.

But I have spoken my mind to my dear, my indulgent mother, who tells me, she will do all she can to oblige me; but would be loth the youngest daughter should *go first*, as she calls it. But if I could come and live with you a little now-and-then, I did not care who marry'd, unless such a man offer'd as I never expect.

You will favour me with an account of Lady Davers's visit; and what passes among you. I am interested in every thing that gives you pleasure. I should be so likewise in every thing that gave you pain: but let nothing of that sort ever touch the heart of my dear Mrs. B., prays Her affectionate and faithful

MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXI.—MRS. B. IN REPLY.

I SHALL have great pleasure in obeying my dear Miss Darnford, who so kindly interests herself in all my concerns. But, as my time is pretty much taken up, and as I shall write now a little, and then a little, I will give it journal-wise, and have no regard to form. Form, my dear, if you please, shall be banished our correspondence. But I must request that after you shall have read what I shall write, you will send it back to me, for the perusal of my father and mother, to whom my duty and promise require me to give an account of my proceedings.

Thus, then, I begin:

Wednesday Morning, Six o'clock.

Yesterday about six in the evening arrived here my Lord and Lady Davers, their nephew, and Lady C., mother of Lady Betty, whom we did not expect, but took it for the greater favour. It seems her ladyship long'd, as she said, to see *me*; and this was her principal inducement.

We had expected them to dinner; but they could not reach us time enough. Lady Davers would not suffer her lord, nor his nephew, who were on horseback, to come hither before her, because she would be present, she said, when his lordship first saw me, he having quite forgot *her mother's* Pamela.

It rained when they came in; the coach therefore drove directly to the door, and Mr. B. receiv'd them there: but I, being in a little sort of flutter, Mr. B. made me sit down in the parlour to compose myself.

Where is Pamela ? said my lady, as soon as she alighted.

I hurried to her, yet trembled a little. She took my hand, and saluting me ; Here, madam, said she, presenting me to Lady C., this is the girl : see if I said too much in praise of her person.

Lady C. saluted me, with visible pleasure in her eye, and said, Indeed, Lady Davers, you have not. It would have been strange (excuse me, Mrs. B., for I know your story) if such a fine flower had not been transplanted from the field to the garden.

I made no return, but by a low court'sy. What could I say to a compliment so particular ? Lady Davers then presented me to her lord : see here, my lord, my mother's Pamela !—And see here, my lord, said her generous brother, taking my other hand most kindly, your brother's Pamela too !

My lord saluted me : I see, said he, the first person that has exceeded my expectation, when every mouth had *prepared* me to expect a wonder.

Mr. H., who is a very *young* man, tho' as old as my best friend, came to me next, and said, Lovelier and lovelier, by my life ! I never saw your peer, madam.

Well, but, said Lady Davers, taking my hand, in her free quality way, and holding it at a distance, and turning me half-round, let me observe you a little, my sweet-fac'd girl !—I hope I am right.—Why do you let her lace so tight, Mr. B. ?

I was unable to look up ; my face, all over scarlet, was hid in my bosom, and I looked *so* silly !

Mr. B. seeing my silly confusion, press'd my blushing face for a moment to his generous bosom. Look up, my best love, said he, take your revenge, and tell my sister, you wish her in the same way.

It *is* so then, said her ladyship. I'm glad of it with all my heart. I will now love you better and better : but if, my good child, you lace too tight, I will never forgive you. She then gave me a kiss of congratulation, as she called it.

Do you think, my dear, I did not look the more silly ? Lord Davers smiling and gazing at me from head to foot, Mr. H. grinning and laughing, like a fool, as I then, in my spite, thought. Indeed Lady C. said, encouragingly to me, but severely on persons of birth, Lady Davers, you are as much too teasing, as Mrs. B. is too bashful. But you are a happy man, Mr. B., that your lady's bashfulness is the principal mark by which we can judge she is not of quality.—Mr. H., in the language of some character in a play, cry'd out, *A palpable hit, by Jupiter* ! and laughed egregiously, running about from one to another, repeating Lady C.'s words.

We talked only upon common topics till supper-time, and I was all ear, as I thought it became me to be ; for Lady C. had by her first compliment, and by an aspect as noble as intelligent, over-aw'd me, as I may say, into a respectful silence, to which Lady Davers's free, though pleasant raillery (which she could not help carrying on now-and-then) contributed. Besides Lady Davers's letters had given me still greater reason to revere her than I had, when I only reflected on her passionate temper, and such parts of the conversation as I had had with her in your neighbourhood.

When we were to sit down at table, I looked, I suppose, a little diffidently ; for I really then thought of her ladyship's anger at the hall, when she would not have permitted me to sit at table with her. And Mr. B. saying, take your place, my dear ; you keep our friends standing ; I sat down in my usual seat. And Lady Davers said, none of your reproaching

eye, Pamela ; I know what you hint at by it : and every letter I have receiv'd from you, has help'd to make me censure myself for my *lady-airs*, as you call 'em. Remember I threatened you for this reflection ; and you shall have it all in good time.—Indeed, madam, I meant not any reflection—I was going on : but Mr. B. said, Lady Davers's conscience, my dear, makes the reflection. She has the goodness by her agreeable manner, to acquit you of designing any.—Her ladyship bowed, and smiled.

Lady Davers, after supper, and the servants were withdrawn, began a discourse on titles, and said, Brother, I think you should hold yourself obliged to my Lord Davers ; for he has spoken to Lord S., who made him a visit a few days ago, to procure you a baronet's patent. Your estate, and the figure you make in the world, are so considerable, and your family, besides, is so antient, that, methinks, you should wish for some distinction of that sort.

Yes, brother, said my lord, I did mention it to Lord S., and told him, withal, that it was without your knowledge or desire, that I spoke about it ; and I was not very sure you would accept of it : but 'tis a thing your sister has wish'd for a good while.

What answer did my Lord S. make to it ? asked Mr. B.

He said, we (meaning the ministers, I suppose) should be glad to oblige a gentleman of Mr. B.'s figure in the world ; but you mention it so slightly, that you can hardly expect courtiers will tender it to any man that is so indifferent about it ; for, Lord Davers (smiling), we seldom grant honours without a view.

My Lord S. might mention this as a jest, return'd Mr. B., but he spoke the truth. Your lordship said well, that I was indifferent about it. It is, indeed, an hereditary title : but the rich citizens, who used to be satisfied with the title of knights, (till they made it so common, that it is brought into as great contempt as that of the French knights of St. Michael *) now are ambitious of this ; and, as I apprehend, it is hastening apace into like disrepute. Besides, it is a novel honour, and what the ancestors of our family, who lived at its institution, would not accept of. But would they give me a peerage, I would not enter conditions for it, tho' that has some especial privileges annex'd to it, that would make it desirable to some men. Titles at best, said he, are but shadows ; and he that has the substance should be above valuing them : who that has the whole bird, would pride himself upon a single feather.

But, said Lady Davers, altho' I acknowledge, that the institution is of late date, yet, as abroad, as well as at home, it is regarded as a title of dignity, and it is supposed, that the best families among the gentry are distinguish'd by it, I should be glad you would accept of it. The citizens, who have it, are not many ; and have not some of this class of people, or their immediate descendants, bought themselves into the peerage itself of one kingdom or the other ?

It is not a title of dignity abroad, Lady Davers. An *Englishman*, of whatever degree, if he has an equipage, and squanders his money away, is a lord of course, with foreigners ; and therefore sir *such-a-one* is rather a diminution to him. As to what you say of the ambition of citizens, I am not displeas'd, in the main, with seeing the over-grown ones in a trading nation, as this is, blazoned with nominal honours ; and we have so many of our first titled families who have ally'd themselves to trade,

* This order was so common in France, that, in order to suppress it, the hangman was vested with the ensigns of it ; which effectually abolished it.

(whose inducements were money only) that it ceases to be either a wonder as to the fact, or any great disgrace to the honour ; at least, there are more scandalous ways than this by which honour is to be attained, and fortunes mended.

Well, brother, said her ladyship, I will tell you farther, the thing may be had for asking for : if you will but go court, and desire to kiss the king's hand, that will be all the trouble you will have. And pray now oblige me in it.

If a title would make me either a better or a wiser man, reply'd Mr. B., I would embrace it with pleasure. Besides, I am not so entirely satisfied with some of the measures now pursuing, as to owe any obligation to the ministers. Accepting of a small title from them, is but like putting on their badge, or listing under their banners ; like a certain lord we all know, who accepted of one degree more of title, to show he was *theirs*, and would not have a higher, lest it should be thought a satisfaction tantamount to half the pension he demanded : and could I be easy to have it supposed, that I was an ungrateful man for voting as I pleased, because they gave me the title of a baronet ?

The world, said Lady C., always thought Mr. B. to be a man of steady principle, and not attached to any party ; but it is my opinion, that it is far from being inconsistent with any man's honour and independency, to accept of a title from a prince he acknowledges as his sovereign.

I am not indeed, reply'd Mr. B., attach'd to any party, nor ever will. I have a mean opinion of many of the heads of both : nay, I will say farther, that I wish at my heart, the gentlemen in the administration would pursue such measures, that I could give them every vote. I always will every one that I can. I have no opinion of those who, right or wrong, would distress or embarrass a government. Our governors cannot be *always* in the wrong ; he therefore who never gives them a vote, sometimes be in the wrong, as well as they, and must, moreover, have views he will not own. But in a country like ours, where each of the legislative powers is in some manner independent of the other, and where they are designed as mutual checks upon each other, I have, notwithstanding, so great an opinion of the necessity of an opposition sometimes, that I am convinc'd it is that which must preserve our constitution. I will, therefore, be a country gentleman, in the true sense of the word, and will accept of no favour that shall make any one think I would *not* be of the opposition when I think it a necessary one ; as, on the other hand, I should scorn to make myself a round to any man's ladder of preferment, or a caballer for the sake of my own.

You say well, brother, return'd Lady Davers ; but you may undoubtedly keep your own principles and independency, and yet pay your duty to the king, and accept of this title ; for your family and fortune will be a greater ornament to the title, than the title to you.

Then, what occasion have I for it, madam ?

Why, I cannot say but I should be glad you had it, for your family's sake, as it is an hereditary honour. Then it would mend the stile of your wife here ; for the good girl is at a loss for an epithet when she writes. It is, my dear man, my best friend, my benefactor, my dear Mr. B. ; whereas Sir William would turn off her periods more roundly, and no other or softer epithet would be wanting.

To me, reply'd he, who always desire to be distinguish'd as my Pamela's best friend, and think it an honour to be called *her dear* Mr. B., and *her dear*

man, this reason weighs very little, unless there were no other Sir William in the kingdom than her Sir William; for I am very emulous of her favour.

I blushed at this too great honour, before such company, and was afraid her ladyship would be a little piqu'd at it. But, after a pause, she said, well then, brother, will you let Pamela decide upon this point?

Rightly put, said Lady C. Pray let Mrs. B. choose for you, sir. Lady Davers has hit the thing.

Very good, very good, by my soul, said Mr. H., let my *young aunt* choose for you, sir.

Well, then, Pamela, said Mr. B., what say *you* on this subject?

But, first, said Lady Davers, say you will be determin'd by her opinion; or else she will be laid under a difficulty.

Be it so, reply'd he, I will be determined by your opinion, my dear: give it freely.

Mr. H. rubbed his hands together, charming, charming, as I hope to live! By Jove, this is just as I wish'd!

Pamela, said Lady Davers, speak your true heart without disguise; I charge you.

Why then, my lord; why then, ladies, said J, if I *must* speak on a subject, upon which, on several accounts, it would become me to be silent, I should be *against* the title: but perhaps my reason is of too private a nature, to weigh any thing; and if so, it would not become me to have any choice at all.

They all called upon me for a reason. Looking down, it is this, said I—Mr. B. has disparag'd himself by distinguishing, as he has done, a person of low degree; and the world will be apt to say, he is seeking to repair *one way* the honour he has lost *another*; and then, perhaps, all will be attributed to *my* pride and ambition. The proud cottager, perhaps it will be said, wants to be a lady, in hopes to conceal her descent; whereas, had I such a vain thought, it would be but making it the more remember'd. And, indeed, as to my own part, I take too much pride in having been raised into distinction, for the *causes* to which I owe it, (Mr. B.'s *bounty* and *generosity*) to be ashamed of what I *was*.

Mr. B. had hardly patience to hear me out. He came to me, and folding his arms about me, said, just as I wish'd, have you answer'd, my Pamela: I was never once, no not once, deceiv'd in you. Then turning to Lady C., and Lord and Lady Davers, do we want titles, think you, to make us happy? And, as he always honours me most in company, he pressed my hand with his lips; while his fine manner drew tears from my eyes, and made also those of his noble sister and Lady C. glisten.

Where, as my brother once said, gottest thou all this? said Lady Davers. Then humourously, as if she were angry, she changed her tone, what signify thy *meek* words, and *humble* speeches, when by thy *actions* as well as *sentiments*, thou reflectest upon us all! Pamela, said she, have less merit, or take care to conceal it better: I shall otherwise have no patience with thee, than thy monarch has just now shewn.

Lady C. was pleased to say, you are indeed a happy couple: let me, Mr. B., repeat four lines, made by Sir William Davenant upon a lady, who could not possibly deserve them so much as yours does:

She ne'er saw courts; but courts could have out-done,
 With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart:
 Her nets the most prepar'd could never shun;
 For *nature* spread them in the scorn of *art*.

But, my dear Miss Darnford, was not the reason for the answer I gave so obvious, that one in my circumstances could not have miss'd it?

My father and mother, my dear Miss Darnford, may approve of this mixture of self-praise, folly, and impertinence: but can you? Let me know. I must write on, however, for their sakes. If you command me to send such scrawl to you, and you can be pleased with it, must I not think myself under obligation to your patience? and that your partiality is little less than that of my parents, to your ever affectionate P. B.

LETTER LXII.

Thursday Morning, Six o'clock.

OUR conversation yesterday at breakfast (at which only Mrs. Worden, my Lady Davers's woman, and my Polly, attended) was so whimsically particular that I cannot help writing, as you, my dear Miss Darnford, are desirous to know all that relates to Lady Davers's behaviour to me.

Let me, in the first place, acquaint you, that I have the honour already to stand very high in the graces of Lord Davers, who, on every occasion, is pleased to call me his *good sister*, his *dear sister*, and sometimes his *charming sister*; and he tells me, he will not be out of my company for an hour together, while he stays here, if he can help it.

Lady Davers seems to relish this very well in the main, though she can not quite so readily, yet, frame her mouth to the sound of the word *sister*, as my lord does; of which I will give you an instance.

His lordship had called me by that tender name twice before and saying, I will drink another dish, I think, my *good sister*; my lady said, your lordship has got a word by the end, that you seem mighty fond of: you have called Pamela, *sister, sister, sister*, no less than three times in a quarter of an hour.

My lord looking a little serious: I shall one day, said he, be allow'd to choose my *own* words and phrases, I hope: your sister, Mr. B., added he, often questions whether I am at age or not, tho' the House of Peers made so scruple of admitting me among them some years ago.

Mr. B., with a smiling air, said, it is well Lady Davers has for a husband a man whose affectionate indulgence to her, makes him overlook all her saucy sallies. When your lordship took her (forgive me, my dear sister) out of our family into your own, we all thought ourselves bound to pray for you.

I thought this a great trial of her ladyship's patience: but it was from Mr. B. And she said, with a half-pleasant, half-serious air, none but my brother could have said this, whose violent spirit was always much less tolerable than mine: but I can tell you, Mr. B., I was always thought very good-humour'd, and obliging to every body, till your confidence came from your travels, and then, I own, your provoking ways made me now and then a little blamable.

We will have no more of this subject, Lady Davers, just now, said Mr. B., for fear it should not be to the credit of either. Yet I should be glad that my Lord Davers wanted not his proper authority with you, altho' you used to keep me in awe formerly.

Keep *you* in awe! That nobody could ever do yet, boy or man. But, my lord, I beg your pardon, but this brother will make mischief betwixt us, if he can. I only took notice of the word *sister* so often us'd, which look'd more like affectation than affection.

Perhaps, Lady Davers, said my lord, gravely, I have two reasons for using the word so frequently.

I should be glad to hear them, said she, with an air a little taunting. I don't doubt but they are mighty good ones. What are they, my lord?

One is, because I am fond of my new relation : the other, that you are so sparing of the word, that I call her so for us both.

Your lordship is very good, reply'd Mr. B., smiling ; but Lady Davers can give two reasons why she does *not*.

Let us hear them likewise, Mr. B., said her ladyship : I doubt not but they are wise ones too.

One is, that every *condescension*, to speak in a proud lady's dialect, comes with as much difficulty from her, as a favour from the house of Austria to the petty princes of Germany. The second, because many of your sex, (excuse me, madam, to Lady C.) who have once adopted a particular conduct, choose rather to persist in an error, than own it to be one.

I was in pain to see the jest carried so far, but it became not me to speak in so tender a case. I remember'd what it once cost me interfering between this brother and sister, and I saw Mr. B. seemed a little displeas'd with my lady's treatment of me.

Lady Davers frown'd at her brother, but turn'd it off with an air : I love the mistress of this house, said she, very well ; and am quite reconcil'd to her : but methinks there is such a hissing sound in the word *sister*, that I cannot endure it. It is a true *English* word, but a word I have not been used to, having never had a *sis-s-s-ter* before, as you know. Speaking the first syllable of the word with an emphatical hiss.

Mr. B. said, observe you not, Lady Davers, that you used a word (to avoid that) which had twice the hissing in it, that *sister* has ; and that was, *mis-s-s-tress*, with two other hissing words to accompany it, of this-s-s-hous-s-s-e : but to what childish follies does not pride make even discretion stoop ! Excuse, madam (to Lady C.) such poor conversation as this.

O sir, replied her ladyship, the conversation is very diverting ; and I think, Lady Davers, you are fairly caught.

Well, said my lady, then help me, good *sis-ter*, there's for you ! to a little sugar. Will that please, you, sir.

I am always pleas'd, answer'd her brother, smiling, when Lady Davers acts up to her own character, and the good sense she is mistress of.

Ay, ay, return'd she, my brother, like other wise men, takes it for granted, that it is a mark of good sense to approve of whatever *he* does. And I will leave off, while I have his good word. Only one thing I must say to you, my dear, turning to me, that though I call you Pamela, and Pamela, as I please, I do assure you, I love you as well as if I called you *sister*, *sister*, as Lord Davers does, at every word.

Your ladyship gives me high delight by this kind assurance ; and I don't doubt but I shall have the honour of being called by that tender name, if I can be so happy as to deserve it ; and I will lose no opportunity that shall be afforded me, to show how sincerely I will endeavour to do so.

She held out her hand to me : I put mine in it : My dear girl, said she, kindly pressing it, you deserve every thing : and permit me to say Pamela sometimes, as the word occurs ; for I am not used to speak in print ; and I will call you *sister* when I think of it, and love you as well as ever sister loved sister.

These proud and passionate folks, said Mr. B., how good they can be, when they reflect a little on what becomes their characters !

So then, rejoin'd her ladyship, I am to have no merit of my own, do what I will. This is not quite so generous in my brother, as one might have expected.

Is it deserving of great praise, my dear Lady Davers, that you think fit to own for a sister, so deserving a woman as this, whom I take pride in calling my wife?

Thou art what thou always wert, return'd my lady; and were I to want an excuse for my imputed pride, and it were more than imputed, I know not the creature living that ought so soon to make it for me, as thee.

I do excuse you, said he; and for *that* very reason, if you please: but it little becomes either your pride or mine, to do any thing that wants excuse.

Mighty moral! mighty grave truly!—Pamela, friend, sister, (now I hope I am right!) thou art a happy creature to have made such a reformation in thy honest man's way of *thinking*, as well as *acting*. But now we are upon this topic, and none but friends about us, I am resolved to be even with you, Mr. B. Jackey, if you are not for another dish, I wish you would withdraw. Polly Barlow, we don't want you. Worden, you may stay. Mr. H. withdrew; and Polly obeyed. You must know, my dear, that my Lady Davers will have none of the men-fellows, as she calls them, to attend upon us at tea; and I cannot but say I think her entirely in the right, for several reasons that might be given; especially in cases where conversation is likely to take a free or familiar turn.

When they were withdrawn, her ladyship repeated, Now we are upon this topic of reclaiming and reformation, tell me, bold wretch; for you know I have seen all your rogueries in Pamela's papers; tell me, if ever rake but thyself made such an attempt (excuse me, Pamela) as thou didst, in the presence of a virtuous woman; of Mrs. Jervis I mean. As to the other vile creature Jewkes, it is less wonder, altho' in *that* thou hadst the impudence of him who set thee at work.

He seemed a little disconcerted, and said, Surely, surely, Lady Davers, this is going too far! Look at Pamela's blushing face, and down-cast eye, and wonder at yourself for this question, as much as you do at me for the actions you speak of.

My dear Mrs. B., said Lady C., I wonder not at this sweet confusion on so affecting a question; but since it has been put, I must say, Mr. B., that we have all, and my daughters too, wonder'd at this, because, sir, we thought you one of the most civiliz'd gentlemen in England, and that you could not but wish to have saved appearances at least.

Tho' this, my Pamela, said Mr. B., must be to *you* the renewal of griefs; yet hold up your dear face. You may, the triumph was yours; the shame and the blushes ought to be mine. And I will humour my strange, strange sister, and answer every question she puts to me.

Nay, said Lady Davers, you know the question; I cannot put it stronger.

Indeed you cannot, reply'd he. But what would you have me say? Do you expect I should give you a *reason*?

I think my brother is too hardly used, said Lord Davers; he has made all the amends he could make; and *you*, my sister (to me) who were the person offended, have forgiven him, I hope. Have you not?

I could not answer, and made a motion to withdraw: but Mr. B. said, don't go, my dear: tho' I ought to be asham'd of an action set before me in so full a glare, in presence of Lord Davers and Lady C., yet I will not have you stir, because I forget how you represented it, and you must tell me.

Indeed, sir, I cannot, said I. Pray, my dear ladies, my good lord, and dear sir, do not, by proceeding on the subject, *renew my griefs*, as you just now very justly expressed yourself.

I have the representation of that scene in my pocket, said Lady Davers; for I was resolv'd, as I told Lady Betty, to shame the wicked wretch with it, the first opportunity I had; and I will read it to you: or, rather, you shall read it yourself, sir, if you can.

She pulled those leaves out of her pocket, wrapp'd up carefully in a paper. Here,—But, I believe, he who could act thus, must read it; and, to spare Pamela's confusion, read it to yourself; for we all know how it was.

I think, said he, taking the papers, I can say something that will abate the heinousness of this heavy charge, or else I should not stand thus at the insolent bar of my sister, answering interrogatories so extraordinary.

I send you a transcript of the charge.—You will say, my dear, he was indeed a wicked man.

Mr. B. read this to himself, and said, This is a dark affair, as it is here stated; but readers of it, who were not determined at all events to condemn me, might surely have made a more favourable construction for me, than you, Lady Davers, have done, in the strong light in which you have set this heinous matter before us.

However, since all seem to expect, that I shall particularly answer to the black charge, I will, at a proper time, if it will be agreeable, give you a brief history of my passion for this dear girl, and my own struggles with it: and this will introduce, with some little advantage to myself perhaps, what I have to say; and at the same time enable you the better to account for some facts which you have read in the papers of my amiable accuser.

This pleased every one, and they begg'd him to begin *then*: but he said, the morning being advanc'd, if no company came in, he would, in the afternoon, give them the desired particulars.

The three gentlemen rode out, and returned just time enough to dress before dinner; and the two ladies also took an airing in the chariot. Just as they returned, compliments came from several of the neighbouring ladies to our noble guests, on their arrival in these parts: and to as many as sent, Lady Davers desir'd their companies for to-morrow in the afternoon, to drink tea: but Mr. B. having fallen in with some of the gentlemen likewise, he told me, we should have most of our visiting neighbours at dinner.

And then Lord and Lady Davers, and Lady C. reviv'd the subject of the morning; and Mr. B. was pleased to begin in the manner I shall mention by-and-by. For here I am obliged to break off.

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, I will proceed.

“I need not, said Mr. B., observe to any body who knows what love is, (or rather that violent passion which we mad young fellows are apt to miscall love) what mean things it puts one upon; how it unmans, and levels with the dust, the proudest spirit. In the sequel of my story you will observe several instances of this truth.

“I began very early to take notice of this lovely girl, even when she was hardly thirteen years old; for her charms increased every day, not only in my eye, but in the eyes of every one who beheld her. My mother, as *you*, Lady Davers, know, took the greatest delight in her, always calling her, her Pamela, her good child: in short, her waiting-maid, and her

cabinet of curiosities, were her boast, and equally shewn to every visitor : for, besides her fine figure, and genteel air, she had a surprising memory, a judgment above her years, and a docility so happy, that my mother crowded instruction upon her, and finding that she had both an ear and a voice, scrupled not to have her likewise taught to dance, to sing, and to play on the harpsichord ; and she equally surpris'd her lady and her masters by her daily improvement.

“ I remember once, my mother praising her girl before me, and my aunt B., (who is since dead) What, said I, do you design, madam, to do *with*, or to do *for*, this Pamela of yours ? The accomplishments you give her will set her so much above her degree, that what you intend as a kindness, may prove her ruin.

“ My aunt join'd with me, and spoke in a still stronger manner against giving her so genteel an education ; and added, as I well remember, Surely, sister, you do wrong. One would think, if one knew not my nephew's discreet pride, that you design her for something more than your own waiting-maid.

“ Ah ! sister, said the old lady, there is no fear of what you hint at : his family pride, and haughty temper, will secure my son : he has too much of his father in him. — And as for Pamela, you know not the girl. She has always in her thoughts, and in her mouth too, her parents' mean condition ; and tho' they are honest folks, and deserve well, I will do nothing for *them* at present, because I will keep the girl humble.

“ But what can I do with the little baggage ? continued my mother : she conquers every thing so fast, and has such a thirst after knowledge (and the more she knows, I verily think, the humbler she is,) that I cannot help letting go, as my son, when a little boy, used to do to his kite, as fast as she pulls ; and to what height she'll soar, I cannot tell.

“ I intended, proceeded the good lady, at first, only to make her mistress of some fine needleworks, to qualify her (as she has a delicacy in her person that makes it a pity she should ever be put to hard work) for a genteel place : but she masters that so fast, that now, as my daughter is marry'd, and gone from me, I am desirous to qualify her to divert and entertain me in my thoughtful hours : and were *you*, sister, to know what she is capable of, and how diverting her innocent prattle is to me, and her natural simplicity, which I encourage her to preserve amidst all she learns, you would not wonder, nor my son neither, at the pleasure I take in her. — Shall I call her in ?

“ I do not want, said I, to have the girl called in : if you, madam, are diverted with her, that is enough. To be sure Pamela is a better companion for a lady, than a monkey or a harlequin : but I fear you will set her above herself, and make her vain and pert ; the consequence of which may be, that in order to support her pride, she may give way to temptations which otherwise she might escape.

“ I am glad to hear this from my *son*, reply'd the good lady. But the moment I see my favour alters her manners, I will take other measures.

“ Well, thought I to myself, I want only to conceal my views from your penetrating eye, my good mother ; and I shall one day take as much delight in your girl, and her accomplishments, as you now do : go on, therefore, and improve her as fast as you will. I will only now-and-then talk against her, to blind you ; and doubt not that all you bestow upon her, will qualify her the better for my purpose. Only, thought I, fly swiftly on, two or three more tardy years, and I'll nip this bud by the time it be-

gins to open, and place it in my bosom for a year or two at least; for so long, if the girl behaves worthy of her present education, I doubt not, she will be new to me. Excuse me, ladies, excuse me, Lord Davers, for the sake of my ingenuousness."

I will, as little as possible, my dear Miss Darnford, interrupt this affecting narration, by mentioning my own emotions, and the exclamations of the ladies, as he proceeded.

"Accordingly, continued Mr. B., I went on dropping hints against her; and whenever I met her, in the passages about the house, or in the garden, I avoided looking at her, or speaking to her, as she pass'd me, court'sying, and putting on a thousand bewitching airs of obligingness and reverence. The best way, thought I, to demolish the influence of such an education, will be to avoid alarming her fears on one hand, or familiarizing myself to her on the other, till I come to strike the blow. I therefore affected to look haughty and reserved, and passed by her with a stiff nod, at most. Or, if I spoke, how does your lady this morning, girl? I hope she rested well last night. Then, cover'd with blushes, and court'sying at every word, as if she thought herself unworthy of answering my questions, she would trip away, as soon as she had spoken, in a kind of hurry and confusion. And once I heard her say to Mrs. Jervis, My young master spoke to me, and called me by my name, saying, how slept your lady last night, Pamela! was not that very good, Mrs. Jervis?—Ay, thought I, I am in the right way, I find: this will do in proper time. Go on, my dear mother, improving as fast as you will: I will engage to pull down in three hours what you will be building up in as many years, in spite of all the lessons you can teach her.

"It is enough for me, that I am establishing in you, ladies, and in you, my lord, a higher esteem for my Pamela, (I am but too sensible I shall lose a good deal of my own reputation) in the relation I am now giving you. Every one but my mother, who, however, had no high opinion of her son's virtue, used to look upon me as a rake; and I got the name, not very much to my credit, you will say, as well abroad as in *England*, of *the sober rake*;—some would say *the genteel rake*; nay, some pretty hearts, that have smarted for their good opinion, have called me *the handsome rake*;—nor was I very much offended at the character; for, thought I, if a lady knows this, and will come into my company, half the ceremony between us is over; and if she *calls* me so, I shall have an excellent excuse to punish her freedom, by greater of my own.

"Too many were the enormities I was guilty of. I had always, as my sister Davers will be ready enough to tell you, a bold heart—"

Ah, said Lady Davers, that's too true; and many a roguery have I kept from my poor mother, for her own sake—

—"And chose rather to court a danger, proceeded he, than to avoid it: but at last, having by a certain very daring attempt, in which however I did not succeed, set a hornet's nest about my ears, which I began to apprehend would sting me to death; (for I once, on that occasion, escap'd an ambush, by dint of mere good luck) I thought it right to remove the seat of my warfare into another kingdom, and to be a little more discreet for the future in my amours. I went accordingly a second time to France, and passed a twelvemonth there in the best company, and with some improvement as well of my morals as understanding; and had very few sallies, there, considering my love of intrigue, and the ample means I had to

prosecute successfully all the devices of my head, and the wishes of my heart.

“When I return’d, several matches were proposed to me, and my mother often requested me to make her so happy, as she call’d it, as to see me marry’d before she dy’d : but I could not endure the thoughts of the state ; for I had never then seen a woman whose temper and education I liked, or with whom I thought I could live tolerably. She used in vain therefore to plead family reasons to me : and as I found her Pamela, on my return, greatly improv’d, as well in person as behaviour, I had the less inducement either to renew my intriguing life, or to think of a marry’d state, being determin’d in my mind, to gain the girl, on more fashionable conditions. And in doing that, such was my depravity, I thought I should live a reformed life. Nor was I at that time at all solicitous whether my name was continued or not by my own descendants.

“The better to effect my design, I proceeded in my former course. I affected great disregard for her to my mother, and great reserve and even haughtiness to the girl herself, for I doubted not my looks would be watched by them both ; and what the one discover’d would not be a secret to the other : and were I to lay myself open to a too early suspicion, what would that do, thought I, but ice the girl over, and make her lady more watchful ?

“Once, indeed, my mother, on my looking after her, as she went out of the room, said, Ah, my son, I don’t like your eye following my girl so intently. Only I know that she is a good girl, and that you have generosity, or I should have some fear for my Pamela, as she grows older.

“My eye follow such a girl as that, madam ! No, indeed ! she may be your favourite, as a waiting maid ; but I see nothing but clumsy court’sies in her, and awkward airs about her. A little rustick affectation of innocence, that to such as cannot see into her, may pass well enough.

“Nay, my dear, reply’d my mother, do not say *that*, of all things : she has no affectation, I am sure.

“She has, in my eye, madam ; and I will tell you how it comes about : you have taught her to assume the airs of a gentlewoman, to dance, and to enter a room with a grace ; and yet bid her keep her low birth and family in remembrance : and between the one character, which she wants to get into, and the other she dares not get out of, she trips up and down mincingly, and knows not how to set her feet ; it is the same in every gesture ; her arms she knows not whether to swim with, or to hold before her ; nor whether to hold her head up or down ; and so does neither, but hangs it on one side ; a little awkward medley of formality and affectation, I think her. And indeed, madam, you would do the girl more kindness to put her into your dairy, than to keep her about your person ; for she will be utterly spoil’d, I doubt, for any useful purpose.

“Ah ! son ! said she, I fear, by your description, you have observed her too much in one sense, tho’ not enough in another. It is not my intention to recommend her to your notice, of all men. I doubt not, if it please God I live, and she continues to be a good girl, but she will make a man of some middling, genteel business very happy.

“Pamela came in just then, with an air so natural, so humble, and yet so much above herself, that I was forc’d to turn my head from her, lest my mother should watch my eye again, and lest I should be inclin’d to do her that justice, which my heart assented to, but which my lips had just before deny’d her.

“All this time, I had not so much apprehension of difficulty from the girl’s virtue, as I had from my mother’s vigilance. For thought I, I see by the delicacy of her person, the brilliancy of her eye, and the sweet apprehensiveness that plays about every feature of her face, that she must have tinder enough in her constitution, to catch a well struck spark; and I doubt not to be able to set her in a blaze, in a few months more.”

What a wicked wretch was he then, my dear Miss Darnford! thank God, he was mistaken in the girl!

“Yet I wanted, as I pass’d by her, proceeded he, to catch her attention too: I expected her to turn after me, with looks of a beginning likening; for, you must know, I had a great opinion of my person and air, which had been fortunately distinguish’d by ladies, whom, of course, my vanity made me allow to be very good judges of these outward advantages.

“But, to my great disappointment, Pamela never, by any favourable glance, gave the least encouragement to my vanity. Can it be, thought I, that this girl has nothing ethereal in her mould? can she who by her appearance promises so much, be all unanimated clay? but if so, the dancing and singing airs my mother is teaching her, will better qualify her in time, and another year will ripen her into my arms. I will go on in the path I am in, and make her *fear* me: that will inhanche in her mind every favour I shall afterwards vouchsafe to shew her; I have no question, thought I, but the man *without*, and the tempter *within*, will be too many for the perversest nicety that ever the sex boasted.

“Hitherto my mind was taken up with the beauties of her person only. My eye had drawn my heart after it, without giving itself any trouble about that sense and judgment which my mother was always praising in her Pamela, as exceeding her years, and opportunities: but an occasion happen’d, which, tho’ slight in itself, made me think highly of her understanding: it was this:

“Being with my mother in her closet, who was talking to me on the old subject, *matrimony*, I saw Pamela’s common-place book, in which, by her lady’s direction, from time to time, she had transcribed from the Bible, and other good books, such passages as made most impression upon her, at the time she read them. A method, I take it, my dear, *turning to me*, that was of great service to you, as it initiated you into writing with that freedom and ease, which shine in your saucy letters and journals;” and to which my present letters are not a little owing.

“I observ’d the girl wrote a pretty hand, and very swift and free: and affixed her points, or stops, with judgment. Some of her observations likewise upon several of the passages, were so just and solid, that I could not help being tacitly surpris’d at them.

“My mother watch’d my eye, and was silent: I seem’d not to observe that she did; and after a while, laying down the book, shut it, with great indifference, and talk’d of another subject.

“Don’t you think Pamela writes a pretty hand, Mr. B.? said my mother.

“I did not mind it much, said I, with a careless air. This is *her* writing, is it? taking the book, and opening it again, at a place of scripture. The girl is mighty pious, said I.

“I wish you were so, child.

“I wish so too, madam, if it would please *you*.

“I wish so for your *own* sake, my dear.

“So do I, madam. And down I laid the book again, very carelessly.

“Turn to one of Pamela’s observations on some text, said my mother.

“I did; and was pleased with it more than I would own. The girl is well enough, said I, for what she is; but let us see what she will be a few years hence. Then will be the trial.

“She will be always good, I doubt not.

“So much the better for her.—But cannot we talk of any other subject than this foolish girl?

“I had now a higher opinion of Pamela than I had before; and esteem’d her more worthy of my attempts: the girl, thought I, has natural good sense; and it will be some pleasure to watch by what gradations she may be made to rise into love, and a higher life, than that to which she was born. In time she will so improve that I shall not be ashamed to own her for my mistress; a high degree of preferment for her, as I then thought; and what I had hardly, till then, deem’d her worthy of.

“I made a tour soon after this, in company of some friends, which took us up six or eight months. On my return, I found my mother in a very indifferent state of health; but her Pamela arriv’d to a height of beauty, that exceed’d all my expectations. I was so much taken with her charms, the first time I saw her after my return, which was in the garden, with a book in her hand, just come out of a little summer-house, that I then thought of obliging her to go back again, in order to begin a parley with her: but while I was resolving, she tript away, with her courtesies and reverences, and was out of my sight before I could determine.

“I was resolv’d, however, not to be long without her; and Mrs. Jewkes having been recommend’d to me a little before, by a brother-rake, as a woman of try’d fidelity, I ask’d her, if she would be faithful, if I should have occasion to commit a pretty girl to her care?

“She hop’d, she said, it would be with the lady’s own consent, and she should make no scruple of obeying me.

“I then meditated to way-lay the girl, and carry her first to a little village in *Northamptonshire*, to an acquaintance of Mrs. Jewkes’s. And when I had brought her to be easy and pacify’d a little, I design’d that Jewkes should attend her to *Lincolnshire*: for I knew there was no coming at her here, under my mother’s wing, by her own consent; and to offer terms to her, if not accepted, would be to blow up my project all at once. Besides, I was sensible, that Mrs. Jervis would stand in the way of my proceedings, as well as my mother.

“The method I had contriv’d, was quite easy, as I imagin’d, and such as could not have fail’d to answer my purpose, as to carrying her off; and I doubt’d not of making her well satisfy’d in her good fortune very quickly; for, having a notion of her dutiful regard to her parents, I doubt’d not that I could make the terms very acceptable to them all.

“What most stood in my way, was my mother’s fondness for her: but, on the supposition, that I had got her favourite into my hands, I had actually form’d a letter for her to transcribe, acknowledging a love-affair, and laying her withdrawing herself so privately, to the implicit obedience she ow’d to her husband’s commands, to whom she was marry’d that morning, and who, being a young man of a genteel family, and dependent on his friends, was desirous of keeping his marriage a secret; and begging, on that account, her lady not to divulge it, so much as to Mrs. Jervis.

“To make her to be supposed voluntary flight the more probable, I came in one night, and examin’d all the servants, and Mrs. Jervis, the latter in my mother’s hearing, about a genteel young man, whom I pre-

tended to find with a pillion on the horse he rode upon, waiting about the back-door of the garden, for somebody to come to him; and who rode off, as fast as he could, when I came up to the door.

“They were much surprised at what I told them : but I begg’d Pamela might be watch’d, and that no one would say anything to her about it.

“My mother said she had two reasons not to speak of it to Pamela : one, to oblige me; the other and chief, because it would break the poor girl’s heart to be suspected. Poor child ! said she, whither can she go, to be so happy as with me ? There is nobody comes after her : she receives no letters, but now-and-then one from her father and mother, and those she shews me.

“It would indeed be strange, replied I, if she had formed any scheme to leave so good a mistress : but you cannot be *sure* all the letters she receives are from her father ; and her shewing to you, madam, those she writes looks like a cloak to others she may receive from another hand. But it can be no harm to have an eye upon her. You do not know, madam, what tricks there are in the world.

“Indeed I do not ; but this I know, that the girl, well as I love her, shall be under no restraint, if she inclines to leave me.

“Mrs. Jervis said she would have an eye upon Pamela, in obedience to my command ; but she was sure there was no need ; nor would she so much wound the poor child’s peace as to mention the matter to her.

“This I suffered to blow off, and seem’d to my mother to have so good an opinion of her Pamela, that I was sorry, as I told her, I had had such a surmise : saying that, tho’ the fellow and the pillion were an odd circumstance, yet I dared to say there could be nothing in it ; for I doubted not the girl’s duty and gratitude, as well as her regard to her own interest, would hinder her from doing a foolish or rash thing.

“My mother said she was glad I was not an enemy to the poor child. Pamela has no friend but me, continued the good lady ; and if I do not provide for her, I shall (as you and your aunt B. have often said) have done her more harm than good in the education I have given her : and yet the poor girl, I see that, added she, would not be backward to turn her hand to any thing, for the sake of an honest livelihood, were she put to it ; which, if it please God to spare me, and she continue good, she never shall be.

“I wonder not, Pamela, at your tears on this occasion : your lady was an excellent woman, and deserved this tribute to her memory. All my pleasure now is, that she knew not half my wicked pranks, and that I did not vex her worthy heart in the prosecution of this scheme ; which would have given me a severe sting, since I might have apprehended, with too much reason, that I had shortened her days by the knowledge of the one and the other.

“I had this in readiness every thing necessary for the execution of my project : but my mother’s ill state of health gave me too much concern to permit me to proceed. And, now-and-then, as my frequent attendance upon her in her illness gave me an opportunity of observing more and more of the girl, and her affectionate duty to her mistress (for I found her frequently on her knees, in tears, praying for her recovery), I was moved to pity her : and often did I, while those scenes of my mother’s illness were before me, resolve to conquer, if possible, my passion ; and I was much concerned to find it a more difficult task than I imagined : for, till now, I thought I was but gratifying my usual love of intrigue, and that I could

lay aside my schemes whenever I pleased, without any considerable uneasiness to myself.

“ But I found I was greatly mistaken ; for I had insensibly brought myself to admire her in every thing she said or did ; and there was so much gracefulness, humility, and innocence in her whole behaviour ; and I saw so many affecting scenes between her lady and her, that I found I could not master my esteem for her.

“ My mother’s recovery becoming hopeless, she having settled all her greater affairs, talked to me of her servants.

“ Make Mrs. Jervis, my dear son, said she, as happy as you can : she is a gentlewoman born, you know ; let her always be treated as such : but, for your own sake, do not make her independent ; for then you will want a faithful manager. Yet, if you marry, and your lady should not value her as she deserves, allow her a competency for the rest of her life, and let her live as she pleases.

“ As for my Pamela, I hope you will be her protector—I hope you will !—she is a good girl : I love her next to you and your dear sister. She is just arrived at a trying time of life. I do not know what to wish for her. I had design’d, if any man of a genteel calling should offer, to have given her a little pretty portion : but now if she should carry what you give her to her poor parents, they are so unhappily involved, that a little matter would do nothing for them, and the poor girl might be to seek again. Perhaps Lady Davers will take her. But I wish she were not so pretty. She will be likely to be the bird for which some wicked fowler will spread his snares ; nor would every lady chuse to have such a waiting-maid. You are a young man, and, I am afraid, not better than you should be : tho’ I hope my Pamela would not be in danger from her master, who owes to all his servants protection, as much as a king does to his subjects. Yet I do not know how to wish her to stay with you, for your own reputation’s sake, my dear son ; since the world will censure as it lists. Would to God ! said she, the poor girl had the small-pox in a mortifying manner : she would be lovely enough in the genteelness of her person, and the excellencies of her mind ; and more out of danger of suffering from the transient beauties of countenance ! Yet I think, added she, she might be safe and happy under Mrs. Jervis’s care ; and if you marry, and your lady parts with Mrs. Jervis, let them go together, and live as they like. I think that will be best for both. You have a generous spirit : I will not direct you in the sum. But, my dear son, remember that I am the less concerned that I have not done for the poor girl myself, because I depend upon you : the manner how fitly to provide for her has made me defer it till now, that I have so much more important concerns on my hands ; life and strength ebbing so fast, that I am hardly fit for any thing, or to wish for any thing, but to receive the last releasing mercy.”

Here he stopped, in some emotion. We were all still more affected.

“ You will too naturally think, my lord, and you, my good ladies, resumed he, that the mind must be truly diabolical that could break thro’ the regards due to the solemn injunctions and recommendations of a dying parent. They did hold me a good while ; and as fast as I found any emotions of a contrary nature rise in my breast, I endeavoured for some time to suppress them, and to think and act as I ought : but the bewitching girl every day rose in her charms upon me : and, finding she was continually at her pen and ink, I could not help entertaining a jealousy that she was

prosecuting a love affair, and meanly watching her motions. And seeing her once put a letter she had just folded up, into her bosom, at my entrance into my mother's dressing-room, I took it from her. How charming was her confusion ! I was highly pleased to find her letter contained nothing but innocence and duty to the deceased mistress and the living parents, and her joy that in the midst of her grief for losing the one she was not obliged to return to be a burden to the other. I gave it her again, with words of encouragement.

“ But when I reflected upon the simplicity of her style, and the goodness of her heart, I was still more in love with her, and form'd a stratagem to come at her other letters, which I sent forward, after I had read them, detaining only three or four, when my plot began to ripen for execution ; altho' she was most abominably free with my character to her father and mother.

“ You will censure me, no doubt, that my mother's injunctions made not a more lasting impression upon me. But really I struggled hard with myself to give them their due force : but her letters were but so many links to the chains she had bound me in ; and tho' once I had resolv'd that she should go to Lady Davers, and you, madam, had an intention to take her, I could not for my life part with her ; and thinking better at that time of the state of keeping, as it is called, than I have done since, I could not persuade myself (since I intended to do as handsomely by her as ever man did in the like case) but that I should do more generously for her than my mother had wished me to do, and by that means *more* than answer her dying recommendation of her girl. Nor could I imagine I should have met with the resistance from her which I did meet with ; and which I had seldom encounter'd from her superiors. Indeed it confounded me in all the notions I had of her sex ; for I had supposed that the most virtuous of women would be unable to hold out against *importunity* and *opportunity*. This notion, ladies, is an article of a rake's creed.

“ Sometimes I admired her for her virtue ; at other times, impetuous in my temper, and unused to controul, I could have beat her. She well, I remember, describes the tumult of my soul when she repeats what once passed between us in words like these : ‘ Take the little witch from me, Mrs. Jervis.—I can neither bear nor forbear her.—But stay—you shall not go—Yet begone !—No, come back again. ’—She thought I was mad, I remember she says in her papers. Indeed I was, at that instant, little less.

“ She says, ‘ I took her arm, and gripp'd it black and blue, to bring her back again ; and then sat down and look'd at her as silly as such a poor girl as she !’

“ Well did the dear creature describe the passion I struggled with ; and no one can conceive how much my pride made me despise myself at times, for the little actions my love for her put me upon, and yet to find that love increasing every day.

“ Sometimes I soothed her, sometime threatened her : but never met I in woman a fortitude equal to her's. And her shining humility always took place again, the moment that her fears gave way to her hopes of a juster treatment.

“ Then I would think it impossible, that such a girl as this, cottage-born, who owed every thing to my family, and had an absolute dependence upon

my generosity ; myself not despicable in person ; she unprejudic'd in any man's favour. Shall such a girl as *this* awe me by her rigid virtue ? She shall not.

"Then would I resolve to be more in earnest. Yet love was a traitor to me : that was more faithful to *her* than to *me* : mine had more honour in it at bottom, than I had designed it should have.

"To what numberless mean things did not this unmanly passion subject me ? I used to watch for her letters, tho' mere chit-chat ; receiv'd them with burning impatience, and read them with delight, tho' myself was accused in them, and stigmatiz'd as I deserv'd.

"I would listen meanly at her chamber-door ; try to overhear her little conversations. I lost my dignity among my servants : a party was made in her favour against me, in which every one joined but those whom my money corrupted : nor had even that force enough to keep my partisans steady to my interest ; so greatly did the virtue of the servant triumph over the machinations of the master, when engaged and confirmed by such an example !

"After several endeavours of a smooth and a rough nature, in which my devil constantly fail'd me, and her good angel prevail'd, I had talk'd to Mrs. Jervis to induce the girl (to whom, in hopes of frightening her, I had given warning, but which she rejoic'd to take, to my great disappointment) to desire to stay ; and suspecting Mrs. Jervis play'd me booty, and rather confirmed her in her coyness, and her desire of leaving me, I was mean enough to conceal myself in the closet in Mrs. Jervis's room, in order to overhear their private conversation.

"But, Pamela, not knowing I was there, began such a bewitching dialogue with Mrs. Jervis, who, I found, had but ill kept my secret, that I never was at such a loss what to resolve upon. One while I wish'd myself, unknown to them, out of the closet into which my inconsiderate passion had meanly led me ; another time I was incens'd at the freedom with which I heard myself treated : but then, rightly considering, that I had no business to hearken to their private conversation, and that it was such as became *them*, while I ought to have been ashamed to have given occasion for it, I excus'd them both, and admir'd still more and more the virtuous prattler.

"When, indeed, I found myself detected ; when they would not give over their screaming ; I thought only of making as good a retreat as I could, and to save myself from being expos'd to my whole family : nor was I guilty of any freedoms, which her unaffrighted modesty could reproach itself with having suffer'd ; on the contrary, her fainting fits gave *me* almost as great apprehensions as I could give *her*.

"Thus, ladies, and my lord, have I tediously, and little enough to my own reputation, told you more against myself, than any *one* person could accuse me of. Whatever redounds to the credit of my Pamela, redounds in part to my own ; I have the less, therefore, spared myself in the narration I have given you.

"Love, as I said before, subjects its inconsiderate votaries to innumerable meannesses ; and unlawful passion to many more. I could not live without this dear girl. I hated the thoughts of matrimony ; and to be brought to the stake by my mother's waiting-maid, forbid it, pride ! thought I ; forbid it, example ! forbid it, all my past ridicule, both on the state, and on those who descended to inequalities in it ! and, lastly, forbid it, my family spirit, so visible in Lady Davers, as well as in myself ; to whose

insults, and those of all the world, I shall be obnoxious, if I take such a step !

“ All this tends to demonstrate the strength of my passion : I could not conquer my love ; I therefore conquer'd a pride, which every one thought unconquerable ! and since I could not make an innocent heart vicious, I had the happiness to follow so good an example ; and by this means, a vicious heart is, I hope, become virtuous ; and I have the pleasure of rejoicing in the change, and hope I shall still more and more rejoice in it ; for I really look back with contempt upon my past follies ; and it is now a greater wonder to me, how I could act as I did, than that I should detest those courses, which, continued in, would have made me a curse, instead of a benefit, to society. Indeed I am not, yet, so pious as my Pamela : but her example will in time, make me, I hope, all she wishes me to be. And it is one good sign, that I can truly say, I delight in every instance that she gives of her piety and virtue : and now I will conclude my tedious narration with the poet ;

“ Our passions gone, and reason in her throne,
Amaz'd, we see the mischiefs we have done :
After a tempest, when the winds are laid,
The calm sea wonders at the wrecks it made.”

Thus ended my dear Mr. B. his affecting narrative ; which in the course of it gave me a thousand different emotions ; and made me often pray for him (as I constantly do), that God will entirely convert a heart so generous. And if I can but find him not deviate, when we go to *London*, I shall have great hopes, that nothing will affect his morals again.

But do not you observe what a dear good lady I had ? Blessings, a thousand blessings, on her memory ! Were I to live to see my children's children, they should be all taught to lisp her praises, before they could speak.

I will only observe further, as to this my third conversation-piece, that my Lord Davers offer'd to extenuate some parts of his brother-in-law's conduct, which he did not himself vindicate ; and Mr. B. was pleased to observe, that my lord was always very candid to him, and kind in his allowances for the follies of ungovernable youth. Upon which my lady said, a little smartly, yes, and for a very good reason, I doubt not : for who cares to condemn himself ?

But, my dear Miss Darnford, are not men strange creatures ? What can they think of themselves ? They say, there is not one virtuous man in five ! But I hope for our sex's sake, as well as for the world's sake, all is not true that evil fame reports ; for, you know, every man-trespasser must *find* or *make* a woman-trespasser ! And if so, what a world is this ! And how must the innocent suffer from the guilty ! Yet, how much better is it to suffer one's self, than to be the cause of another's suffering ?

I long to hear of you : I must shorten my future narrations, or I shall do nothing but write, and tire *you* into the bargain, tho' I cannot my father and mother. I am, my dear, and always will be, yours,
P. B.

LETTER LXIII.—MISS DARNFORD TO MRS. B.

EVERY post, my dear Mrs. B., you make us more and more admire and love you. I will gladly receive your letters upon your own terms : only when your worthy parents have perused them, be sure that I have them all again,

Go on, dear Mrs. B., with your journals, and let us know all that passes.

As to the state of matters with us ; having desired my father to allow me to decline Mr. Murray's addresses, the good man, who before lov'd me most violently, nay, could not live without me ; is trying to sit down satisfy'd without the foolish perverse girl, as my father calls me, and to transfer his affections to a worthier object, my sister *Nancy*. It would have made you smile to see how, a little while before he *directly* apply'd to her, she screw'd up her mouth to my mamma, and, truly, she would have none of her sister's leavings ; no, not she ! But no sooner did he declare himself in form, than the *gaudy wretch*, as he was before with her, became a *well-dressing man* ;—the *chattering magpie* (for he talks and laughs much) *quite conversible*,—and has something *agreeable* to say, upon *every subject*. Once, he would make a good master of the buck-hounds spoken in ridicule ; but now, really, the *more* one is in his company, the *more polite* one finds him.

Then, on his part,—indeed, he happened to see Miss Darnford first ; and, truly he could have thought himself very happy in so agreeable a young lady : yet there was always something of majesty (what a stately name is that for ill-nature !) in Miss Nanny ; something so awful, that while Miss Darnford engaged the affections at first sight, Miss Nanny struck a man with reverence ; insomuch that the one might be loved as a woman, but the other revered as something more—a *goddess*, no doubt !

I do but think, that when he comes to be lifted up to her celestial sphere, as her fellow constellation, what a figure *Nancy* and her *ursus major* will make together ; and how will they glitter and shine to the wonder of all beholders !

Then she must make a brighter appearance by far, and a more pleasing one too ; for why ? She has 6000 *satellites*, or little stars, in her train more than poor Polly can pretend to. Will there not be fine twinkling and sparkling, think you, when the greater and lesser bear-stars are joined together ?

But excuse me, dear Mrs. B., this saucy girl has vex'd me just now, by her ill-natur'd tricks ; and I having thus vented my spite, am even with her, tho' she knows nothing of the matter.

Imagine now, my dear friend, that you see Polly Darnford abandon'd by her own fault ; her father angry at her ; her mother pitying her, and calling her silly girl ; Mr. Murray, who is a rough lover, growling over his mistress, as a dog over a bone he fears to lose ; Miss Nancy, putting on her prudish pleasantry, and snarling out a kind word, and breaking thro' her sullen gloom, for a smile now and then in return ; and I laughing at both in my sleeve, and thinking, that in a while I shall get leave to attend you in town, and that will be better than twenty humble servants of Mr. Murray's cast ; or, if I cannot, that I shall have the pleasure of your correspondence here, and shall enjoy unrivalled the favour of my father and mother which this ill-temper'd girl is always envying me.

Forgive all this nonsense. I was willing to write something, tho' worse than nothing, to shew how desirous I would be to oblige you, had I capacity or subject, as you have. But nobody can love you better, or admire you more ; of this you may be assured, (however unequal in all other respects) than your

MARY DARNFORD,

LETTER LXIV.—THE JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Thursday, Friday Evening.

I AM retired my dearest Miss Darnford, from a very busy day, having had no less than fourteen of our neighbours, of both sexes, at dinner with us: the occasion, principally, to welcome our noble guests into these parts; Mr. B. having, as I mentioned in a former, turn'd the intended visit into an entertainment.

Our company was, the Earl and Countess of D. who are so fashionable a marry'd couple, that he made it his boast, and she bore it like one accustomed to such treatment, that he had not been in his lady's company out of his own house, an hour before for seven years. You know his character: every body does; and there is not a worse, as report says, in the peerage.

Sir Thomas Atkyns, a single man, not a little finical and ceremonious, and a mighty beau, tho' of the tawdry sort, and affecting foreign airs, as if he were afraid it would not be judg'd by any other mark, that he had travell'd.

Mr. Arthur, and his lady, a moderately happy couple, who seem always, when together, to behave as if they were upon a compromise; that is, that each would take it in turn to say free things of the other; tho' some of their freedoms are of so cutting a nature, that it looks as if they intended to divert the company at their own expense. The lady, being of a high family, takes great pains to let every one know, that she values herself not a little upon that advantage: but otherwise has many good qualities.

Mr. Brooks, and his lady. The gentleman is a free joker on serious subjects, but a good-natur'd man, and says sprightly things with no ill grace. The lady is a little reserved, and of a haughty turn, tho' to-day she happened to be freer than usual; as was observed at table by

Miss Towers, who is a maiden lady of family, noted for her wit and repartee, and who says many good things, with so little doubt, and really so good a grace, that one cannot help being pleas'd with her. This lady is generally gallanted by

Mr. Martin of the grove, as he is called, to distinguish him from a rich citizen of that name, who is settled in these parts; but being covetous and proud, is seldom admitted among the gentry in their visits or parties of pleasure. Mr. Martin is a shrewd man, but of the libertine cast; and for that reason has been rejected as a lover, by Miss Towers, who hates free actions, tho' she will use free expressions, modestly free, as she calls them; and to say the truth, she would blush at those freedoms, which a certain gentleman, whom you honour and I respect, calls innocent.

Mr. Dormer, a widower, who always speaks well of his deceased lady, and of the sex for her sake.

Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, a well-behav'd couple, who are not ashamed to be very tender and observing to one another, but without that censurable fondness which sits so ill upon some married people in company.

Then there was the *dean*, our good minister (whom I name last, because I would close with one of the worthiest) and his *daughter*, who came to supply her mother's place, who was indispos'd; a well-behav'd prudent young woman. And here were our fourteen guests.

Lady C., Lady Davers, Lord Davers, Mr. H., my dear Mr. B., and your humble servant, made up the rest of the company. A capacious and brilliant circle! and all the avenues to the house were crowded with their equipages.

The subjects of discourse at dinner were various, as you may well suppose ; the circle being too large to allow the company that composed it to fall upon any regular or very remarkable ones. A good deal of sprightly wit, however, flew about, between the Earl of D., Miss Towers, and Mr. Martin, in which that lord suffered as he deserved ; for he was by no means a match for the lady, especially as the presence of the dean was a very visible restraint upon him, and upon Mr. Brooks, too :—so much awe will the character of a good clergyman always have upon even forward spirits, where he is known to have had an inviolable regard to it himself.

Besides, the dean has naturally a genteel and inoffensive vein of raillery ; and was too hard for them at their own weapons.

A health to the king and royal family brought on public affairs, and politicks ; and the ladies withdrawing to coffee and tea, I have no more to say as to this conversation, for large companies, you know, my dear, do not always start the most agreeable subjects.

I will only add, that Miss Lucas, the dean's daughter, is a very modest and agreeable young lady, and a perfect mistress of music ; in which the dean takes great delight also, and is a fine judge of it. The gentlemen coming in, to partake of our coffee and conversation, as they said, prevailed on her to play several tunes on the harpsichord ; and would have me play too. But Miss Lucas so very much surpass'd me, that had I regarded my reputation for playing above the desire I had (as I said, and truly said) to satisfy the company, I ought not to have pretended to touch a key after such a mistress of it. Miss Lucas has no voice, which is a great pity ; and, at the request of every one, I sung to her accompaniment twice or thrice ; as did Miss Towers.

Saturday Morning.

LADY C. being a little indisposed, Lady Davers and I took an airing this morning in the chariot, and had a great deal of discourse. She was pleased to express great favour and tenderness towards me ; gave me a great deal of good advice, as to the care she would have me take of myself ; and told me, that her hopes, as well as her brother's, all centered in my welfare.

She was pleased to tell me, how much she approv'd of the domestic management ; and to say, that she never saw such regularity and method in any family in her life, where was the like number of servants : every one, she said, knew their duty, and did it without speaking to, in such silence, and with so much apparent cheerfulness and delight, without the least hurry or confusion, that it was her surprize and admiration. But kindly would have it, that I took too much care upon me : yet, said she, I do not see but you are always fresh and lively, and never seem tir'd or fatigu'd ; and are always dress'd and easy, so that no company find you unprepar'd, or unfit to receive them, come when they will, whether it be to breakfast or dinner.

I told her I owed all this, and most of the conduct for which she was pleased to praise me, to her dear brother, who, at the beginning of my happiness, gave me several cautions and instructions for my behaviour ; which I had made the rule of my conduct ever since : to say nothing, added I, which yet would be very unjust, of the assistance I receive from worthy Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent manager.

Good creature, *sweet* Pamela, and *charming girl*, were words often repeated by her, and she was pleased to attribute to me a graceful and unaffected ease, and would have it, that I have a natural dignity in my person and behaviour, which command love and reverence at the same time. Am I

not, my dear Miss Darnford, do you think, in danger of being a very proud creature? For you must believe, that her ladyship's approbation gives me great pleasure; and the more, as I was afraid, before she came, I should not have obtained her good opinion.

As the chariot passed along, she took great notice of the respects paid me by people of different ranks, and of the blessings bestow'd upon me, by several, as we proceeded; and said she should fare well, and be rich in the good wishes of all my honest neighbours, for being in my company.

My story, and your dear brother's tenderness to me, said I, are so much talked of, that there is no avoiding these respectful observances. When Mr. B. is with me, we have still more notice taken of us. I am under some concern for what your ladyship will see of this nature to-morrow, at church, and in our way to it, and from it. Strangers, I am told, are brought thither to be witnesses of his goodness and polite behaviour to me. I want the novelty to be over: this is the only reason I have (and so it is, my dear) for wishing to go to London for a few months.

Mr. B., Lady Davers said, had given her some verses from Cowley, which he had found under my cushion at church two Sundays ago, and had told her of the uneasiness they had given me.

I will transcribe the lines, my dear, and give you the particulars of the conversation between her ladyship and me on the subject.

Thou robb'st my days of bus'ness and delights,
Of sleep thou robb'st my nights.

Ah! lovely thief! what wilt thou do?

What! rob me of Heav'n too!

Thou ev'n my pray'rs dost steal from me,

And I with wild idolatry,

Egin to God, and end them all to thee.

No, to what purpose should I speak?

No, wretched heart, swell till you break:

She cannot love me, if she would;

And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should.

No, to the grave thy sorrows bear,

As silent as they will be there:

Since that lov'd hand this mortal wound does give.

So handsomely the thing contrive,

That she may guiltless of it live:

So perish, that her killing thee

May a chance-medley, and no murder be!

Mr. B., I said, did not shew them to me till we came home, and I was so vexed that I could not go to church in the afternoon.

Why, my dear, said she, should you be vexed at them? My brother was not disturbed.

No, indeed, madam, replied I, he chid me for being so, and was pleased to make me a fine compliment upon it. But I said that light verses, and writings of mere wit, were good for nothing but to give boldness to bad hearts, which might otherwise not dare to put pen to paper to affront any one. Indeed, madam, they have given me great vexation; for to say nothing of the profanation of the sacred place, I cannot but have a less opinion of myself than I had before. I have called myself to account upon it, whether any levity in my looks, my dress, my appearance, could give birth to such an insolence. And I have thought better upon this occasion of Julius Cæsar's delicacy, than I did when I read of it; who, upon an attempt made on his wife, to which, however, it does not appear she gave the least encouragement, said, to those who pleaded for

her against the divorce he was resolved upon, *That the wife of Cæsar ought not to be suspected.*

I once liked him better too, said I, than I have done this; for he was one of the poets that my lady would permit me to read sometimes; and his pieces in praise of the country life, and those charming lines against ambition, used to delight me much:

If e'er ambition should my fancy cheat
With any wish so mean as to be great,
Continue, heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of the life I love.

I have taken notice of these lines often, said my lady, and been pleased with them. But I think you have no reason to be out of conceit with Cowley, for the ill use made of his verses. He but too well describes the influence of love, which frequently interferes with our best duties. And there is something very natural, and easy, and witty, in the first lines; and shews that the poet *laments* the too engaging impressions which love made upon his mind, even on the most solemn occasions—*What! rob me of heav'n too!*—A bad heart, Pamela, could not have so lamented, or so written.

The words,

She *cannot* love me, if she would,
And, to say truth, 'twere pity that she should;

shew that the *poet's heart* was not a bad one; and even, that the transcriber himself, whoever he be, had not the *worst*, that he could single out *these*; when, if he would be shining with borrow'd rays, he might have chosen a more libertine poet to follow.

Oh! madam, say not one word in behalf of the vile transcriber. For a wretch to entertain the shadow of a wish for a marry'd person; for him to commit such thoughts to writing, to put that writing under the seat of the marry'd person at church, where, too, it might be more likely to be seen by the pew-keepers than her, and to be spread over the whole parish, to the propagation of bad ideas, whenever she appeared; and, moreover, might come to the hands of one's husband, who, from his own free life formerly, and high passions, as far as the transcriber knew, might be uneasy at, and angry with, the innocent object of the insult—Besides the apprehension it must give one, that the man who could take this vile step, might proceed to greater lengths, which my busy fears could improve to duelling and murder—Then the concern it must fill me with, to the diverting of my mind from my first regards, when *any one* looked at me wistfully, that *he* might be the transcriber, which must always give me confusion of thought—Dearest madam, can one forbear being vex'd, when all these imaginations dart in upon a mind apprehensive as mine?—Indeed this insolence has given me great uneasiness at times and I cannot help it.

Well, said my lady, thou'rt an admirable girl! No wonder, that every body that sees you, and has heard your character, loves you: and this is some excuse for the inconsiderate folly even of this unknown transcriber.

Ah! madam, reply'd I; but is it not a sad thing, that people, if they must take upon them to approve of one's behaviour in general, should have the *worst* instead of the *best* thoughts upon it? If I were as good as I *ought* to be, and as some *think* me, must they wish to make me bad for that reason? and so to destroy the cause of that pleasure, which they pretend to take in seeing a person set a good example?

She was pleased to kiss me, as we sat. My charming Pamela, my *more*

than sister, — (Did she say? — Yes, she did say so! and made my eyes overflow with joy!) how you charm me! I charge you, when you get to town, let me have your remarks on the diversions you will be carried to by my brother. Now I know what to expect from *you*, and *you* know how acceptable every thing will be *to me* that comes from you, I promise great pleasure as well to myself as to my worthy friends, particularly to Lady Betty, in your unrestrained free correspondence. Indeed, Pamela, continued she, I must bring you acquainted with Lady Betty: she is one of the worthies of our sex, and has a fine understanding. I am sure you'll like her. — You must not for the world reveal to my brother, nor let Lady Betty, if ever you should be acquainted with her, know, what I am going to tell you: but, I had carry'd the matter so far by my officious zeal to have my brother marry'd to so fine a woman, not doubting his joyful approbation, that it was no small disappointment to *her*, I can tell you, when he marry'd you: and this is the best excuse I can make for my furious behaviour to you at the ball. For tho' I am naturally very hasty and passionate, yet then I was almost frantick. To say the truth, my disappointment had given me so much indignation both against you and him, that it is well I did not do some violent thing by you. I believe you *did* feel the weight of my hand: but what was that! 'twas well I did not *kill you dead*. These were her words — For how could I think the wild libertine capable of being engag'd by such noble motives, or you, Pamela, what you are? — Let this, therefore, account to you now for my violence then.

All these things consider'd, your ladyship, I must own, had great reason to be disturbed. Methinks I pity the poor young lady, as you say, that she was very sensible of the disappointment.

I tell thee, Pamela, that the old story of Eleanor and Rosamond run in my head all the way of my journey, and I almost wished for a potion to force down thy throat: and when I came, and found thy paramour absent, (for little did I think thou wert marry'd to him, tho' I expected thou wouldst endeavour to persuade me to believe it) apprehending that his intrigue with thee would effectually frustrate my hopes; now, thought I, all happens as I wish! Now will I confront this brazen girl! Now will I try her innocence as I please, by offering to take her with me out of his hands: if she refuses, that refusal will be a demonstration of her guilt: and then, thought I, I will make the creature provoke me, in the presence of my nephew and my woman (and I hoped to have got Jewkes to testify for me too); and I cannot tell what I might have done, if thou hadst not got out of the window as thou didst, especially after thou hadst told me, thou wert as much marry'd as I was, and hadst shewn me his tender letter to thee, which had a quite different effect upon me than thou hadst hoped for. But if I had committed any act of violence, what remorse should I have had, when I came to reflect, and had known what an excellence I had injured! Thank God, thou didst escape me! thank God, thou didst! And then her ladyship folded her arms about me, and kissed me.

We returned from this agreeable airing but just time enough to dress before dinner; and then I attended her, and we went together into Lady C.'s apartment, where I received abundance of compliments from both.

As the brief conversation that followed will give you some notion of that management and oeconomy for which they heaped upon me their kind praises, I will recite to you what passed in it, and hope you will not think me too vain; the rather that you will not, because what I underwent for-

merly from her ladyship's indignation, half intitles me to be proud of her present kindness and favour.

Your ladyship, said Lady Davers, must excuse us, that we have lost so much of your company; but this sweet girl has entertained me in such a manner, that I could have staid out with her all day; and several times did I bid the coachman prolong his circuit.

Lady Davers, madam, said I, has given me inexpressible pleasure: but I am afraid, has half ruined me, by her condescending approbation. Wonder not if you see me very proud after this.

You, my dear Mrs. B., said Lady C., may have given pleasure to Lady Davers; for it cannot be otherwise: but I have no great notion of her ladyship's condescension, as you call it, (pardon me, madam, said she to her, smiling) when she cannot raise her stile above the word *girl*, coming off from an airing you have made so delightful to her.

I protest to you, my Lady C., reply'd Lady Davers, with great goodness, that that word which once indeed I used thro' pride, I now use from a very different motive. I begin to doubt, whether to call her *sister* is not more honour to myself than to her; and to this hour am not quite convinc'd. When I am, I will call her so with pleasure.

I was quite overcome with this fine compliment, but could not answer a word: and Lady C. said, I could have spared you longer, had not the time of day compell'd your return. For I have been very agreeably entertained, as well as you, altho' but with the observations of your woman and mine: who have been giving me such an account of Mrs. B.'s family management, as has highly delighted me. We shall have strange reformations to make in our families, Lady Davers, when we go home, were we to follow so good an example.

Thus, my dear friend, did these kind ladies praise me for what I *ought* to be; and I will endeavour to improve more and more by their kind admonitions, which come clothed in the agreeable and flattering shape of praise; the noblest incitement to the doing of one's duty.

Judge you how pleasing this was to Mr. B., who found, in their kind approbation, such a justification of his own conduct, as could not fail of being pleasing to him, especially as Lady Davers was one of the kind applauders.

Lord Davers was highly delighted. He now-and-then lifted up his hands, and his good-natur'd eye glistened with joy, which a pier-glass gave me the opportunity of seeing, as sometimes I stole a glance towards it, not knowing how or which way to look. Even Mr. H. secur'd to be touch'd very sensibly; and recollecting his behaviour to me at the hall, he once cry'd out, what a whelp was I, to behave as I formerly did, to so much excellence!—Not, Mr. B., that I was any thing uncivil, neither; except in unworthy sneers and nonsense. You know me well enough. Deuce take me for a jackanapes! You called me *tinsel'd toy*, tho', madam; don't you remember that? and said, *twenty or thirty years hence, when I was at age, you would give me an answer*. Egad! I shall never forget your looks, at the time, nor your words neither! They were damn'd severe speeches, were they not, sir?

You see, Mr. H., reply'd Mr. B., Pamela is not quite perfect. We must not provoke her; for she will call us both so, perhaps. I wear a lac'd coat, sometimes, as well as you.

Nay, taith, I cannot be angry, said he. I deserv'd it richly, that I did, had it been worse.

Thy silly tongue, said my lady, runs on without fear or wit. What is past is past.

Why, madam, I said nothing of any body but *myself*: and have been ready to hang myself since, as often as I have thought of my nonsense.

My nephew, said my lord, must bring in hanging, or the gallows, in every speech he makes, or it will not be his.

Mr. B. smiling, said, with severity enough in his meaning, as I could see by the turn of his countenance, Mr. H. knows, that his birth and family intitle him more to *block*, than the *rope*, or he would not make so free with the latter.

Good! very good, by *Jupiter*! said Mr. H., laughing. Lady C. smil'd. Lady Davers shook her head at her brother, and said to her nephew thou art a good-natur'd foolish fellow, that's thy character.

Why *foolish*, aunt? What have I said now?

Nothing to any purpose, indeed! said she; when thou dost, I will write it down.

Then, madam, said he, have your pen and ink always about you when I am present. Ha, ha, ha! the devil's in it if you won't put that down, to begin with!

Every one laughed. What a happy thing is it, thought I, that good-nature generally accompanys this character; else, how would some people be supportable?

Here I will break off. It is time, you will say, my dear Miss Darnford. But you know to whom I write, as well as to yourself, and they will be pleas'd with all my impertinent scribble.—Excuse, therefore, one part for that, and another for friendship's sake, and then I shall be wholly excusable.

I am in some pain for to-morrow, because of the rules we observe of late in our family on *Sundays*; which will afford new scenes to our noble visitors, either for censure or otherwise; but I will sooner be censured for doing what I think my duty, than for any failure in it.

I hope I shall not be thought to aim at works of supererogation. Some order, surely, becomes the heads of families; and besides, it would be discrediting our own practice, if we did not appear at one time what we do at another. For that which is a reason for discontinuing a practice, for some company, would seem to be a reason for laying it aside for ever, especially in a family visiting and visited as ours is.

But shall I not be too grave, my dear? Excuse me, for this is *Saturday* night; and as it was a very good method which the ingenious authors of the *Spectators* took, generally to treat their more serious subjects on this day; so I think we should, when we can, consider it as the preparative eve to a still better day.

Sunday.

By what I have already written, it is become in a manner necessary to acquaint you, my dear, with the method Mr. B. not only permits, but encourages me to take, in the family he leaves to my care, as to the *Sunday* duty; which I will do as briefly as I can.

The worthy dean, at my request, and by Mr. B.'s permission, recommended to me, as a sort of family chaplain, for *Sundays*, a young gentleman (Mr. Adams by name) of piety and sound principles, who having but lately taken orders, has no other provision. And this gentleman comes, and reads prayers to us about seven in the morning, in the lesser hall, as we call it, a retired apartment, next the little garden;

for we have no chapel here, as in your neighbourhood : and this generally, (with some suitable exhortation, or meditation out of some good book, which Mr. Adams is so kind as to let me chuse now-and-then) takes up little more than half an hour.

We have a great number of servants of both sexes; and myself, Mrs. Jervis, and Polly Barlow, are generally in a little closet, which, when we open the door, is but just a separation, and that is all, from the hall.

Mr. Adams has a desk, at which sometimes Jonathan makes up his running accounts to Mr. Longman; who is very scrupulous of admitting any body to the use of the steward's office, because of the writings in his custody, and the order he values himself upon having every thing in.

About seven in the evening Mr. Adams comes again, and I generally, let me have what company I will, find time to retire for about another half-an-hour, and my dear Mr. B. connives at, and excuses my absence, if enquir'd after; tho', for so short a time, I am seldom miss'd.

To Mr. Adams I shall present, every quarter, five guineas: and Mr. B. presses him to accept of a place at his table, at his pleasure; but as we have generally a good deal of company, he in modesty declines it, especially at such times.

Mr. Longman is so kind as to join with us very often in our *Sunday* office, and Mr. Colbrand seldom misses; and they tell Mrs. Jervis, that they cannot express the pleasure they have to meet me there; and the edification they receive, as they are so kind to say, from my example, and from the cheerful temper I am always in; and they will have it, that I do credit to religion. But if they do but think so, it must have been of service to me, in the order I have now, as I hope, establish'd; and that thro' less difficulties than I expected to meet with, especially from the cook-maid; but she says, she comes with double delight to have the opportunity to see her *blessed* lady, as it seems she calls me at every word.

Mr. B., as much as he can, dispenses with the servants, for the evening part, if he has company, or will be attended only by John or Abraham, perhaps, in turn; and sometimes looks upon his watch, and says, it is near seven. And if he says so, they take it for a hint that they may be dispensed with for half an hour; and this countenance, which he is so good as to give me, has contributed not a little to make the matter easy and delightful to me, and to every one.

Were policy only to be considered, I am sure, my dear, this method must be laudable; for since I have begun it, there is not a more diligent, a more sober, nor more courteous set of servants than ours. We have no broils, no hard words, no revilings, no commandings, nor complainings; and Mrs. Jervis's government is made so easy, as she says, that she need not speak twice. All the servants are kind and courteous to one another; and they say, their master's service is a heaven upon earth.

How happy should I think myself, if my dear Mr. B. would be pleased to accompany me to the divine office, which yet he has not done, tho' I have urg'd him as much as I durst!—One thing after another, he says: we shall be better and better, I hope: but nobody is good all at once.—But, as I consider this as the seal of all the rest (and he himself has an awful notion of it) I shall hardly think my dear Mr. B.'s morals fully secured till then.

Mrs. Jervis ask'd me, on *Saturday* evening, if I would be concerned to see a larger congregation in the lesser hall next morning, than usual? She then told me, that Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Leslie (the two ladies' women)

and Mr. Sydney, my Lord Davers' gentleman, and Mr. H.'s servant, and the coachmen and footmen, belonging to our noble guests, who are, she says, all great admirers of our family order, having been told our method, begg'd to join in it. I knew I should be a little dash'd at seeing so large a company; but the men being pretty orderly, for lords' servants, and Mrs. Jervis assuring me, that they were very earnest in their request, I consented to it.

After prayers, Mr. Adams read a meditation, from a collection made for private use, which I shall more particularly mention by-and-by; and ending with the usual benediction, I thank'd the worthy man, and gently chid him, in Mr. B.'s name, for declining our table; and thanking Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Leslie, receiv'd their kind wishes, and hasten'd thro' their praises to my chamber; where, being alone, I pursued the subject till breakfast was ready, when I attended the ladies and Mr. B.

We set out, my Lord and Lady Davers, and myself, and Mr. H. in our coach; and Mr. B. and Lady C., in the chariot, all splendidly dress'd; but I avoided a glitter as much as I could, that I might not seem to vie with the two peereesses.—Mr. B. said, Why are you not full dress'd, my dear?—I said, I hop'd he would not be displeas'd: if he was, I would instantly make an alteration. He kindly answer'd, As you like best, my love. You are charming in every dress.

The chariot first drawing up to the church-door, Mr. B. led Lady C. into the church. Lord Davers did me that honour; and Mr. H. handed his aunt thro' a crowd of gazers, many of whom, as usual, were strangers. The neighbouring gentlemen and their ladies paid us their silent respects. Lady Davers, with great goodness, sat down by me, and whisperingly talked a good deal, between whiles, with me, with great tenderness and freedom in her aspect; which I could not but take kindly, because I knew she intended by it, to shew every one she was pleas'd with me.

She was afterwards pleas'd to add, taking my hand, in the hearing of Mr. B. and Lady C., I am proud to be in thy company. In this solemn place, I take thy hand, and acknowledge, with pride, my *sister*. I looked down; and indeed here at church, I can hardly at any time look up; for who can bear to be gaz'd at so? And whisperingly said, O, my good Lady Davers: this sacred place, and these surrounding eyes, can only hinder me from acknowledging as I ought the honour you do me.

My best friend, with pleasure in his eyes, said, pressing his hand upon both ours, as my lady had mine in hers, You are two dear creatures. God bless you both! And you, too, my dear brother! said her ladyship.

Lady C. expressed herself delighted.

Mr. H. thought he must say something, and addressing himself to Lord Davers, who could not keep his good-natur'd eye off me, I'll be *hang'd*, my lord, if I know how to behave myself! Why this out-does the chapel! I am glad I put on my new suit! And then he look'd upon himself, as if he would support, as well as he could, the part he seem'd to think he had of the general admiration.

But think you not, my dear Miss Darnford, and you my dearest father and mother, that I am now at the height of my happiness in this life.

The dean preached an excellent sermon; but I need only to have mentioned, that *he* preach'd, to say it was excellent.

My lord led me out, when divine service was over (and being a little

tender in his feet, from a gouty notice, walked very slowly). Miss Towers and Mrs. Brooks joined us in the porch, and made us their compliments ; as did Mr. Martin.

Will you favour us with your company to dinner, my old acquaintance ? said Mr. B. to Mr. Martin.

I can't, replied he, I have a gentleman, my relation, to dine with me ; but if it will be agreeable, I will bring him with me in the evening, to taste of your Burgundy. We have not such in the county.—Mr. B. said he should be glad to see him and his friend.

Mr. Martin whisper'd, It is more, however, to admire your lady, I can tell you, than your wine.—Get into your coaches, ladies, said he, with his usual freedom ; our maiden and widow ladies have a fine time of it, wherever you come : by my faith, they must every one of them quit this neighbourhood, if you stay in it.

Sister, said Lady Davers, most kindly to me, in presence of many, who (in a respectful manner) gather'd near us, Mr. Martin is the same gentleman he us'd to be, I see.

Mr. Martin, madam, said I, smiling, has one fault : he is too apt to praise those whom he favours, at the expense of his absent friends !

I am always proud of your reproofs, Mrs. B., reply'd he.

I believe so, said Miss Towers : and therefore I wish, for all our sakes, you would take him oftener to task, Mrs. B.

Miss Towers, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. Brooks, and Mr. Martin, all claim'd visits from us ; and Mr. B. making excuses, that he must husband his time, because of his being obliged to go to town soon, proposed to breakfast with Miss Towers the next morning, dine with Mrs. Arthur, and sup with Mrs. Brooks. His proposal was accepted ; and our usual visiting neighbours were all to have notice accordingly, at each of the places. There cannot be a more social, a more agreeable neighbourhood anywhere.

When Mr. Martin came in the evening, with his friend (who is Sir William Geresby, a polite young baronet of Lincolnshire) he told us a deal of the praises lavished upon me by several genteel strangers ; one saying to his friend, He had travell'd twenty miles to see me.

Mrs. Lesley and Mrs. Worden had acquainted their ladies with the order I observed for the day, and the devout behaviour of the servants : and about seven I withdrawing as silently and as unobserved as I could, was surprised, as I was going thro' the great Hall, to be joined by both ladies.

I shall come at all your secrets, Pamela, said my lady, and be able, in time, to cut you out in your own way. I know where you are going.

Pardon me my good ladies, said I, for leaving you, I will attend you in half-an-hour.—No, my dear, said Lady Davers, Lady C. and I have resolv'd to attend *you* for that half hour, and we will return to company together.—Is it not descending too much, ladies, as to the company ? If it is not for you, it is not for us, said Lady C. We are resolv'd to observe you in every part of your conduct. Lead us on. I obeyed.

Every one, but Abraham, (who was in attendance on the gentlemen) and all the ladies' servants, and their two women, were there. This pleas'd me ; because it shew'd that even the strangers, by this their second voluntary attendance, had no ill opinion of our method. But they were all startled, ours and theirs, to see my ladies accompanying me.

I stept up to Mr. Adams : I was in hopes, sir, said I, we should have been favour'd with your company at our table.—You will have the good-

ness, madam, to excuse me : I did not think myself company for such noble guests as were there.—A clergyman and a scholar is company, said Lady C., for the first quality.

These good ladies, sir, said I, come to be obliged to you. You will further oblige them, and Mr. B., and me, if you will sup, tho' you excused yourself from dining with us.

Lady Davers encouragingly tapp'd me on the neck ; and turning to Mr. Longman, asked him after his health. We are come, said she, to be witnesses of my sister's goodness, and the family decorum.—We have a blessed mistress, madam, said he : and your ladyship's presence augments our joys. Let us follow you, Pamela, said she.

I led to the little closet, with as much presence of mind as I could, and the two ladies followed me ; and Mrs. Jervis, and Mrs. Worden, and Mrs. Lesley, stood just without, the door being half shut.

I should have said, we were not at church in the afternoon.—And when I do not go, we have the evening service read to us, as it is at church ; which Mr. Adams performed now with his usual distinctness and fervour ; and the ladies seem'd not at all uneasy, altho' we had a meditation besides.

When all was concluded, I said, Now, my dearest ladies, excuse me for the sake of the delight I take in seeing all our good people about me in this decent and obliging manner.—Indeed I mean not ostentation in it, if I know my own heart.

The two ladies, delighted to see such good behaviour in every one, sat a moment or two looking upon each other in silence ; and then my Lady Davers took my hand ; beloved, deservedly beloved of the kindest of husbands, what a blessing art thou to this family !—And to every family, rejoined Lady C., who have the happiness to know, and the grace to follow, her example ; and saluted me.—But where, said Lady Davers, collectedest thou all this good sense, and fine spirit, in thy devotions ?

The Bible, my dear ladies, said I, is the foundation of all : our worthy people have every one of them that, and the Common Prayer Book, and the Duty of Man ; and are so good as to employ themselves in them at all leisure opportunities on other days. For which reason, that I may diversify their devotions, I have, with the assistance of Mr. Adams, and by advice of the dean, made extracts from several good pieces, which we read on these days.—Mr. Adams, said my Lady Davers, will you oblige me with a copy of my sister's book, at your leisure ? He readily engag'd to do this ; and Lady C. desir'd another copy, which he also promised.

Lady Davers then turning to Mrs. Jervis, How do you, good woman ? said she. You are now amply rewarded for the love you bore to this dear creature formerly !

Mrs. Jervis, folding her uplifted hands together, O my lady ! you know not our happiness ; no, not one half of it. We were before bless'd with plenty, and indulgence, by our bountiful master ; but now, we have peace as well as plenty ; peace of mind, in doing all in our respective powers, to shew ourselves thankful creatures to God, and to the best of masters and mistresses.

Good soul ! said I, and was forc'd to put my handkerchief to my eye : your heart is always overflowing thus with gratitude and praises, for what you so well merit from us.

Lady Davers, assuming a sprightly air, altho' her eye twinkled, to keep within its lids the precious water, that sprang from a noble and well-affected heart, addressing herself to Mr. Longman, I am glad to see *you*

here, Mr. Longman, said she, attending my pious sister. Well might you love her, honest man ! well might you !

Madam, said the other worthy heart, unable to speak but in broken accents,—You don't know—indeed you don't—what a happy family we are ! We all of us long, till morning comes, thus to have an opportunity to attend our mistress ; and we long for evening, for the same purpose. She is *so* good to us—You cannot think how good she is ! And permit, madam, your father's old servant to add, that we are in transports to see our master's noble sister thus favouring us, and approving our behaviour, as well as our young mistress's conduct and piety.

Blessing on you all ! said my lady. Let us go, madam, to Lady C. Let us go, sister, to me : I can stay no longer !

I should have added, (for I think a good clergyman cannot be too much respected) that I repeated my request to Mr. Adams, to oblige us with his company at supper ; but he so very earnestly begg'd to be excused, that I thought it would be wrong to insist upon it. I was, however, sorry he could not be prevailed upon, with ease to himself : Lord Davers and the Earl of C. are patrons. Something may happen in their gift.—But I will look out, that he shall not be a sufferer for his bashfulness. Modesty I am sure is a proof of merit.

We return'd to the gentlemen as soon as supper was ready, and as cheerful and easy, as Lady Davers observ'd, as if we had not been present at so devout a service : and this, said she, after the gentlemen were gone, makes religion so pleasant and delightful a thing, that I profess I shall have a much higher opinion of those who make it a regular and constant part of their employment, than ever I had. But I have seen, added she very humourously, such wry faces and such gloomy countenances, among some of your pious folks, in and after a solemn office, as quite dishearten'd me : for I thought, after such an exercise, that it would be a sin to go to bed with a smile upon my face.

Then, said she, I was once, I remember, when a girl, at the house of a very devout man, for a week, with his grand-daughter, my school-fellow : and there were such preachments *against* vanities, and *for* self-denials, that were we to have followed the good man's precepts, (tho' indeed not his practice, for well did he love good cheer) half God Almighty's creatures and works would have been useless, and industry would have been banished the earth. And then, added she, (for she was in a pleasant vein) have I heard the good man confess himself guilty of such sin, as, if true, (and by his hiding his face with his broad-brimm'd hat, it look'd a little bad against him) he ought to have been hang'd on a gallows fifty feet high.

Religion, I presumed to say, encouraged not this gloominess. It was a cheerful thing : this severity and moroseness were owing either to constitution or mistake. It might shew a pious mind, but I feared, a narrow one ; and generally, I apprehended, did more harm than good.

Lady Davers recounted to her brother, the entertainment, as she was pleased to call it, I had given her : on which she and Lady C. made high encomiums. Pamela, said Lady Davers, you are certainly very right, to pay so much regard to the young clergyman ; for that makes all he reads, and all he says, of greater efficacy with his hearers, facilitates the work you have in view to bring about, and in your own absence (for your monarch may not always dispense with you) will strengthen his influences.

Monday.

I am to thank you, my dear Miss Darnford, for your kind approbation of my scribble. When you come to my *Saturday's* and *Sunday's* accounts, I shall try your patience. But no more of that ; for as you can read them, or let them alone, I am the less concerned, especially as they will be more indulgently received somewhere else than they may merit.

I congratulate you, with all my heart, on your dismissing Mr. Murray ; for, besides that some of his qualities are not to be approved of by a lady of your taste and judgment, I will never give my consent that any man shall have the honour of calling my Miss Darnford his who can so easily resign his pretensions to her for any woman.

You are extremely diverting, my dear, with your greater and lesser bear-stars. I could not help shewing it to Mr. B. And what do you think he said upon it ? I am half afraid to tell you. He said that your characters of Mr. Murray and Miss Nanny, which he called severe (but I won't call them so, without your leave), looked a little like pretty spite, and as if you were sorry the gentleman took you at your word. That was what he said. Pray let me have you with us. We will join to punish him for it. Yet he called you charming girl, and said a great deal in your praise, and joined with me that Mr. Murray, who could so easily part with you, could not deserve you.

But, Pamela, reasoned he, I know the sex well. Miss Darnford may not love Mr. Murray ; yet to see her sister addressed and complimented, and preferred to herself, by a man whom she so lately thought it was in her power to chuse or to refuse, may well mortify her a little. Young ladies, let me tell you, don't like to sit by neglected while two lovers are playing monkey tricks with each other. Then, continued he, all the preparations to matrimony, the clothes to be bought and made up : new equipages ; the visits to be paid and received, the compliments of friends, the busy novelty of the thing, the day to be fixed, and all the little nonsenses attending a concluded courtship, when *one sister* is to engross all the attention and regard ; these are subjects of mortification to the *other* ; who yet, perhaps, may have no value for the man she has cast off. These were Mr. B.'s comments. These gentlemen, my dear, who pretend to so much knowledge of our sex, never prove their pretensions just by pronouncing to its advantage. We will therefore dispute their pretensions, if you please. But we will defer this subject until we can support each other personally in it, against Mr. B. And this will now be granted, I hope, to my wishes, very soon : for why should you not leave the happy pair together, and Sir Simon rejoicing in his accomplished son-in-law elect ? Who would stay to be vexed, and perhaps exulted over, by an ill-natured sister ? Leave the lovers together, I therefore repeat, and bless with your sweet company those who know how to set a just value upon it.

In this desirable hope I will now proceed with my journal.

We pursued Mr. B.'s proposal, and returned several visits in one day ; for we had so polite and agreeable a neighbourhood, every one seems to concur in a desire to make everything easy to their friends.

We came not home till ten in the evening, and then found a letter from Sir Jacob Swynford, uncle by the half-blood to Mr. B., acquainting him that, hearing his niece Lady Davers was with him, he would be here in a day or two, being then upon his journey, as he should have an opportunity of seeing the brother and sister at the same time.

This gentleman is, it seems, very particularly odd and humoursome ;

and, his eldest son being next heir to the maternal estate, if Mr. B. should have no children, he has been exceedingly dissatisfied with his debasing himself in marrying me ; and would, perhaps, have been better pleased had he not married at all.

There never was any cordial love between Mr. B.'s father and him, nor between him and Lady Davers and Mr. B., for his positiveness, roughness, and self-interestedness too, have made him, tho' very rich, but little agreeable to the generous tempers of his nephew and niece ; yet, when they meet, which is not above once in four or five years, they are always very civil and obliging to him.

Lady Davers wondered what could bring him hither now ; for he lives in *Herefordshire*, and seldom stirs ten miles from home. Mr. B. said he was sure it was not to compliment him and me on our nuptials.—No, rather, said my lady, to satisfy himself if you are in a way to cut out his own cubs.—Thank God, we are, said my dearest friend : whenever I was strongest set against matrimony, the only reason I had to weigh against my dislike to it was that I was unwilling to leave so large a part of my estate to that family.

My dear, said he to me, do not be uneasy ; but you will see a relation of mine much more disagreeable than you can imagine : no doubt you have heard his character.

Ah, Pamela, said Lady Davers, we are a family that value ourselves upon our ancestry ; but, upon my word, Sir Jacob and all his line have nothing else to boast of. I have been often ashamed of my relation to them.

Every family, I believe, madam, replied I, has some disagreeable persons in it. I doubt I shall stand but poorly with Sir Jacob.

He will not dare to affront you, my dear, said Mr. B., altho' he will say to you, and to me, and to my sister too, blunt and rough things. But he will not stay above a day or two, and we shall not see him again for some years to come. We will therefore bear with him.

Tuesday.

Mr. Williams came hither this morning, to pay his respects to his kind patron.

When I came down, Mr. B. presented him to me, kindly calling him *his* friend.—With equal freedom and pleasure I asked him after his health.

He rejoiced, he said, to see me look so well. He had long'd for an opportunity to pay his duty to his patron and me before ; but had been prevented twice when he was upon the point of setting out.

I have prevailed upon my old acquaintance, said Mr. B., to take up his residence with us while he stays in these parts. Do you, my dear, see that every thing is made agreeable to him.

Mr. Adams being in the house, Mr. B. sent to desire he would dine with us, in respect to a gentleman of the same cloth who gave us his company. He accepted the invitation, and came. But neither of the gentlemen knew how to speak, at first, before Lady Davers, who is so majestick a lady, and whose character for good sense, penetration, and dignity, both of person and mind, strikes every one with awe.

Mr. B., when dinner was over, and the servants were withdrawn, said, My dear, Mr. Williams's business, in part, was to ask my advice as to a living that is offer'd him by the Earl of R., who is, no wonder, greatly taken with his preaching and conversation.

And to quit yours, I presume, sir ? said Lord Davers.

No, Lord R.'s is not quite so good as mine, and his lordship would

procure him a dispensation to hold both. What would you advise, my dear?

It becomes not me, sir, to meddle with such matters as these.

Yes, it does, my love, when I ask your opinion. You have been reading on this subject lately.

If I must speak, sir—my humble opinion is, that Mr. Williams will not care to do any thing that *requires* a dispensation, and which would be unlawful to be done without it.

You speak exceedingly well, madam, said Mr. Williams.

I am glad, replied I, that you approve of my sentiments. You see they were required of me by one who has a right to command me in every thing; otherwise this matter is above my sphere; and I have so much good-will to Mr. Williams, that I wish him every thing that will contribute to his happiness.

Well, my dear, said Mr. B., but what would you advise in this case? Lord R. proposes that Mr. Williams's present living should be supplied by a curate, to whom, no doubt, Mr. Williams will be very genteel; and, as we are seldom or never there, his lordship thinks we shall not be displeas'd with it, and insists upon it, that he will propose it to me—as he has done.

Lord Davers said, I think this may do very well, brother. But what, pray, Mr. Williams, do you propose to allow to your curate? Excuse me, sir; but I think the clergy do so hardly by one another generally, that they are not to be surpris'd that some of the laity treat them as they do.

Indeed, said Mr. H., that is well observed: for I have heard it said twenty and twenty times, if you would know how to value a clergyman, and what he deserves for spending his whole life in the duties of his function, you need but form your opinion upon the treatment they give to one another; and £40 or £50 a year would be thought too much for him who does all the labour.

Who says my nephew speaks not well? said Lord Davers.

O, said my lady, no wonder! This is *Jackey's* peculiar. He has always something to say against the clergy. For he never loved them, because his tutors were clergymen; and since, said her ladyship (very severely), he never got any good from them, why should they expect any from him?

Always hard upon my poor nephew! said Lord Davers.

Thank you, aunt, said Mr. H.

Mr. Williams said, Mr. H.'s observation was but too true; that nothing gave greater cause of scandal than the usage some even of the dignified clergy gave their brethren: that he had always lamented it, as one of the greatest causes of the contempt with which the clergy are too generally treated.

He was proceeding; but Lady Davers said, I am not at all surpris'd at their treatment of one another; for if a man of education and learning can so far forget what belongs to his function as to accept of two livings, when one would afford him a handsome maintenance, it is no wonder that such a one would make the most of it; for does he not as good as declare that he takes it for that very purpose?

I must not let this argument proceed, said Mr. B., without clearing my worthy friend. He is under no difficulty about parting with one. Like a good man, as I always thought him, he is of opinion, he *ought not* to hold

both. But here is his difficulty, and all his difficulty: he is desirous to oblige Lord R., who is very pressing to have him near him; but, apprehending that I may take it amiss, if he relinquishes my living, he came to ask my advice; and after we had talked a good deal of the matter, I told him we would refer it to Pamela, who was a kind of casuist in such matters of equity and good order as fell within the compass of her observation and capacity: and had lately been reading upon the subject, a piece written in defence of pluralities, which she told me had not convinced her. Give us then, my dear, your free opinion.

I am very glad, sir, replied I, that Mr. Williams's own resolution is what I wish'd it to be, and indeed expected from his character; and I can therefore more freely speak my mind upon the occasion, tho' I am but a poor casuist neither.

You remember, my dear, said Mr. B., what you observed to me in favour of the clergy and their maintenance, when we fell occasionally upon that subject a while ago. I found you had consider'd the point, and thought you spoke well upon the occasion.

I say now, reply'd I, as I then took the liberty to say, that I have so general a good-will to the function, that if my wishes could have effect, there is not one of it, but should have a handsome competency; at least such a one as to set him above contempt. And this, I am persuaded, would be a great furtherance to the good we expect from the clergy, in teaching the lower rank of people (as well as the higher) their duties, and making them good servants, and useful members of the commonwealth.

You took notice of some other things, my dear, that would, if you can recollect them, be very *à propos* to the subject we are now upon.

I remember, sir, we were talking of impropriations. I took the liberty to express myself a little earnestly against impropriations; and I remember you stopped my mouth at once upon that head.

As how, sister? said Lady Davers.

Ay, as how, Mrs. B.? said Lady C.

Mr. B. was pleased to say, that when the clergy would come into a regulation for the more equal and useful disposition of the revenues which at present were in the church, he would move for a bill to restore to it all that it had lost by impropriations, and other secularizations; and leave it upon the public to make satisfaction to such of the laity as would be sufferers by the restoration.

That is not, my dear, what I now mean, returned Mr. B. You spoke particularly against dispensations; which is the point before us now.

I remember, sir, I did say, that as there are many worthy clergymen, who have no provision at all, I could not wish any one of it should hold two livings; especially, if he could not personally perform the duties of both, and where one would afford a tolerable competence: much less (I remember I took the liberty to add) could I think it excusable, that a gentleman should rate the labours of his brother, who does every thing so low, as is too frequently the case, and pay himself so well, for doing *nothing*.

This is what I mean, returned Mr. B., and I thought, my dear, you observed very well upon it. For my own part, I have always been of opinion, that the clergy who do thus, make the best excuse that can be made, for impropriators and lay-patrons. For here is a gentleman the son of a layman (I speak to general cases) is sent to the university, and takes orders. He has interest perhaps to get two or more livings, and hires a person,

who is as deserving as himself, but destitute of friends, at a low rate, to do the duties of one of them. We will suppose in his favour, that he has several children to provide for out of these, and makes that his pretence for oppressing the man he employs to do his own duty. Some of these children are males, some females; and not one in five of the former is brought up to the church; and all that he saves for them, and gives them, out of what he squeezes from his unhappy brother, is it not secularizing, as it were, at least as far as he can do it, the revenues appropriated to the church? And can *he*, whatever others may do, blame an impropiator for applying that portion of the produce of church-lands to *his* lay-family, which the other intends for the lay-family he is endeavouring to build up? Some one or two of which impropiator's sons may possibly too, in order to possess the living in their father's gift, be brought up to the church: what is the difference. I would fain know?

If the clergy were always to have done thus, continued Mr. B., should we not have wanted many of the endowments, and charitable foundations, which we now glory in? And I am very sorry to have reason to say, that we owe such sort of works more to the piety of the clergy of past times, than to the present; for now, let us cast our eye upon the practices of some of our prelates (for who is it that looks not up first for examples to that venerable order?) and we shall find, that too many among them, seem more intent in making a family, as it is call'd, and thereby secularizing, as I observed, as much as they can, the revenues of the church, than to live up either to the antient hospitality, or with a view to those acts of munificence, which were the reason for endowing the church with such ample revenues, as it once had, and still has, were it not so unequally distributed, and in few hands.

But, dear sir, said I, what a hardship do the inferior clergy labour under all this time? To be oppressed and kept down by the laity, and by their brethren the clergy too! This is hard indeed. 'Tis pity, methinks, *this*, at least, could not be remedied.

It will hardly ever be done, my dear. The evil lies deep; it is in human nature; I see not how a redress of this grievance can be expected, while those who have most influence to procure the redress, are most interested to prevent it: and the views of others, aspiring to the same power and interest, make too many wish to have things left as they are, altho' they have no present benefit by it. Both, therefore, would join in a cry of the church's danger, were the legislature to offer at a redress.

It is a pity, sir, said I, the convocation are not permitted to sit. They would, perhaps, undertake this province, and several others for the benefit of the whole body of the clergy; and I should think such regulations would come best from them.

So it is, my dear, would they employ themselves, and their deliberations, in such good works. But it is a melancholy thing to consider, that there is little good to be expected from bodies of men in general; for altho' an individual cares not to pull down upon himself the odium of a bad or unpopular action, yet when there are many to share it among them, I see not that they scruple doing things which very little become them to do. But, far be it from me to say this with a view to convocations *as* convocations. I speak what is but too generally the case in all bodies of men whatever, whether clergy or laity. And let us look into the greater or lesser corporations and societies throughout the kingdom, and we shall find, if a poor witticism may be excused, that bodies are really *badies*, and act too often as if they had no *souls* among them.

I hope, sir, said Lady C., when you judge thus hardly of bodies, you include the two supreme bodies.

Thou shalt not, said Mr. B.—[I know these reverend gentlemen (looking at Mr. Williams and Mr. Adams) will tell me], *speaking evil of the rulers of thy people*.—But I wish I could always defend, what I am loth at any time to censure. But were you to read, or attend to the debates in both houses, which sometimes happen in cases almost self-evident, you would find it impossible not to regret, that you are now-and-then under a necessity to join with the minority, as well in your house, Lord Davers, as in ours.

I wish, brother, reply'd his lordship, I could differ from you with reason: but this always *was*, and, I fear, always *will be* so, more or less, in every session.

But, to return to our first subject, said Mr. B., you know, my dear, how much pleasure I take to hear your opinion in cases of natural equity: and you must tell us freely, what you would advise your friend Mr. Williams to do.

And must I, sir, speak my mind on such a point, before so many better judges?

Yes, *sister*, said Lady Davers (a word she is now pleased to use freely before strangers, after her dear brother's example, who is kindest, tho' always kind, at such times), you *must*.

Why then, proceeded I, I beg leave to ask Mr. Williams one question; whether his present parishioners do not respect and esteem him, in that particular manner, which I think every body must, who knows his worth?

I am very happy, madam, in the good-will of all my parishioners, and have great acknowledgments to make for their civilities to me.

I do not doubt, said I, but it will be the same wherever you go; for, bad as the world is, a prudent and good clergyman will never fail of respect. But, sir, if you think your ministry among them is attended with good effects; if they esteem your person with a preference, and listen to your doctrines with attention; methinks, for *their* sakes, it is pity to leave them, were the living of *less* value, as it is of *more*, than the other. For how many people are there who can receive benefit by one man's preaching, rather than by another's; altho' possibly, the abilities of the one may be no way inferior to those of the other? There is a great deal in a *delivery*, as it is called, in a way, a manner, a deportment, to engage people's attention and liking; and as you are already in possession of their esteem, you are sure to do much of the good you aim and wish to do. For where the flock loves the shepherd, all his work is easy, and more than half done; and without that, let him have the tongue of an angel, and let him live the life of a saint, he will be heard with indifference, and oftentimes, as his subject may be, with disgust.

I paused here; but every one being silent, and looking attentively upon me; as to Lord R.'s friendship, sir, continued I, you can best judge what force that ought to have upon you; and what I have mention'd would be the only difficulty with me, were I in Mr. Williams's case. To be sure it will be a high compliment to his lordship, and so he ought to think it, that you quit a better living to oblige him. And he will be bound in honour to make it up to you. For I am far from thinking, that a prudent regard to worldly interest misbecomes the character of a good clergyman; and I wish all such were set above the world, for their own sakes, as well as for the sakes of their hearers, since independency gives a man respect,

besides the power of doing good, which will inhanche that respect, and, of consequence, give greater efficacy to his doctrines.

Lady C. mentioned, on this occasion, the saying of Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who was beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII. because he would not own the king's supremacy; this prelate, being offer'd a richer bishoprick, would not accept of it, saying, "He looked upon his bishoprick as his wife; and he should not think it excusable to part with his wife because she was poor." This saying of the good Bishop brought so many reflections upon frequent translations, and the earnestness with which richer bishopricks were sought after, that I was very sorry to hear, or to think there was room given for them. And I *did* take the liberty to say, That, as Mr. B. had observed, the fault was in human nature; and tho' it was an inexcusable one, perhaps we that censur'd them, might find it hard, in their circumstances, to resist the temptation.

Mr. B. said, he wish'd, for the sake of the clergy in general, that there was a law against translations; and that the bishopricks in *England* were made equal in revenue: for, do we not see, said he, that the prelates, almost to a man, vote on the side of power? And by this means, contribute not a little to make themselves, and the whole body of the clergy, (so numerous, and so deserving too, as those of the Church of England are) a by-word to free-thinkers of all denominations, who are ever ready to take occasion to malign them and their venerable order.

Would you not, asked Lord Davers, have the two primacies distinguish'd in revenue?

No, said Mr. B., the distinction of dignity and precedence would be enough, if not too much; for where there is but one pope, the whole college of cardinals, seventy in number, every one deemed a prince, are always looking up to, and aspiring to, the chair: and I would have no temptations laid in the way of good men to weaken their influences, which are of the highest consequence, for example-sake, to the publick weal.

I think, said Lord Davers, there was some reason for the celibacy of the clergy in the Roman church at first; altho' the inconveniences arising from it, are too many, and too obvious, to wish the restraint general: since the provision for families and children furnishes so plausible a pretence to clergymen to lay up all they can for them, that their characters suffer not a little on that account.

* If we look round us, said Mr. B., and see how many good and worthy families are sprung from the clergy; and look abroad, and see what are too often the effects of celibacy in the Roman church; and the scandal, worse than what we complain of, thrown upon them, even by zealots of their own communion, we shall have sufficient reason to condemn the celibacy which that church enjoins. Besides, a bad mind, an oppressive or covetous nature, will be the same, whether the person be marry'd or single: for have we not seen to what a scandalous height nepotism has been carried in that church? And has not a pope of a private and narrow spirit, done as much for his nephews and nieces, (and perhaps nearer relations under those names) as he could have done for his sons and daughters? So still *here* too, we must resolve all into that common sewer of iniquity, human nature; and conclude, that a truly good man will not do a bad thing, upon any the nearest and most affecting considerations; and that a bad man will never want a pretence to display his evil qualities, nor flatterers neither (if he has power) to defend him, in the worst he can do.

*These remarks have so close an application to some modern church controversies that they are worth the attention of the reader.—*E. G.*

I well remember the argument, when I was at Rome, used to the pope, on such an occasion. His holiness declar'd against nepotism, saying, That he would never look upon the revenues of the church, as the patrimony of his private family ; and forbad his numerous relations, who, on his promotion, swarmed about him, with looks as eager as if they were so many North-Britons, travelling southward for preferment—(that was Mr. B.'s simile, spoken pleasantly) to think of him in any other light, than that of the common father of all his people ; and as having no other relation but merit.

This was setting out well, you will say : but what was the event ? Why, two-thirds of his relations rushed into orders directly ; and it was not long, before parasites were found, to represent to the Holy Father, that it was a sin, to deprive the church of so many excellent props and buttresses ; and that for the good of the publick, he ought to prefer them to the first dignities ; so that the good man, overcome with their reasons, and loth to continue in so great a sin, graced the cardinalate with one, the episcopate with half a dozen, and the richest abbacies with a score or two ; and the emperor, having occasion to make interest with his holiness, found merit enough in some of the lay relations, to create them princes and counts of the Holy Roman Empire.

I am always sorry, my dear Miss Darnford, to hear things said to the discredit of the clergy, because I think it is of publick concern, that we reverence the function, notwithstanding the failings of individuals. And I took the liberty to say ; but, sir, have I not been a silent witness, that you have made the same observations on a minister of state, who, tho' he shall be perhaps the first to blame this disposition in a clergyman, will be equally ready to practise it himself, to relations and children, full as worthless, to the exclusion of the worthy ? So that this is all *human nature* still ; and should we not be tender in our censures of the one, when we are so ready to acquit the other ?

There is this difference, Mrs. B., said Lady C. ; from the one we expect a better example ; from the other, no example fit to be followed. And this is one reason that makes a first minister generally so hated a thing in all nations, because he usually resolves all considerations into self, and is beloved by nobody, but those, to whom he gives the overflowings of such benefits as he has not relations enough to heap them upon.

Does not this, Mr. Adams, said I, if I may be allow'd to be so serious, shew the excellency of the prayer we are taught by the supreme teacher, and that part of it, *lead us not into temptation ?* For it seems too natural a consequence, that no sooner are we tempted, but we *deliver ourselves up to evil*.—Right, sister, said Lord Davers ; and this ends in Mr. B.'s *human nature* again.

What remains then, observed Lady Davers, but that we take the world as we find it ? Give praise to the good, dispraise to the bad ; and every one try to mend *one* ?

Yet I wish, said Mr. B., so over-tender are many good clergymen of the failings in their brethren, which they would not be guilty of themselves, that we might avoid displeasing them, if they were to know the freedom of this conversation, when we are so well disposed to reverence their function.

I hope otherwise, return'd Mr. Williams ; for it is but giving *due* praise and dispraise, as my Lady Davers is pleased to say ; and were evil actions to go uncensur'd, good ones would lose their reward ; and vice, by being

put upon a foot with virtue in this life, would meet with too much countenance.

But give me leave, resum'd Lady Davers, to interpose a little in the matter we have departed from, that of the curate, and dispensation; and when I have deliver'd my sentiments, I insist upon it, that Mrs. B. will as freely give us hers, as if I had been silent.

Dispensations are usual things. Mr. Williams may pay a young gentleman *handsomely*; and the censure we have pass'd, is only upon such as do *not*. To a young man, at first setting out, a good curacy will be very acceptable. If he has merit, it will put him in a way of shewing it, and he may raise himself by it. If he has not, he will not deserve more. Mr. Williams may marry, perhaps, and have a family to provide for. His opportunities may not always be the same: Lord R. may die; and he should be excused, if he make the best use of his interest and favour, for the very reason Mrs. B. gave, that, as he is a good man, it will strengthen his influences: and, come, brother, you know I am always for prescribing! here is a worthy young gentleman in my eye, who will not take it amiss to begin with a curacy: and you shall give *your* dispensation, previous to the legal one, on condition, that Mr. Williams will permit you to present his curate: and thus all will be solv'd.

Mr. Williams and Mr. Adams both bowed; and Mr. Williams was going to speak; but Mr. B. said, Take Lady Davers at her word, Pamela; and if you have any thing to say to this scheme, speak it freely, as if she had been silent; for, I perceive, by your downcast eye, that you could say something, if you would.

Ay, pray do, said my lady. I love to hear you speak. You always make me think of something I had not consider'd before.

I am very loth to say any thing on so nice a subject. Indeed it would not become me. There is so much generosity and benevolence in her ladyship's scheme, that I ought not.

Ought not! repeated my dearest friend, interrupting me; none of your *ought not's*, my dear: I know you are always forming in your mind notions of right and wrong, in the common cases of life: let us therefore have your opinion in this matter more fully than you have hitherto given it; and deliver it too without hesitation, and with that ease and freedom, which are born with you: for, I can tell you, that were we, thro' the corruptions of human nature, to lose the distinctions of right and wrong, I know not where we could apply ourselves, but to such as you, to recover them.

I bow'd and said, if you will have it so, sir, it must be so; and I will then bespeak all your kind allowances, casting my eye around me to each person, and tell you all I think upon this matter; and when I have done, submit my poor sentiments, as becomes me, to your superior judgments.

Thus then I would say—Pardon me, madam, for taking your ladyship's words for my theme, as I remember them; and hardly any thing falls from your ladyship that I do *not* remember—*That dispensations are usual things*. I am sure, I am going to display my ignorance; because, knowing nothing of their original or design, I must presume them to be very antient in this kingdom, and introduced only when there were fewer clergymen than benefices. Was there ever such a time?

They smil'd—Nay, now, you *would* command me, sir, to speak, when I needed to do nothing else, to expose myself. There was a time, as I have read, that there were so few scholars, that the benefit of clergy was allow'd to some sort of criminals who could do no more than read, because

the commonwealth could ill spare learned men, and thought it right to encourage the love of letters. And might not there be a time then, when dispensations were allowed to worthy men, because it was difficult to find enough of such as deserv'd that character, to fill the church preferments.

Tell us, Pamela, said Mr. B., whether you do not intend this as a satire upon the practice, or is it really your pretty ignorance, that has made you pronounce one of the severest censures upon it, that could be thought of?

I smiled; and said, Indeed, sir, I think only some such reason, or a worse, must be the original of dispensations: for is it right, that one gentleman shall have two or three livings, the duties of no more than one of which he can personally attend, while so many are almost destitute of bread, and exposed to contempt, the too frequent companion of poverty? And what tho' custom may have sanctified it, is not that all that can; since a good man will not do all he may do without incurring a penalty, because there is in every thing a right and a wrong; and because, be the custom what it will, a man should regulate his actions by his conscience, and the golden rule.

My good lady, proceeded I, says, that Mr. Williams may pay a gentleman handsomely: I do not doubt but Mr. Williams would do so; and *this*, I am sorry to say it, would be doing what is not so often done as one would wish. But may I be permitted to ask, For *what* would he pay the gentleman handsomely? Why, for doing that duty for him, which, in conscience and honour, he ought to do himself, and which, when he takes institution and induction, he engages solemnly to do! And pray, excuse me, my dear *Every-body* (that was my foolish word, which made them smile) To what end is all this?—Only, that the gentleman who does all the labour in the vineyard, shall live upon 30, 40, or 50*l.* per annum, more or less, while the gentleman who has *best* nothing but *best* interest, (another of my foolish phrases) shall receive twice, and perhaps three times the sum for doing nothing. Can any dispensation, allow me to ask, make this a just or equitable thing? Indeed if the living be so poor, as too many of them are, that a man cannot comfortably and creditably subsist without putting two poor ones together to make one tolerable one, that is another thing. But pray my good Mr. Williams, excuse me, if Mr. Adams can live upon a curacy of 40 or 50*l.* a year, cannot another gentleman live, unless his rectory or vicarage bring him 2 or 300*l.*? Mr. Adams may marry as well as Mr. Williams; and both, I believe, will find God's Providence a better reliance, than the richest benefice in England.

A good curacy, no doubt, continued I, (they all with encouraging looks remaining silent) may be a comfortable thing at setting out, to a young gentleman: but if here be a rectory or vicarage, of 200*l.* a year for example, (for, if it be of no more value than a good curacy, he *must* be content) is not that 200*l.* a year the reward for doing such and such labour? And if this be the stated hire for this labour, to speak in the scripture phrase, *is not the labourer worthy of his hire?* Or is he that does not labour, to go away with the greatest part of it? If the gentleman, Lady Davers is pleased to say, has merit, this curacy may put him in a way of shewing it: but does the manifestation of merit, and the reward of it, always go together? My Lady Davers is so good as to observe. But may I, madam, be excused?—Proceed, proceed, child! I shall only have a care of what I say before you for the future, that is all.

And I too, said Mr. H., which made them smile.

Nay, now, madam—Proceed I tell you. I only wonder, as my brother

has said, on another occasion, where thou gottest all these equitable notions.

My lady is so good as to observe, proceeded I, that Mr. Williams should make use of his opportunities. I know her ladyship speaks this rather in generous indulgence to the usual practice, than what always *ought* to be the chief consideration; for if Lord R. were to die, may not some *other* friend arise to reward a man of Mr. Williams's merit?

As to strengthening of a good man's influence, which is a point always to be wished, I would not say so much as I have done, if I had not heard Mr. Longman say (and I am sure I heard it with great pleasure) that the benefice Mr. Williams so worthily enjoys, is a clear 250*l.* a year.

But, after all, does happiness to a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, rest in a great income? On the contrary, is it not oftener to be found in a happy competency, or mediocrity? Suppose my dear Mr. B. had 5,000*l.* a year added to his present large income, would that increase his happiness? That it would add to his cares, is no question; but could that addition give him one single comfort which he has not already? And if he had 2 or 3,000*l.* less, might he be less happy on that account? No, surely; for it would render necessary a greater prudence on my humble part, and a nearer inspection and greater frugality on his own. And if he did not, as now, perhaps, lay up every year, he must be contented, and no doubt he would, and resolve to live still within his income. And who will say that the obligation to greater prudence and economy is a misfortune?

The competency, therefore, the golden mean, is the thing; and I have often considered the matter, and endeavoured to square my actions by the result of that consideration. The man who, being not born to an estate, is not satisfied with a competency, will probably not know any limits to his desires. One whom an acquisition of 100 or 200*l.* a year will not satisfy will hardly sit down contented with any sum. For altho' he may propose to himself at a distance that such and such an acquisition will be the height of his ambition, yet he will, as he approaches to that, advance upon himself farther and farther; and know no bound till the *natural* one is forced upon him, and his life and his views end together.

Now let me humbly beg pardon of you all, ladies and gentlemen, turning my eye to each; but most of you, my good Lady Davers, whose observations I have made so free with. If *you* can forgive me, it will be an instance of your goodness, that I may wish for, but hardly hope for. Will you, my dear lady? said I, and laid my hand upon hers in a supplicatory manner; for she sat next me.

I think *not*, replied she. I think I *ought* not. Should I, brother? Can I, my lord?—Ought I, madam? to Lady C.—Brother, brother, if you have been in any degree contributing to the excellency of this—what shall I call her?—how cunningly do you act, to make her imbibe your notions, and then utter them with such advantage that you have the secret pride to find your own sentiments praised from her mouth! But I will forgive you both, be it as it will.

Well, but for once, said Mr. B., I will undertake to be an advocate for the inferior clergy. And I perceive that the state of the case, as Mrs. B. has given it, regards but *one* side of the question; that which a good clergyman would choose to act. But when we come to the *other* side, what it would be kind we of the *laity* should think and act by *them*, that is another thing. For, when we think of the hardships the clergy lie under, more

than almost any other body of men, we shall see they are intitled to better usage than they generally meet with.

Here, in the first place, a youth is sent to the university, after a painful course to qualify him for it. He endangers his health and impairs his constitution by hard study and a sedentary life ; and after he has passed such a number of years he is admitted into orders, perhaps gets a small fellowship, turns tutor, a painful employment ; and his education having been designed for all his portion, and that expended in it, he at last, by interest or favour, gets a *poor* curacy of 20 or 30*l.* a year ; or suppose a little living of 40, 50, or 60*l.* a year ; and is obliged to maintain himself in a genteel appearance out of that, and be subject not seldom to the jests of buffoons and rakes at a great man's table, where the *parson* is too often the butt to receive the supposed witty shafts of such as can allow themselves to say anything. If he marries (which possibly too he is kept from doing contrary to his wishes), of all men he is the least at liberty to follow his own liking, since prudence too often obliges him to take the woman his inclination would not.

If children follow, what probable views has he of being able to provide for them ? If he has a benefice, is he not too often obliged to contend for his dues, the produce of his poor income, with churlish and ignorant people, whose function would make him wish to smooth and instruct ? Churls, who, tho' they farm and pay to the landlord for no more than nine tenths of the lands they occupy, hardly think it a sin to cheat the parson of his tythe ; who, however, has the same right to it, by the laws of the land, as the gentleman has to the estate, or the tenant to the produce of his farm.

This obliges the poor man to live in a state of hostility, among a people with whom both his duty and inclination would make him desirous to cultivate a good understanding. And what benefits can result from his ministry in such a situation ; when the people to be instructed look upon him as an invader of their substance, at the very time that they are robbing him of what is legally his due ?

In the next place, I presume to think that the clergy are too much looked upon by some as a detached body, as I may say, from the rest of the people, and as persons acting upon a separate interest, quite opposite to that of the laity : when possibly that very churl, who refuses them their right, or would cheat them of it, has a view to bring up one of his family to the church, and hopes to get him provided for out of its revenues. And are not the clergy, moreover, the fathers, the sons, the uncles, the brothers of the laity, who set themselves against their maintenance ? And must their education debar them of those comforts which it better qualifies them to enjoy, and which it incapacitates them any other way to procure ?

What opportunity have not the laity in general, of all degrees and ranks, to make their lives easy and happy, to what the clergy have ? Suppose a middling family, with three or four sons ; and that the father's circumstances will allow him to bring up one to the *law* : what opportunities has that son, unenvied, to make a fortune ? Another is brought up to *trade* : if he has but tolerable success in the world, in what ease and affluence does he support himself, and provide for his family ? And as to the *medical profession*, what fortunes are raised in that ? Nobody envies any of these. But the son whose inclination shall lead him perhaps *best* to deserve, and *most* to require, an easy and comfortable subsistence, and who ought *wholly* to devote himself to the duties of his function, is grudging every thing, and is

treated as if he were not a son of the same family, and had not a natural right and stake in the same commonwealth.

There are, 'tis true, preferments, and some great ones, and honours too, in the church; but how few, compared to the numbers of the expectants, or to those livings which are so poor as can hardly set a man above penury and want? And how are those few engrossed by the descendants or dependents of the rich and powerful! And, what by commendams, dispensations, and such-like contrivances, how does one man of interest and address swallow up the provision which was designed for several, as deserving, perhaps, at least, as himself?—For, Lady Davers, you have said that a clergyman's friends *may die off*, and he must, you know, *make the best use of his opportunities*.

Very well, very well, brother! I see, we all see how your Pamela comes by some of her knowledge. She is happy in her teacher.

Allow me one word more, said my dear Mr. B. I have often, when I have reflected on the hardships of the inferior clergy, wondered that any man who considers these discouragements, and is at liberty to choose for himself, would resolve upon qualifying himself for holy orders.

I humbly conceive, sir, said I, that there can be but one *good* inducement, and that is what the Apostle hints at, in these words—*If in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable*.

By how much this is their motive, said Mr. B., by so much are they intitled to that better hope; and may it never deceive them!

But I have the pleasure to acquaint this company, that I had a mind only to hear what Pamela, who, as I hinted, talked to me learnedly on this very subject a few days ago, would say upon it (and I desired Mr. Williams would let her run on, if I could set her into it)—else my old acquaintance was resolved not to hold both livings, since *either*, he assures me, would afford him as handsome a provision as he wished for. His only difficulty was about obliging Lord R., or whether he should not disoblige me if he complied with that nobleman's request.

Indeed, madam, said Mr. Williams, this is the very case; and after what I have heard from you, I would not, for the world, have been of another mind, nor have put it upon any other foot than I did.

You are a good man, sir, said I; and I have such a good opinion of your worthiness, and the credit you do your function, that I can never suspect either your judgment or your conduct. But, pray, sir, may I ask, What have you determined to do?

Why, madam, replied he, I am stagger'd in that too, by the observation you made, that where a man has the love of his parishioners he ought not to think of leaving them.

Else, sir, I find, you were rather inclined to oblige Lord R., though the living be of *less* value! This is very generous, sir.

My dear, said Mr. B., I will tell you (for Mr. Williams's modesty will not let him speak it before all the company) what *is* his motive, and a worthy one you will say it is. Lord R. has of late years (we all know his character) given himself up to the vice of—*ebriety*—let me call it, to avoid a harsher word: in short, will not suffer any man to go from his table sober. Mr. Williams has taken the liberty to expostulate, as became his function, with him on this subject, and upon some other irregularities, in so agreeable a manner, that Lord R. has taken a great liking to him, and promises that he will suffer his reasonings to have an effect upon him, and

that he shall reform his whole household, if he will come and live near him, and regulate his board by his own example.

Lady R. is a very good woman, and privately presses Mr. Williams to oblige my lord: and this is our worthy friend's main inducement; with the hope, which I should not forget to mention, that he has, of preserving untainted the morals of two young gentlemen, Lord R.'s sons, who, he fears, will be carried away by the force of a father's example: and he thinks, as Lord R.'s living has fallen, mine probably will be better supplied than that, if he, as he kindly offers, gives it me back again; otherwise he apprehends that Lord R. will find out some unhappy man of the cloth, if such a one can be found, as will rather further than prevent his irregularities, as was the unhappy case of the last incumbent.

Well, said Lady Davers, I shall always have the highest respect for Mr. Williams, for a conduct so prudent and so proper. But, brother, will you, and will *you*, Mr. Williams, put this whole affair, in all its parts, into Mrs. B.'s hands, since you have such testimonies, *both* of you, of the rectitude of her thinking and acting?

With all my heart, madam, replied Mr. Williams; I shall be proud of such a direction; bowing to me.

What say *you*, brother? You are to suppose the living in your own hands again; will you leave the whole matter to my *sister* here?

Come, my dear, said Mr. B., let us hear how you would wish it to be order'd. I know you have not need of much consideration, when once you are mistress of a point.

Nay, said Lady Davers, that is not the thing. I repeat my demand: Shall it be as Mrs. B. lays it out, or not?

This is a weighty matter, my good sister, replied Mr. B. I have not always had bad notions. I think patrons are accountable, in a great measure, for the characters of the persons they present; and I do assure you, that had I twenty livings in my gift, I should think I ought not to prefer my brother to any one of them, if his morals and character were not likely to do honour to the church, as well as to my presentation. And I have omitted to mention in enumerating the hardships of the clergy, that scandalous practice of some patrons, who rob the regularly-bred clergymen, by pushing into orders, some kinsman or friend, or friend's kinsman or friend, when a living falls, let his character or qualifications be ever so faulty and defective. I could name several such instances, that ought to make the ordainers, as well as the ordained, *blush*, as, (were I to borrow one of Pamela's serious inferences, I would say) it will one day make them both *tremble*, when they come to give an account of the trusts committed to them.

Well, said Lady Davers, I have a noble brother. What pity he ever—But still, kindly laying her hand upon mine, I must have you put this matter into Mrs. B.'s hands.

Conditionally I will—Provided I cannot give satisfactory reasons why I *ought not* to conform to her opinion; for this, as I said, is a point of conscience with me; and I made it so, when I presented Mr. Williams to the living, and have not been disappointed in him.

A very reasonable condition, brother, said Lord Davers. A very reasonable one indeed, said I. And I shall be less scrupulous if I am not to be excused speaking on this subject, to say all I think, as I shall be in no danger of committing an irreparable error.

I know well, Lady Davers, said Mr. B., the power your sex have over

ours, and their subtle tricks; and so will never, in my weakest moments, be drawn in to make a blindfold promise. There have been several instances both in sacred and profane story, of mischiefs done by such surprizes: so you must allow me to suspect myself, when I know the dear creature's power over me, and have been taught, by the inviolable regard she pays to her own word, to value mine.—And now, Pamela, speak all that is in your heart to say.

With your condition in my eye, I will, sir. But let me see, that I state the matter right. And preparative to it, pray, Mr. Williams, tho' you have not been long in possession of this living, yet perhaps you can compute what it is likely, by what you know of it, to bring in, clear?

Madam, said he, by the best calculation I can make, (I thank you for it, good sir) it may, one year with another, be reckoned at 300*l.* per annum; it is the best living within twenty miles of it, having been improved within these last two years.

If it were 500*l.* a year, and would make you happier, (for *that*, sir, is the thing) I should wish it you, said I, and think it short of your merits. But pray, sir, what is the earl's living valued at?

At about 220*l.*, madam.

Well then, reply'd I, very pertly, now I have it.

Mr. Williams, for motives worthy of his function, inclines to surrender up to Mr. B. his living of 300*l.* per annum, and to accept of Lord R.'s of 220*l.* per annum. Dear sir, I am going to be very bold; but under your condition nevertheless:—Let the gentleman to whom you shall present the living of F., allow 80*l.* per annum out of it to Mr. Williams, till Lord R.'s favour shall make up the difference to him, and no longer.—And—but I dare not name the successor:—for how, dear sir, could I be so bold, shall I part with my chaplain?

Admirable! most admirable! said Lord and Lady Davers, in the same breath. Lady C. praised the decision too; and Mr. H., with his—let me be hang'd, and his 'fore gads,—and such exclamations usual with him, applauded my hint.

Mr. Williams said, He could wish with all his heart Mr. Adams—there he stopt, in deference to Mr. B. Mr. Adams was so abash'd and surpris'd, that he could not hold up his head; but joy danced in his silent countenance.

Mr. B. having hesitated a few minutes, Lady Davers called out for his objection or consent, according to condition; and he said, I cannot so soon determine as your prompt sister did. I will withdraw one minute.

He did so, as I found afterwards, to advise, like the considerate and genteel spirit he possesses, with Mr. Williams, whom he beckon'd out, and to examine whether he was in *earnest* willing to give it up, or had any body he was *very* desirous should succeed him; telling him, That, if he had, he thought himself obliged, in return for his worthy behaviour to him, to pay a particular regard to his recommendation. And being answer'd as he desired, they came in together again.

But I should say, that his withdrawing with a very serious aspect, made me afraid I had gone too far: and I said, before they came in, What *shall* I do, if I have incurred Mr. B.'s displeasure by my over-forwardness? Did he not look displeas'd?

Never fear, Pamela, said my lady; he cannot be angry at anything you say or do. But I wish, for the sake of what I have been witness to, of

Mr. Adams's behaviour and modesty, that such a thing could be done for him.

Mr. Adams bow'd, and said, O my good ladies ! It is too, too considerable a thing : I cannot expect it. I do not. It would be presumption, if I did.

Just then re-enter'd Mr. B. and Mr. Williams, Mr. B. with a serious air, Mr. Williams with a more peace-portending smile on his countenance.

But Mr. B. sitting down, Well, Pamela, said he, very gravely, I see, that power is a dangerous thing in *any* hand. It is even in yours.—Sir, sir ! said I.—My dear lady (whispering to Lady Davers) I will withdraw. And I was getting away as fast as I could : but Mr. B. coming to me, and taking my hand, Why is my charmer so soon frighten'd ? said he, most kindly ; and still more kindly, with a noble air, pressed it to his lips. I must not carry my jest too far with a mind so apprehensive. And leading me to Mr. Adams and Mr. Williams, he said, taking Mr. Williams's hand with his left, as he held mine in his right, Your worthy brother Williams, Mr. Adams, gives me leave to confirm the decision of my wife, and you are to thank her for the living of F. upon the condition * she proposed ; and may you give but as much satisfaction *there*, as Mr. Williams has done, and as you have given in *this* family, and your flock there, and all of us here, will be happy.

Mr. Adams trembled with joy, and said, He could not tell how to bear this excess of goodness : and his eyes gave testimony of a gratitude that was too high for his expression.

As for myself, You, my honoured and dear friends, who know how much I am always raised (even out of myself, as I may say) when I am made the dispenser or promoter of acts of bounty and generosity to the deserving ; and who now, instead of incurring blame, as I had apprehended, found myself applauded by every one, and most by him whose approbation I chiefly coveted to have : you, I say, will judge how greatly I must be delighted.

But I was still more affected, when Mr. B., directing himself to me, and to Mr. Williams, at the same time, was pleased to say, Here, my dear, you must thank good Mr. Williams for enabling you to give such a shining proof of your excellence : and whenever I put power into your hands for the future, act but as you have now done, and it will be impossible, that I should have any choice or will but yours.

O sir, pressing his hand with my lips, forgetting how many witnesses I had of my affectionate gratitude, how shall I, oppressed with your goodness, in such a single instance as this, find words to express my thankfulness !

I could say no more : and Mr. B., in the delicacy of his apprehensiveness for me, led me into the next parlour, and placing himself by me on the settee, said, Take care, best beloved of my soul, that the joy which overflows your heart, for having done a beneficent action to a deserving man, does not affect you too much.

Lady Davers followed us : where is my sister ? said she. I have a share in her next to yourself, my noble brother : and clasping me to her generous bosom, she ran over in expressions of favour to me, in a style and words, which would suffer, were I to repeat them.

* This condition Mr. Williams generously renounced afterwards, lest it should have a simoniacal appearance.

Coffee being ready, we all three returned to the company. My Lord Davers was pleased to make me a great many fine compliments, and so did Mr. H., after his manner. But Lady C. exceeded *herself* in goodness.

Mr. Williams seemed so pleased, or, rather, so elated with the deserved acceptance his worthy conduct had met with, that it shew'd he was far from repenting at the generous turn the matter had taken, in favour of Mr. Adams: on the contrary, he congratulated him upon it, telling him, he would introduce him, when his generous patron thought proper, to his new parishioners. And I think, Mr. Adams, said he, since this affair has been thus happily brought about from the conversation upon dispensations, you and I, both by our examples and our arguments, must, on all occasions, discredit that practice; since, as the excellent Mrs. B. has observed, God's providence is a better reliance than the richest benefice in *England*; and since, as she has also observed, we ought not to look beyond a competency, as if in *this life only we had hope*.

Mr. Adams replied in words worthy of himself, on the occasion: but concluded with a compliment to me on the rules, which at our first acquaintance, I wished him to pursue in our family devotions, so far as he approved them; which rules, the too grateful man said, would furnish him with subjects for the best sermons he should ever be able to compose.

Mr. B. was pleased to say, it is a rule with me, not to leave till tomorrow what can be done to-day: and when, my dear, do you propose to dispense with Mr. Adams's good offices in your family? Or did you intend to induce him to go to town with us?

I had not proposed any thing, sir, as to that; for I had not asked your kind direction: but the good dean will supply us, I doubt not; and when we set out for *London*, Mr. Adams will be at full liberty, with his worthy friend Mr. Williams, to pursue the happy scheme, which your goodness has permitted to take effect.

Mr. Adams, my dear, who came so lately from the university, can, perhaps, recommend such another young gentleman as himself, to perform the functions *he* used to perform in your family.

I looked, it seems, a little grave, and Mr. B. said, what have you to offer, Pamela? What have I said amiss.

Amiss! dear sir!—

Ay, and dear madam, too! I see by your bashful seriousness, in place of that smiling approbation which you always shew, when I utter any thing you *entirely* approve, that I have said something, which would rather meet with your acquiescence, than choice. As I have often told you, therefore, never *hesitate* to me your consent in any thing, while you are sure, I will conform to your wishes, or pursue my own liking, as *either* shall appear reasonable to me, when I have heard *your* reasons.

Why then, dear sir, what I had presumed to think, but I submit it to your better judgment, was, whether, since the gentleman who is so kind as to assist us in our family devotions, in some measure acts in the province of the worthy dean, it were not right, that our own parish minister, whether here or in *London*, should name, or at least approve *our* naming, the gentleman?

Why could not I have thought of that, as well as you, sauce-box? said Mr. B. Pamela, I charge you, if you *study* for it, be sometimes in the wrong, that I may not always be taking lessons from you. But, in my turn, be led to imagine I can instruct you.

Mr. H. said, let him *be hang'd*, if he would not marry, as soon as he could get any body to have him.

Foolish fellow ! said Lady Davers, dost think that thou wilt meet with such a wife as that, when thou marriest ?

Why not, madam ? For if I am not so good as Mr. B. now is, I have not been so bad neither as I have heard you say he was formerly ; (excuse me, sir :) And so I may stand a chance.

A chance ! said my lady : That's like thee. Didst ever hear of such a one as her ?

I never, said he, and fell a laughing, *saw* such a one. And take *that*, my good lady, for calling me *foolish fellow*.

There is not the reproach in thy answer that thou intendest, except to thy own grinning insolence, said her ladyship, (severe enough, but smiling) that makes thee think that a reflection, which is none in this case.

Egad, madam, you're always hard upon me. I can say nothing to please you. While every body else gives and receives compliments, I can come in for nothing but *foolish fellow* with your ladyship.

Nephew, said my lord, laughing, I think you come in for a large part, and a facetious one too : for when you are present, and conversation takes a serious turn, you make an excellent character to set us all a laughing.

He got up, and bow'd very low : I thank your lordship. You might as well have called me a Jack-pudden in plain words ; but then I would have looked upon you all as so many mountebanks !—There I have you ! said he, and fell a laughing.

Lady C. sh ddering, said, dear, dear Mr. H., be silent, I beseech you, whenever we are serious ; for you tear one from the feast of souls to the froth of bodies.

I hope, my dear Miss Darnford, you will forgive me for being so tedious on the foregoing subject, and its most agreeable conclusion. It is an important one, because several persons, either as conferrers or receivers, have found their pleasure and account in it. I have one merit to plead in behalf even of my prolixity ; that in reciting the delightful conferences I have the pleasure of holding with our noble guests, and Mr. B., I am careful not to write twice upon one topick ; altho' several which I omit, may be more worthy of your notice, than those I give ; so that you have as much variety from me, as the nature of the facts and cases will admit of.

But here I will conclude, having a very different subject, as a proof of what I have advanc'd. to touch in my next. Till then, I am your most affectionate and faithful,

P.B.

LETTER LXV.

I NOW proceed with my journal, which I brought down to *Tuesday* evening ; and of course I begin with

Wednesday.

TOWARDS the evening came Sir Jacob Swynford, on horseback, attended by two servants in liveries. I was abroad ; for I had got leave for a whole afternoon, which time I passed in visiting four several poor sick families, whose hearts I made glad. But I should be too tedious, were I to give you the particulars ; and besides, I have a brief list of cases, which when you will favour me with your company, I may shew you ; for I have obliged myself tho' not desired, to keep an account of what I do with no less than two hundred guineas a year, which Mr. B. allows me to expend in acts of charity and benevolence.

Lady Davers told me afterwards, that Sir Jacob carried it mighty stiff and formal, when he alighted. He strutted about the court-yard in his boots, with his whip in his hand; and tho' her ladyship went to the great door, in order to welcome him, he turn'd short, and, whistling, followed the groom into the stable, as if he had been at an inn; only, instead of taking off his hat, pulling its broad brim over his eyes, for a compliment. In she went in a pet, as she says, saying to Lady C., a surly brute he always was! *My* uncle! He is more of a hostler than a gentleman: I am resolv'd I will not stir to meet him again. And yet the wretch loves respect from others, tho' he never practises common civility himself.

Lady C. said she was glad he was come; for she lov'd to divert herself with such odd characters.

And now let me give you a short description of him as I found him, when I came in, that you may the better conceive what sort of a man he is.

He is about sixty-five years of age, coarse, strong, big-bon'd, with large irregular features. He has a haughty supercilious look, a swaggering gait, and an aspect not at all bespeaking one's favour in behalf of his mind: his mind, as you shall hear by-and-by, not clearing up those prepossessions in his disfavour, with which his person and features at first strike one. His voice is big and hoarse; his eyes little and fiery; his mouth large, with yellow and blackish stumps of teeth, what are left of which being broken off to a tolerably regular height, look as if they were ground down to his many-coloured gums, by constant use. But with all these imperfections, he has an air that sets him somewhat above the mere vulgar, and such as makes one think, that half his disadvantages are owing rather to his own haughty humour, than to nature: for he seems to be a perfect tyrant at first-sight, a man used to prescribe: and has the advantage of a shrewd penetrating look, which yet, methinks, seems rather acquired than natural.

After he had scen his horses well-serv'd, and put on an old-fashion'd gold-button'd coat, which by its freshness shew'd he had been very chary of it, a better wig, but in stiff buckle, and a long sword, stuck stiffly, as if through his coat lappets; in he came, and with an imperious air entering the parlour, What, nobody come to meet me! said he; and saluting Lady Davers, How do you do, niece? and look'd about haughtily, she say, as if he expected to see me.

My lady, presenting Lady C., said, The Countess of C., Sir Jacob.

O, cry mercy! Your most obedient humble servant, madam; I hope his lordship is well?

At your service, Sir Jacob.

I wish he was, said he bluntly; he should not have voted as he did last sessions, I can tell you that.

Servants, Sir Jacob, said she, in this free kingdom, do not always do as their *masters* would have them.

Mine do, I can tell you that, madam.

Right or wrong, Sir Jacob?

It cannot be wrong, if I command them.

Why, truly, Sir Jacob, there are many private gentlemen who carry it higher to servants, than they care their *Prince* should to them; but I thought, till now, it was the King only who could do no wrong.

But, madam, I always take care to be right.

A good reason——because, I dare say, you never think you *can* be in the wrong.—Your ladyship should spare me: I am but just come off a journey.

Let me turn myself about, and I will be up with you, never fear, madam. But where's my nephew, Lady Davers? And where's your lord? I was told you were all here, and young H. too, upon a very extraordinary occasion; so I was willing to see how causes went among you, and what you were about. It will be long enough before you come to see me, niece.

My brother, and Lord Davers, and Mr. H. are all rid out together.

Well, niece, strutting with his hands behind him, and his head held up — Ha! — He has made a fine kettle on't — han't he! — 'Sblood, (that was his profligate word) that ever such a rake should be so caught! — They tell me, she's plaguy cunning, and quite smart and handsome. But I wish his father were living. Yet what could he have done? Your brother was always unmanageable; *Will* was always *wilful*. I wish he had been my son; by my faith I do! I hope, niece, he locks up his baby, while you are here? You don't keep her company, do you?

Yes, Sir Jacob, I do: and you will not scruple to do so, too, when you see her.

Why, thou countenancest him in his folly, child; I had a better opinion of thy spirit! Thou married to a lord, and thy brother to a — canst tell me what, *Barbara*? If thou canst, pr'ythee do.

To an angel; and so you will say, presently.

What, dost think I shall look thro' *his* foolish eyes? What a disgrace to a family antienter than the conquest! *O Tempora! O Mores!* What will this world come to?

Both ladies run on in my praise, for fear he should say some rude things to me when I came in: but all signified nothing. He would tell us both his mind let the young whelp (that was his word) take it as he would. And pray, said he, can't I see this fine body before he comes in? Let me but turn her round two or three times, and ask her a question or two; and by her answers I shall know what to think of her in a twinkling.

She is gone to take a little airing, Sir Jacob, and will not be back till supper-time.

Supper-time! Why, she is not to sit down at table, is she? If she does, I won't: that's positive. But now you talk of supper, what have you? I must have a boil'd chicken, and shall eat it all myself. Who is house-keeper now? I suppose all's turn'd upside-down.

No, there is not one new servant, except a girl that waits upon her own person: all the old servants are continued.

That's *much!* these creatures generally take as great state upon 'em as a born lady: and they are in the right. If they can make the man stoop to the great point, they'll hold his nose to the grindstone, never fear; and all the little points come about in course.

Well, Sir Jacob, when you see her, you will alter your mind.

Never, never; that's positive.

Ah, Sir Jacob, I was as positive as you once; but I love her now as well as if she were my own sister.

Hideous, hideous! — Tell it not in *Gath*; for thou'lt make the daughters of *Philistia* triumph! All the fools that he has made wherever he has travell'd, will clap their hands at him, and at you, too, if you talk at this rate. But let me speak to Mrs. Jervis, if she be here: I'll order my own supper. I know the house; tho' in the days of a better mistress. And out he went to give his orders to Mrs. Jervis.

Lady C. said, if Mr. B. kept his temper, as she hoped he would, there would be good diversion with the old gentleman.

My brother will, I dare say. He despises the surly brute too much to be angry with him, said Lady Davers.

He went, and talked a great deal against me, to Mrs. Jervis. She launched out in my praises. He was offended at her, and said, Woman ! woman ! forbear these ill-tim'd praises : her birth is a disgrace to our family. What ! my sister's waiting-maid, taken upon charity ! I cannot bear it.

I mention all these things as the ladies afterwards told them to me, because it shall prepare you to judge what a fine visitor I was likely to have of him.

When Mr. B., my Lord Davers, and Mr. H. came home, which they did about half an hour after six, they were told who was there, just as they entered the parlour. Mr. B. smiled at Lord Davers, and entering, Sir Jacob, said he, Welcome to Bedfordshire ! And thrice welcome to this house ! I rejoice to see you.

Lady Davers says, Never was so odd a figure as the old baronet, when thus accosted. He stood up indeed ! but as Mr. B. offer'd to take his hand, he put them both behind him—Not that you know of, sir !—And then looking up at his face, and down at his feet, three or four times successively—Are you my brother's son ? That very identical son, that your father used to boast of, and say, That for handsome person, true courage, noble mind, was not to be matched in any three counties in England ?

The very same, dear sir, that my father's partiality used to think he never praised enough.

And what is all of it come to at last ? He paid well, did he not, to teach you to know the world ? Ad's life, nephew, hadst thou been born a fool, or a raw greenhead, or a dotting greyhead—

What then, Sir Jacob ?

What, then ?—Why, then, thou wouldst have done just as thou *hast* done !

Come, come, Sir Jacob, you know not what an angel in person and mind I call mine. Your eyes shall by-and-by be blest with a sight of her : your ears with hearing her speak : and then you will call all you have said profanation.

What is it I hear ! What is it I hear ! You talk in the language of romance ; and, from the house-keeper to the head of the house, you are all stark-staring mad. By my soul, nephew, I wish, for thy own credit, thou hadst that plea to make. But what signifies wishing ? I hope you will not bring your siren into my company.

Yes, I will, sir, because I love to give you pleasure. And say not a word more, for your own sake, till you see her—You will have the less to unsay, Sir Jacob, and to repent of, when you do.

The devil ! I'm in an enchanted castle, that's certain. What a plague has this little witch done to you all ? And how did she bring it about ?

The ladies and Lord Davers laugh'd, it seems ; and Mr. B., begging him to sit down, and answer him some family questions, he said (for it seems he is very captious at times), What a devil ! am I to be laugh'd at ? Lord Davers, I hope *you are* not bewitch'd, too, are you ?

Indeed, Sir Jacob, I am. My sister B. is my dotting-piece.

Whew ! whistled he, with a wild stare : and how is it with *you*, youngster ?

With me, Sir Jacob? said Mr. H. I would give all I'm worth, and ever shall be worth in the world, for such another wife.

Sir Jacob ran to the window, and throwing up the sash, looked into the court-yard, and said, Hollo—So-ho—Groom—Jack—Jonas—Get me my horse! I'll keep no such company! I'll be gone! Why, Jonas! calling again.

You are not in earnest, Sir Jacob? said Mr. B.

I am, by my soul. I'll away to the village this night. Why, you are all upon the high-game. I'll—But who comes here?—For just at that instant I entered the court-yard in the chariot.—Who's this? Who is she?

One of *my* daughters, started up Lady C., my youngest daughter, Jenny: she is the pride of my family, Sir Jacob.

By my soul, said he, I was running; for I thought it was the grand enchantress.

Out stept Lady Davers to me: dear Pamela, said she, humour all that is said to you. Here is Sir Jacob come. You are the Countess of C——'s youngest daughter, Lady Jenny. That is your cue.

Ah, but madam, said I, Lady Jenny is not marry'd.

She laugh'd at my exception: come, Lady Jenny, said she (for I just then enter'd at the great door), I hope you have had a fine airing?

A very pretty one, madam, said I, as I enter'd the parlour. This is a pleasant country, Lady Davers. [*Wink when I am wrong, whisper'd I.*] Where is Mrs. B.?—Then, as seeing a strange gentleman, I started half-back, into a more reserv'd air; and made him a low court'sy.

Sir Jacob look'd as if he did not know what to think of it, now at me, now at his nephew. But Mr. B. put him quite out of doubt, by taking my hand: well, Lady Jenny, did you meet my fugitive in your tour?

No, Mr. B., reply'd I. Did she go my way? I told you I would keep the great road.

Lady Jenny C——, said Mr. B., presenting me to his uncle. A charming creature! added he: have you not a son, Sir Jacob, worthy of such an alliance?

Ay, marry, nephew, this is a lady indeed! Why the plague, whisper'd he, could you not have pitched your tent here?—Miss, by your leave: and saluting me, turn'd to Lady C.: by my soul, madam, you have a charming daughter! Had my rash nephew seen this lovely creature, and you would have condescended, he'd never have stoop'd to the cottage, as he has done.

You are right, Sir Jacob, return'd Mr. B.; but I always ran too fast for my good fortune: yet, these ladies of family seldom bring out their jewels into batchelor's company: and when, too late, we see what we have miss'd, we are vex'd at our precipitation.

Well said, however, boy. By my soul, I wish thee repentance, tho' 'tis out of thy power to amend. Be that one of thy curses when thou seest this lady; as I make no doubt it is.

Again taking my hand, and surveying me from head to foot, and turning me round, which, it seems, is a mighty practice with him to a stranger of our sex (and a modest one, too, you will say, Miss Darnford)—Why, truly, you're a charming creature, Miss—Lady Jenny, I would say—By your leave, once more!—Upon my soul, madam, to Lady C., she is a charmer.

I was hastening away, and he said, But let's see you again, miss; for now I will stay, if they bring nobody else.

Away I went; what a strange creature, thought I, is this!

Supper being near ready, he continued calling out for Lady Jenny. The

sight of her, he said, did him good. But he was resolv'd he would not sit down at table with *somebody else*.

Lady C. said, She would fetch her daughter ; and stepping out, return'd, saying, Mrs. B. understands Sir Jacob is here, and does not choose to see her : so she begs to be excus'd ; and my Jenny and she desire to sup together.

The very worst tidings I have heard this twelvemonth. Why, nephew, let your girl sup with any body, so we may have Lady Jenny back with us.

I know, said Lady C. (who was desirous to see how far he would carry it), Jenny will not leave Mrs. B. If, therefore, you see *one*, you must see the *other*.

Nay, then, if it must be so, I must sit down contented. But yet, I should be glad to see Lady Jenny, that I should. But I will not sit down at table with Mr. B.'s girl—that's positive.

Well, well, let them sup together, and there is an end of it, said Mr. B. I see my uncle has as good a judgment as any body of fine ladies [*that I have, nephew*] : but he cannot forego his humour, in compliment to the finest woman in England.

Consider, nephew, consider——'Tis not thy doing a foolish thing, and calling a girl wife, shall cram a niece down my throat, that's positive. The moment thy girl comes down to take place of these ladies, I am gone, that's most certain.

Well then, shall I go up, and oblige Pamela to sup by herself, and persuade Lady Jenny to come down to us ?

With all my soul, nephew. A good motion. But, Pamela, did you say ? A *queer* sort of name ! I have heard of it somewhere ! Is it a Christian or a Pagan name ? Linsey-wolsey, half one, half t'other, like thy girl—Ha, ha, ha !

Let me be *hang'd*, whisper'd Mr. H. to his aunt, if Sir Jacob has not a power of wit ; tho' he is so whimsical with it. I like him much.

But, hark-ye, nephew, said Sir Jacob, as Mr. B. was going out of the parlour, one word with you : don't fob upon us your girl with the Pagan name, for Lady Jenny. I have set a mark upon her, and should know her from a thousand, altho' she had chang'd her hoop.——Then he laugh'd again, and said, He hoped Lady Jenny would come ; and come without any body with her——But I smell a plot, said he. By my soul I won't stay, if they both come together. I won't be put upon——But here comes one, or both. Where's my whip ? I'll go.

Indeed, Mr. B., I had rather have staid with Mrs. B., said I, as I enter'd, as he had bid me.

'Tis she, 'tis she !——You've nobody behind you ?——No, she has not.——Why now, nephew, you're right. I was afraid you would have put a trick upon me.——You had *rather*, repeated he to me, have stay'd with Mrs. B. ! Yes, I warrant. But you shall be plac'd in better company, my dear child.

Sister, said Mr. B., will you be pleased to take that chair ; for Pamela does not choose to give disgust to my uncle, who so seldom comes to see us.

Lady Davers took the upper end of the table, and I sat next below my new mamma : so, Jenny, said she, How have you left Mrs. B. ?

A little concern'd :——but she was the easier, as Mr. B. himself desir'd I'd come down.

My Lord Davers sat next me, and Sir Jacob said, Shall I beg a favour of you, my lord ? Pray let me sit next to Lady Jenny.

Mr. B. said, Will it not be better to sit over-against her, Sir Jacob ?
 Ay, that's right. I'faith, nephew, thou know'st what's right. Well, so I will. He accordingly removed his seat.

He run on in my praise, after his manner ; but so rough at times, that he gave me pain ; and I was under a difficulty too, lest he should observe my ring : but he star'd so much in my face, that that escap'd his notice.

After supper, the gentlemen sat down to their bottle, and the ladies and I withdrew ; and about twelve they broke up, Sir Jacob talking of nothing but Lady Jenny, and wishing Mr. B. had marry'd such a charming creature ; one, he said, that carried tokens of her high birth in her face, and whose every feature, and look, shew'd her to be nobly descended.

They let him retire with his mistake : but Lady C. said next morning, she thought she never saw a greater instance of stupid pride, and churlishness ; and she should be sick of the advantage of birth or ancestry, if this was the natural fruit of it. For a man, said her ladyship, to come to his nephew's house, and to suffer the mistress of it to be closeted up (as he thinks), and not permitted to appear, in order to humour his absurd and brutal arrogance, and to behave as he has done ; is such a ridicule upon the pride of descent, that I shall think of it as long as I live. O Mrs. B., said she, what advantages have you over every one who sees you ; but most over those who pretend to treat you unworthily !

I expect to be called to breakfast every minute, and shall then, perhaps, see how this matter will end. I wish, when he is undeceived, he is not in a fury. I fear the matter will not go off so well as I wish ; for every body seems to be grave, and angry at Sir Jacob.

Thursday.

At breakfast-time, when every one was sat, and a chair left for me, Sir Jacob began to call out for Lady Jenny. But, said he, I'll have none of your girl, nephew, altho' the chair at the tea-table is left for somebody.

No, said Mr. B., we will get Lady Jenny to supply Mrs. B.'s place, since you don't choose to see her.

With all my heart, reply'd he.

But, Sir Jacob, said Mr. B., have you really no desire, no curiosity, to see my wife ?

No, none at all, by my soul.

Just then I came in, and made my compliments to the company, and to Sir Jacob. Do you, Lady Jenny, said Lady Davers, take that chair, in the absence of Mrs. B.—And down I sat in the vacant chair.

After breakfast, and the servants were withdrawn, Lady Jenny, said Lady Davers, you are a young lady, who have all the advantages of birth and descent. Some of the best blood in the kingdom runs in your veins ; and Sir Jacob Swynford is your great admirer : cannot *you*, from whom it will come with a double grace, convince him, that he does an unkind thing, to say no more, at my brother's house, to keep the person my brother has thought worthy of making the mistress of it, out of company ? And let us know your opinion, Whether my brother himself does right, to comply with such an unreasonable distaste ?

Why, how now, Lady Davers ! This from you ! I did not expect it.

Sir Jacob, as my uncle, said Mr. B., is the only person in the kingdom that I would have humoured thus : and I made no doubt, when he saw how willing I was to oblige him in so high a point, he would have acted a more generous part than he has yet done. But, Lady Jenny, what say you to my sister's questions ?

Were I to speak my mind, reply'd I, I should be very serious with Sir Jacob. I should say, That when a thing is done, and cannot be help'd, he should acquiesce with it; at least not shew his dislike so plainly, for fear of making his nephew dissatisfied with his choice, and both man and wife unhappy to the end of their lives.

Nay, Miss, Lady Jenny, I should say, replied he, if all are against me, and you, whose good opinion I value more than all, you may e'en let the girl come, and sit down, if you will. If she be but half as pretty, and half as wise, and modest, as you, I shall, as it cannot be help'd, as you say, be ready to think better of the matter. For it is a little hard, I must needs say, if she has hitherto appear'd before all the company, to have her kept out of the way on my account.

Really, Sir Jacob, said Lady C., I have blush'd for you more than once, on this occasion. But the mistress of this house is *more* than half as wise, and modest, and lovely: and in hopes you will return me back some of the blushes I have lent you, see *there*, in my daughter Jenny, whom you have been so justly admiring, the mistress of the house, and the lady with the Pagan name!

Sir Jacob sat aghast, looking at one, and at another, and at me, each in turn, and then cast his eyes on the floor. At last, up he got, and swore a sad oath, And am I thus trick'd and *bamboozled*, that was his odd word: am I?—There's no bearing this house, nor her presence now, that's certain; and I'll be gone.

Mr. B. looking at me, and nodding his head towards Sir Jacob, as he was in a hurry to be gone, I arose from my chair, and went to him, and took his hand: I hope, Sir Jacob, you will be able to bear *both*, when you shall see that there is no other difference but that of descent, between the supposed Lady Jenny, whom you so kindly praised, and her whom your dear nephew has so much exalted.

Let me go, said he, I'm most confoundedly bit. I cannot look you in the face! By my soul I cannot! For 'tis impossible you should forgive me.

Indeed it is not, sir; you have done nothing but what I can forgive you for, if your dear nephew can; to him was the wrong, if any, and I am sure he can overlook it.—And for his sake, to the uncle of so honoured a gentleman, to the brother of my late good lady, I can, with a bent knee, *thus*, ask your blessing, and desire your excuse, for joining to keep you in this suspense.

Bless you! O Christ! said he, and stamp'd, Who can but bless you? And he kneeled down, and wrapp'd his arms about me. But curse me, that was his strange word, if ever I was so touch'd before!

My dear Mr. B., for fear my spirits should be too much affected, (for the rough baronet, in his transport, had bent me down lower than I kneeled) came to me, and held me by the arm; but permitted Sir Jacob to raise me, only saying, How does my angel?—Now she has made this conquest, she has completed all her triumphs.

Angel did you call her? By my soul, I'm confounded with her goodness, and her sweet carriage!—Rise, and let me see if I can stand myself! And, believe me, I am sorry I have acted so much like a bear as I have done; and the more I think of it, the more I shall be asham'd of myself. The tears, as he spoke, ran down his rough cheeks, which moved me a good deal; for, to see a man with so hard a countenance weep, was affecting.

Mr. H. putting his handkerchief to his eyes, his aunt said, What is the matter, Jackey?—The matter! answer'd he; I don't know how the devil 'tis: but here are the strangest doings I ever knew. For here, day after day, one is ready to cry, without knowing whether it be for joy or for sorrow! What a plague is the matter with *me*, I wonder!

And out he went, the two ladies, whose charming eyes glisten'd with pleasure, smiling at the effect the scene had upon Mr. H., and at what he said.

Well, madam, said Sir Jacob, approaching me; You will forgive me; and from my heart I wish you joy. By my soul I do: and saluted me. I could not have believed there had been such a woman breathing. I don't wonder at my nephew's loving you!—And *you* call her sister, Lady Davers, don't you? If you do, I'll own her for my niece.

Don't I! Yes, I do, said her ladyship, coming to me, and am proud so to call her. And this I tell you, for *your* comfort, tho' to *my own* shame, that I used her worse than you have done, before I knew her excellence; and have repented of it ever since.

I bow'd to her, and kissing her hand, my dearest lady, said I, you have made me rich amends since; I am sure I may say, *It was good for me, that I was afflicted.*

Why, nephew, she has the fear of God, I perceive, before her eyes too; I am sure I have heard those words. They are somewhere in the scripture, I believe! Why, who knows, but she may be a means to save *your* soul? Hay, you know!

Ay, Sir Jacob, she'll be a means to save a hundred souls, and might go a great way towards saving yours, if you were to live with her but one month.

Save my soul!—Well, but nephew, I hope *you* forgive me, too; for, now I think of it, I never knew you take any matter of opposition so patiently in my life.

I knew, said Mr. B., that every extravagance you insisted upon, was heightening my charmer's triumph, and increasing your own contrition; and as I was not *indeed* depriv'd of her company, I could bear with every thing you said or did. Yet, don't you remember, that I caution'd you, that the less you said against her, the less you would have to unsay, and the less to repent of?

I do; and let me ride out, and call myself to account for all I have said against her, in her own hearing. Yet when I can think of but one half, and how she has taken it, by my soul, I believe 'twill make me *more* than half mad.

At dinner, the old baronet told me, He admir'd me now, as much as he did when he thought me Lady Jenny; but complain'd of the trick put upon him by us all, and seem'd now and then a little serious upon it.

He took great notice of the dexterity which he imputed to me, in performing the honours of the table. And every now-and-then, he lifted up his eyes, God take me! Very clever, by my soul! Why madam, you seem to me to be born to these things! I will be help'd by nobody but you: and you'll have a task of it, I can tell you; for I have a whipping stomach, and were there fifty dishes, I always taste of every one. And indeed one servant was in a manner wholly employ'd, in going between the baronet and me, for half an hour together.

He went from us afterwards to Mrs. Jervis, and made her answer him abundance of questions about me, and how all these matters had *come*

about, as he phrased it; and returning, when we drank coffee, said, I have been *confabbing*, with Mrs. Jervis, about you, niece. By my soul, I never heard the like. She tells me, You can play on the harpsichord, and sing too: will you let a body have a tune or so? My Mab can play pretty well, and so can Dolly: I am a judge of musick, and would fain hear you. I said, If he was a judge, I should be afraid to play before him; but I would not be ask'd twice, when we had taken our coffee.

Accordingly, he repeating his request, I gave him a tune, and, at his desire, sung to it; Od's my life, said he, you do it purely!—But I see where it is—My girls have got *my* fingers! And then he held both hands out, and a fine pair of paws with thick short fingers shew'd he!—Plague on't! they touch two keys at once; but those slender and nimble fingers, how they sweep along! My eye can't follow 'em—Whew! whistled he; they are here and there, and every where at once!—Why, nephew, I believe you've put another trick upon me. My niece is certainly of quality! And report has not done her justice.—One more tune, one more song—By my faith, your voice goes sweetly to your fingers. 'Slife! *I'll thresh my jades*, when I come home. Lady Davers, you know not the money they have cost me to qualify them; and here is a mere baby to them, outdoes 'em by a bar's length, without any expence at all bestow'd upon her. Go over that again—Confound me for a puppy! I lost it by my prating.—Ay, there you have it!—That's it! By my soul, it is! Oh! that I could but dance as well as you sing! I'd give you a saraband, old as I am.

After supper, we fell into a conversation, of which I must give you the particulars, because it was upon a topick that Mr. B. has been blam'd for in his marrying me, and which has stuck by some of his friends, even after they have, in kindness to me, acquitted him in every other respect; and that is, *The EXAMPLE that he has set to young men of family and fortune to marry beneath them.*

It was begun by Sir Jacob, who said, I am in love with my new niece, that I am: but still, one thing sticks with me in this affair, and that is, what will become of degree or distinction, if this practice of gentlemen marrying their mothers' waiting maids (excuse me, madam) should come into vogue? Already, young ladies and young gentlemen are too apt to be drawn away in this manner, and to disgrace their families. We have too many instances of this. You'll forgive me, both of you.

That, said Lady Davers, is the *only* thing, I must needs say, Sir Jacob has hit upon the point, that would make one wish this example had not been set by a man of such an antient family; till one comes to be acquainted with this dear creature; and then every body thinks it ought not to be otherwise than it is.

Ay, Pamela, said Mr. B., what can you say to this? Cannot you defend me from this charge? This is a point that has been often objected to me: Justify me, if you can, from this charge.

Indeed, sir, reply'd I, looking down, it becomes not me to say any thing to this.

But indeed it does, if you can: and I beg you will help me to some excuse.

Will you not, sir, dispense with me on this occasion? Indeed I know not what to say. Indeed I should not, if I may judge for myself, speak one *word* to this subject. For it is my absolute opinion, that degrees in general should be kept up; altho' I were to be allowed to deem the present case a happy exception to the rule.

Mr. B. looking as if he still expected I should say something : I would then, if I must speak, said I, ask, if there be not a law in some nation, that obliges a man, who has seduced a poor creature, to marry her, be his degree ever so high, and her's ever so low ?

I think there is such a law in some country, I can't tell where, said Sir Jacob.

And do you think, sir, whether it be so, or not, that it is equitable it should be so ?

Yes, by my troth——Tho' I must needs own, if it were so in *England*, many men, that I know, would not have the wives they now have.

You speak to your knowledge, I doubt not, Sir Jacob, said Mr. B.

Why, indeed : why truly, I don't know but I do.

All then, said I, that I would infer is, Whether another law would not be a still more just and equitable one, that the man who is repuls'd, from a principle of virtue and honour, should not be censur'd, for marrying a person he could *not* seduce ? And whether it is not more for the honour of both if he does ? inasmuch as it is nobler to reward a virtue, than to repair a shame, were that shame to be repair'd by matrimony ; which I take the liberty to doubt. But I beg pardon ; you commanded me, sir, —Else this subject should not have found a speaker to it, in me.

This, said Sir Jacob, is admirably distinguished. By my soul, it is.

But yet this comes not up to the force of the objection, said Mr. B. The setting an example to waiting-maids to aspire, and to young gentlemen to descend. And I will enter into the subject myself ; and the rather, because, as I go along, I will give Sir Jacob a faint sketch of the merit and character of my Pamela, of which he cannot be so well inform'd, as he has been of the disgrace, which he imagin'd I had brought upon myself by marrying her.

In order to this, give me leave to say, I think it necessary, that as well those persons who are afraid the example should be taken, as those who are inclin'd to follow it, should take *all* the material parts of it into their consideration : otherwise, I think the precedent may be justly cleared ; and the fears of the one be judged groundless, and the plea of the other but a pretence, in order to cover a folly, into which they would have fallen, whether they had this example or not.

For instance : in order to lay claim to the excuses which my conduct, if I may suppose it of force enough to do either good or hurt, will furnish, it is necessary,

That the object of their favour should be a young woman of exquisite beauty, (and that not only in their own blinded and partial judgments, but in the opinion of *every one* who sees her, friend or foe) in order to justify the force which the *first* attractions have upon him.

That she be descended of honest and conscientious, tho' poor and obscure, parents ; who, having preserved their integrity thro' great trials and afflictions, have, by their examples, as well as precepts, laid deep in their daughter's mind the foundations of piety and virtue.

It is necessary that to the charms of person this waiting-maid should have an humble, teachable mind, fine natural parts, a sprightly yet inoffensive wit, a temper so excellent, and a judgment so solid, as should promise for her (by the love and esteem these qualities should attract from her fellow-servants, superior and inferior) that she should become a higher station, and be respected in it.

It is necessary that, after so good a foundation laid by her parents, she should have all the advantages of female education conferred upon her : the example of an excellent mistress improving and building upon so worthy a foundation : a capacity surprisingly ready to take in all that is taught her : an attention, assiduity, and diligence to improve herself ; insomuch as, at fifteen or sixteen years of age, to be able to vie with any young women of rank, as well in the natural genteelness of her person as in her acquisitions : and that in nothing but her *humility* she should manifest any difference between herself and the high-born.

It will be necessary, moreover, that she should have a mind above temptation ; that she should resist the *offers* and *menaces* of one upon whom all her worldly happiness seemed to depend ; the son of a lady to whom she owed the greatest obligations : a person whom she did not *hate*, but greatly *feared*, and whom her grateful heart would have been *glad* innocently to oblige ; and who sought to prevail over her virtue by all the inducements that could be supposed capable of *attracting* a young, unexperienced virgin at one time, or of *frightening* her at another, into his purposes ; who offer'd her high, very high terms, her circumstances consider'd, as well for herself as for parents she loved better than herself, whose circumstances at the same time were low and distressful.

Yet to all these *offers* and *menaces*, that she should be able to answer in such words as these, which will always dwell upon my memory :—“ I reject your proposals with all my soul.”—“ May GOD desert me whenever I make worldly grandeur my chiefest good !”——“ I know I am in your power ; I dread your will to ruin me is as great as your power.”——“ Yet will I dare to tell you I will make no free-will offering of my virtue. All I *can* do, poor as that may be, I *will* do, to shew you that my will bore no part.”——And when future marriage was hinted to her, to be able to answer, “ The moment I yield to your proposals, there is an end of all merit, if now I have any. I should in that case be so far from *expecting* such an honour, that I will pronounce, I should be most *unworthy* of it.”

If, I say, such a young creature can be found, thus beautifully attractive in *every one's* eye, and not partially so only in a man's *own* ; and after that (what good persons would infinitely prefer to beauty) thus piously principled ; thus genteelly educated and accomplished ; thus brilliant ; thus prudent, modest, generous, undesigning ; and having been thus tempted, thus tried, by the man she hated not, be thus inflexibly virtuous, and proof against temptation ; let her reform her libertine, and let him marry her : and were he of princely extraction, I dare answer for it, that no *two* princes in *one* age, take the world through, would be in danger.

These are obvious inferences, added Mr. B., and not refinements upon my Pamela's story ; and if the gentleman were capable of thought and comparison, would rather make such an example as is apprehended, *more* than *less*, difficult than *before*.

But if, indeed, added he, the man be such a booby that he cannot *reflect* and *compare*, and take the case with *all its circumstances* together, I think his papa or mamma should get him a wife to their own liking as soon as possible ; since the poorest girl in *England*, who is virtuous and sensible, would have no reason to glory in such an alliance. Such a young fellow as that would hardly do honour to his family in any *one* instance.

Indeed, said Lady C., it would be pity that such a one should marry

any woman of prudence and birth. It is enough, in conscience, that he is a disgrace to *one* worthy family; it would be pity he should make *two* unhappy.

Why, really, nephew, said Sir Jacob, I think you have said a great deal to the purpose. There is not so much danger from the example as I apprehended, from *sensible* and *reflecting* minds. And as for those who are neither *sensible* nor capable of *reflection*, no great matter, as you say, with whom they intermarry. The girl, if she be such a one as you have described my new niece, and as we all see her to be, would have no great catch.

All the business is, said Lady Davers (you will excuse me, sister), there will be more people will hear that Mr. B. has married his mother's waiting-maid than will know his inducements.

Not many, I believe, sister. For when it is known that I have some character in the world, and am not quite an idiot, my inducements and the character of the woman will be naturally enquired after. And let me observe, that my very faults, in not having been one of the most virtuous of men, will stand me in some stead in *this* case, though hardly in *any* other.

But see you not, when we go abroad, to church, or elsewhere, what numbers of people are drawn by her character to admire my Pamela? Does not this show that her virtue had made her more conspicuous than my fortune has made me? For I passed up and down quietly enough before (handsome as my equipage always was), and attracted not any body's notice: and indeed I could wish that these honours were not so publicly paid *her*; for (even were I *fond* of shew and parade) what are they but a reproach to me? And can I have any excellence, but a secondary one, in having, after all my persecutions of her, done but common justice to her merit?

This, proceeded he, answers your objection, Lady Davers, and shews that *my* inducement, and *her* story, must be equally known. And, upon my conscience, I think (every thing I have said considered, and every thing that might still farther be urged; and the conduct of the dear creature in the station she adorns, so much exceeding all I hoped, or could have flattered myself with, from the most promising appearances) that she does *me* more honour than I have done *her*; and I think I should be of the same opinion were I called upon to decide upon a case circumstanced as this is, were the man of a much higher degree than I am.

You may believe, my dear Miss Darnford, that I was much affected with his generous defence of the step he had taken: all the way depreciating himself, and exalting me as he did. I played with a cork one while; with my rings another; looked down, and on one side, and every way I looked but on the company; for they gazed too much upon me all the time; so that I could only glance a tearful eye now and then upon the dear man; and when it would overflow, catch in my handkerchief the escaped fugitives.

O dear sir! said I, how you over-rate my poor merit! Some persons are happy in a life of *comforts*, but mine is a life of *joy*! One rapturous *in* tance follows another so fast, that I know not how to bear them.

Whew! whistled Sir Jacob. Whereabouts am I? I hope, by-and-by, you'll come down to our pitch, that one may put in a word or two with you.

May you be long thus blest, and thus happy together! said Lady Davers.

I know not which to admire most, the dear girl who never was bad, or the dear gentleman, who, having been bad, is now so good !

Lord Davers had tears in his eyes. Indeed, as Mr. B. says, it is difficult to bear these affecting scenes, following one another so quick.

Lady C. was pleased to say that till now she had been at a loss to form any notion of the happiness of the first pair before the fall ; but now she comprehended it in all its force.—God preserve you to each other, added her ladyship, for a credit to the state and to human nature !

Mr. H. having his elbows on the table, folded his hands, shaking them, and looking down, Egad, this is uncommon life, that it is ! Your two souls, I can see that, are like well-tuned instruments ; but they are too high-set for me, a vast deal.

The best thing, said Lady Davers (always severe upon her poor nephew), thou ever saidst ! The musick must be equal to that of Orpheus, which can make such a savage as thee dance to it. I charge thee, say not another word to-night.

Why, indeed, aunt, returned he, laughing, I believe it *was* pretty well said for your *foolish fellow* : tho' it was by chance, I must confess : I did not study for it.

That I believe, replied her ladyship ; if thou hadst, thou'dst not have spoken so well.

Sir Jacob and Mr. B. afterwards fell into a family discourse : and Sir Jacob gave us an account of two or three courtships *by* his three sons, and *to* his two daughters, and his reasons for disallowing them : and I could observe he is an absolute tyrant in his family, tho' they are all men and women grown, and he seemed to please himself with letting us know how much they stood in awe of him.

One odd piece of conversation, I must tell you, because of the inference which was made from it.

Sir Jacob asked Mr. B. if he did not remember John Wilkins, his steward ? He was an honest fellow, said he, as ever liv'd. But he's dead. Alas for him, poor Jack ! He physick'd himself out of his life. He would be always taking slops : had I done so I should have gone to the dogs long ago. But whom do you think, nephew, I've got in his place ? —Nay, you can't know him neither. Why, 'tis Jerry Sherwood, a boy I took upon charity, and taught to write and read ; or paid for't, and that's the same thing ; hay, you know ! And now Jerry's a gentleman's fellow, and is much respected by all our hunters ; for he's a keen sportsman, I assure you. I brought him up to that myself, and many a jirk has the dog had from me before I could make anything of him. Many and many a good time have I thwack'd the rascal's jacket ; and he owes all he is, and will be, to me : and I now suffer him to sit down at table with me, when I have no guests.

But is it not setting a bad example, said Mr. B., to promote so low a servant to the command of the family, under you ? What do *gentlemen* say to this ?

Gentlemen say to it ! Why, what gentlemen have anything to do with my family management ? Surely, I may do as I will in my own house, and in my own family ; or else it would be very hard.

True, Sir Jacob ; but people will be meddling, where they have least business. But are not all the gentlemen uneasy, for fear their *lowest servants*, from the example set by so leading a man as you, a chairman of the sessions, a colonel of the militia, a deputy lieutenant, and a justice of quorum, should want to be made their *stewards* ?

The old baronet, full of his own prerogative, attended not yet to the palpable inference.—Why, I can't say (with a haughty air he spoke) that any body has taken it into their heads to question me upon the subject. I should think them plaguy impertinent if they had, and bid them mind their own business.

But you will allow, Sir Jacob, that every one who knows you have raised your foot-boy to be your steward will not know your inducements; altho', I doubt not, they are very good ones.

Lady Davers shook her head at her brother, saying, Very well, sir; very well.

Sir Jacob cried out, O ho, nephew! are you thereabouts with your bears? Why, I can't say, but you're *in* with me now.—Let's see; what have I said?—Ay, by my soul, you have nabb'd me cleverly. Faith and troth, you have convinced me, by an example of my own, that I was impertinent to trouble my head about the management of your family.—Tho' near kindred makes some excuse for me too. And, besides, a steward and a wife are two different things.

So I would have them be, Sir Jacob: but good wives are but stewards to their husbands, in many cases; and mine is the best that ever man had.

Pretty expensive ones, nephew, for all that, as the world runs. Most gentlemen find, I believe, stewards of this sort, run 'em out more than they save: but that's not your case, I dare say.—I'faith, tho', you have nick'd me cleverly, that you have.

But, my *witty* brother, said my lady, I believe you had better, for all your fling at me, as to *inducements*, stick to your first defence, as to the example's sake; for who stands upon birth or degree in the office of a steward?

It will answer several purposes, Lady Davers, and come nearer the point than you are aware of, were we to dispute upon it. But I have gain'd my end in the observation: Sir Jacob takes the force of the comparison, and is convinced, I dare say, there is some justice in it.

Ay, ay, a great deal, said Sir Jacob; for a wife is, or ought to be, her husband's steward. I'm sure, when mine was living, I made her so, and had no other; for she made memorandums, and I digested them into a book: and yet she brought me a noble fortune too, as you all know.

Here, my Miss Darnford, I conclude my tedious narrations. Be so good as to return them (with some of your charming penmanship), that I may send them on to Kent. There is so much self-praise, in this packet (indeed in every one), that I am half of opinion I should send it to Kent only, and to think you would be obliged to me for saving you so much trouble and impertinence.

I will conclude with an address to your papa.—“Dear Sir Simon, permit Miss Darnford to add to the delights of her admiring friend, by her charming company. Mr. Murray, and the new affair, will divert you, in her absence. My good Lady Darnford has consented, Miss Darnford is willing, and her sister can spare her. Do not *you* then be so cross as to deny this very great favour, to Your, to my dear Lady Darnford's, to her's, and Miss Nancy's, faithful and obedient Servant,
“P. B.”

LETTER LXVI.—MISS DARNFORD TO MRS. B. IN ANSWER TO
LETTERS LXIV., LXV.

YOU have given us great pleasure, my dearest friend, in your accounts of your conversations with your noble guests, and of the verses put so boldly

and wickedly under your seat ; and in your just observations on the lines, and the occasion.

I am quite shock'd, when I think of Lady Davers's passionate intentions, at her first coming down to you to the hall ; but, in compliance with your desire, have let nobody into the worst of the matter. We are delighted with your account of your family management, and your *Sunday* service.

We go on here swimmingly with our courtship. Never was there a fonder couple. The moody girl is quite alive, easy and pleas'd ; except now-and-then with me.—We had a sad falling out t'other day.—But I will not expose a sister, by giving you an account of it ; nor myself, perhaps, I ought to say ; for I was pretty spiteful. And here I am called upon to answer for myself, in a letter from you, which is just come to my hands.

But pray, my dear, make my compliments to your Mr. B., and tell him, he is very unpolite in his reflections, when he supposes I regret the losing of Mr. Murray. *You*, my dear, are much more favourable, and *just* too, I will say. These men, the very best of them, think so highly of their saucy selves, that they imagine a woman cannot from *her heart* despise them : but if she turns them off, as they deserve, and happens to continue her dislike, what should be interpreted in her favour, as a just and *regular* piece of conduct, is turn'd against her, as it must proceed from spite and repentance ; for what ? For having asserted herself as she ought.

Mr. B. may think he knows a good deal of the sex. But, perhaps, were I as malicious as he is reflecting (and yet, if I have *any* malice, he has raised it), I could say, that his acquaintance was not with the most unexceptionable, till he had the happiness to know you : and he has not long enough been happy in you, I find, to do justice to those who are proud to emulate your virtues. We will, indeed, my dear, as you propose, dispute the pretensions of these free living men, to a general knowledge of our sex.

I cannot bear, *it seems*, to see my sister address'd and complimented, and prefer'd by one whom I had thought in my own power ! But he *may* be mistaken : with all his sagacity, he *has been* often. Nor is it so mortifying a thing to me, as he imagines, to sit and see two simpletons playing their monkey tricks with one another.

But you hardly ever saw *such* monkey tricks play'd as they play, at so early a time of courtship. The girl hangs upon his arm, and receives his empty head on her shoulder, already, with a freedom that would be censurable in a bride, before folks. A stiff, sullen, proud, scornful girl, as she used to be, she now puts on airs that are not natural either to her features or her character ; and must not this disgust one ? Especially when one sees her man so proud and vain upon it, that, like a *true* man, he treats her with the less ceremony for her condescension, putting on airs of consequence, while *her* easiness of behaviour makes him secure of acceptance, let him be as *negligent* or as *forward* as he pleases.

I say, Mrs. B., there can be no living with these men upon such beginnings—They ought to know their distance, or be taught it ; and not to think *that* notice and *those* favours their right, which they should receive as an honour done them, after a long courtship, and the most obsequious behaviour.

But neither can I bear, *it seems*, the preparatives to matrimony, the fine cloaths, the compliments, the *busy novelty*, as he calls it, the new equipages, and so forth. That is his mistake again, tell him : for she, who can look forwarder than the nine days of wonder, can easily despise so transient a

glare. And, pray assure him from me, that were I fond of compliments, it would not perhaps be the way to be gratified were I to marry.

Compliments, in the single state, are a woman's due, whether courted or not ; and she receives them, or ought always to receive them, as such : but in courtship they are pour'd out upon one, like a hasty shower, that one knows will soon be over ! A mighty comfortable consideration this, to a lady who *loves to be complimented* ! Instead of the refreshing April-like showers, which beautify the sunshine, she shall stand a deluge of complaisance, be wet to the skin with it ; and then—What then ?—Why, be in a Libyan desert ever after ; experience a constant parching drought, and all her attributed excellencies will be swallowed up in the quicksands of matrimony.

It may, and it *must*, be otherwise with you, because there is such an infinite variety in your excellence. Every rising sun adorns you with some new rays, and sets not, without leaving you brighter than himself can hold it.—But does Mr. B. think it must be so in *every* matrimony ?

It is true, he improves every hour, as I see in your papers, in his politeness to you : but it could not be Mr. B. if he did not : your merit *extorts* it from him : and what an ungrateful, as well as absurd churl, would he be, who should seek to obscure a meridian lustre, that dazzles the eyes of every one else ?

But, let me observe, moreover, that you had so few of these fine speeches *before-hand*, that you have all the reason in the world to expect them *now* : and this lessens his merit a good deal ; as the most he can say, is but justice, on *full proof*. He praises not on *trust*.

You promise, if I will come to you, you will join with me against Mr. B. on this subject. It is kindly offer'd ; but when Mr. B. is in the question, I expect very little assistance from you, be the argument what it will.

I had a good mind to be sick, to be with you. I could fast two or three days, to give the artifice the better appearance ; but then my mamma, who loves not deceit, would blame me, if she knew my stratagem ; and be grieved, if she thought I was really ill. I know, fasting, when one has a stomach to eat, gives one a very gloomy and mortify'd air.

What would I not do, in short, to procure to myself the inexpressible pleasure that I should have in your company and conversation ? But continue to write to me till then, however, and that will be *next best*. I am,
Your most obliged and obedient
MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXVII.—FROM THE SAME.

MY DEAREST MRS. B.,—I am all joy and rapture. My father has given me leave to tell you, that he will put me under your protection, when you go to London. If you have but a *tenth* part of the pleasure I have on this occasion, I am sure I shall be as welcome as I wish. But he will insist upon it, he says, that Mr. B. sign some acknowledgment, which I am to carry along with me, that I am intrusted to his honour and yours, and to be returned to him *heart-whole and dutiful*.

But, my dearest Mrs. B., continue your journals till then ; for I have promis'd, when I am with you, to take them up where you leave off, in order to divert our friends in these parts. There will be presumption ! But yet I will write nothing but what I will shew you, and have your consent to send : for I was taught early not to tell tales out of school.

We have been greatly diverted with the trick put upon that barbarian Sir Jacob. We knew his character before, and were the more pleased with

your painting it in such true colours. His obstinacy, repentance, and amendment, follow'd so irresistibly in one half-hour, from the happy thought of Lady C., that I think no plot was ever more fortunate. It was like springing a mine in a siege, that was twenty times more successful than was expected by the besiegers.

Mr. B.'s defence of his own conduct towards you, is quite noble; and he judges with his usual generosity and good sense, that the adding to your honour, is inhancing his own. Mr. Pitt's fine diamond met with a world of admirers; but all turn'd upon this reflection, What a happy man is Mr. Pitt, who can call such a jewel his! How greatly do you excel this diamond! and how much does Mr. B. out-do Mr. Pitt! who has contributed to give so rich a jewel a polish so admirable; and then has set it in so noble a light, as makes its beauty conspicuous to every eye!

But your address to my father pleased him, and confirm'd his resolution to let me go—That's to me! said he: I must read it myself. He did; and said, P'faith, she's a sweet one!—*Dear* Sir Simon, read he aloud, permit Miss Darnford to add to the delights of her admiring friend!—So she shall then; and yet this same Mrs. B. has so many delights already, that I should think she might be contented.—But, Lady Darnford, I think I will let her go. These sisters then, you will see, how they will love at a distance, tho' always quarrelling when together. He read on, till he came to the words, Do not you then be so cross as to deny me this very great favour.

Why, dear Mrs. B., I won't be so cross, then: and so, Polly, let them send word when they set out for London, and you shall join them there, with all my heart: but I will have a letter every post, remember that, girl.

Any thing, any thing, dear papa, said I, so I may but go! He called for a kiss, for his compliance. I gave it most dutifully.

Well, let us know when you set out, and you shall not have been a week in London, if I can help it, but you shall be told by my tongue, as now by my pen, how much I am Your obliged Admirer and Friend,

MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXVIII.

I now proceed with my journal, which I had brought down to Thursday night.

Friday.

THE two ladies resolving, as they said, to inspect all my proceedings, insisted upon it, that I would take them with me in my *benevolent round* (as they, after we return'd, would call it) which I generally take once a week among my poor and sick neighbours; and finding I could not avoid it, I set out with them.

We talked all the way of charity; and my Lady Davers took notice of the text, that it would hide a *multitude of faults*. And if, she was pleased to say, there was to be any truth in the popish doctrine of supererogation, what abundance of *such* merits would arise from the life and actions of our dear friend here; kindly looking at me.

I said, that when we had the pleasure to reflect, that we served a master, who exacted no hard terms from us, but in most cases only required of us to do justice, and show mercy, to one another, and gave us reason to think he would judge us by those rules, it must be a great indcement to acts of charity and benevolence. But, indeed, added I, were there not that in-

ducement, the pleasure that attends such acts is a high reward to minds beneficent and generous, and I am sure the ladies I have the honour to speak to must have experienced this in an hundred instances.

The coach set us down by the side of a large common, about five miles distant from our house ; and we alighted, and walked a little way, choosing not to have the coach come nearer, that we might be taken as little notice of as possible ; and they enter'd with me into two mean cots, with great condescension and goodness ; one belonging to a poor widow, with five children, who had been all down in agues and fevers ; the other, to a man and his wife, bed-ridden with age and infirmities, and two honest daughters, one a widow with two children, the other married to a husbandman, who had also been ill, but now, by comfortable cordials, and good physick, in a hopeful way.

Now, you must know, that I am not so good as the old ladies of former days, who used to distil cordial waters, and prepare medicines, and dispense them themselves. I knew, if I were so inclined, Mr. B. would not have been pleased with it, because, in the approbation he has kindly given to my present method, he has twice or thrice praised me, that I do not carry my charity to extremes, and make his house a dispensatory. I would not, therefore, by aiming at doing too much, lose the opportunity of doing any good at all in these respects ; and besides, as the vulgar saying is, one must creep before one goes. But this is my method : I am upon an agreement with one Mr. Barrow, who is deemed a very skilful and honest apothecary, and one Mr. Simmonds, a surgeon of like character, to attend all such cases and persons as I shall recommend ; Mr. Barrow to administer physick and cordials, as he shall judge proper, and even, in necessary cases, to call in a physician. And now-and-then, by looking in upon them myself, or sending a servant to ask questions, all is kept right.

Besides, I can take this method without the ostentation, as some would deem it, which would attend the having Mr. B.'s always crowded with unhappy objects, and with some who deserve no countenance, perhaps, and yet would possibly be the most clamorous ; and then I do not subject the poor neither to the insolence of servants, who sometimes, in one's absence, might, were they *some* servants, show that they were far from being influenced by the same motives as their principals : besides the advantage the poor have from the skill and experience which constant practice gives to the gentlemen I employ ; and with whom I agree but by the quarter, because, if there were a just foundation of complaint for negligence, or hardness of heart, I would not be ty'd down from changing ; for in such cases, in a crisis, the poor people, depending on the assistance intended for them, might look no farther, and so my good intentions might not only be frustrated, but do harm.

My Lady Davers observed a Bible, a Common Prayer Book, and a Whole Duty of Man, in each cot, in leathern outside cases, to keep them clean, and a Church Catechism or two for the children ; and was pleased to say, it was right. She asked one of the children, a pretty girl, who taught her her catechism ? She courtesied, and looked at me ; for I *do* ask the children questions when I come, to know how they improve : it is as I thought, said my lady ; my sister provides for mind as well as body. God bless you, my dear ; and tapp'd my neck.

The ladies left tokens of their bounty behind them to both families, and all the good folks blessed and pray'd for us at parting : and as we went out my Lady Davers, with a serious air, was pleased to say to me, Take

care of your health, my dear, and God give you, when it comes, a happy hour ; for how many real mourners would you have, if you were to be called early to reap the fruits of your piety !

We walked thence to our coach, and stretched a little farther, to visit two farmer's families, about a mile distant from each other. One had the mother of the family, with two sons, just recovering, the former from a fever, the latter from tertian agues : I asked when they saw Mr. Barrow ? They told me, with great commendations of him, that he had but just left them. I congratulated them on their hopeful way, and wished them to take care of themselves ; and cautioning them, as I knew they were industrious people, against returning too soon to business, I left them with a present ; saying I should hardly see them again for some time ; but would desire Mr. Barrow to watch over their healths. Mrs. Jervis had given me a hint that their illness had made it low with them.

We proceeded then to the other farm, where the case was a marry'd daughter, who had had a very dangerous lying-in, and a wicked husband, who had abus'd her, and run away from her : but she was mending apace, by means of comfortable things, which from time to time I had caused to be sent her. Her mother is a good woman, and indulgent to her ; but her father had been a little unkind to her before I took notice of her ; for she marry'd against expostulations ; every one knowing the profligate character of the young fellow : and indeed the world went hard with the poor man ; who had, besides, a younger daughter, who had lost the use of her limbs, and was forc'd to be ty'd in a wicker chair, to keep her up in it. This poor man had been a year in arrear to a harsh landlord : who, finding a tolerable stock upon the ground, would have seized and turn'd him out of all, had I not advanced the money upon the stock. The money was no less than 50*l.*, but the honest man has already paid me half of it, and is in a fair way to pay me the other half, and make as much more for himself.

Here I found Mr. Barrow, and he gave me an account of the success of two other cases I had recommended to him ; and told me, that John Smith, a poor man, who, in thatching a barn, had fallen down, and broke his leg, was in a fair way of recovery.

This poor creature had like to have perish'd by the cruelty of the parish officers, who would have pass'd him away to Essex, where his settlement was, tho' in a burning fever, occasion'd by his misfortune. But hearing of the case, I directed Mr. Simmonds to attend him, and to provide for him, at my expense, and engaged, if he dy'd, to bury him.

You are a good man, Mr. Barrow, said I : God will bless you for your care and kindness to these poor objects. They all praise you, and do nothing but talk of your humanity to them.

What, madam, replied he, must the man be who is not influenced by the example you set ? Mr. Simmonds can testify, as well as I (for now-and-then a case requires us to visit together), that we can hardly hear any complaints from our poor patients, let 'em be ever so ill, for the praises and blessings they bestow upon you.

Mr. B. enables and encourages me to do what I do, Mr. Barrow. Tell them they must bless God, and bless him, and pray for me, and thank you and Mr. Simmonds : we all join together, you know, for their good.

The two ladies left for the poor lying-in woman, and for her sister (a miserable object indeed) marks of their bounty in gold, but I saw not how much ; and looking upon one another, and then upon me, and lifting up

their hands, could not say a word till they were in the coach. After we had just look'd in upon a country school, where I pay for the learning of eight children, we went home.

And here, my dear Miss Darnford, is a cursory account of my *benevolent weekly round*, as the two ladies will call it.

I know you will not be displeas'd with it ; and it will highly delight my worthy parents, who, in their way, do a great deal of discreet good in their neighbourhood : for, indeed, a little matter, *prudently* bestow'd, and on true objects of compassion, (whose cases are soon at a crisis, as are those of most labouring people) will go a great way, and especially if laid out properly for them, according to the exigencies of their respective cases. For such poor people, who live generally low, want very seldom any thing but reviving cordials at first, and good wholesome kitchen physick afterwards ; and then the wheels of nature being unclogg'd, new-oil'd, as it were, and set right, they will go round again with ease and pleasantness, for a good while together, by virtue of that exercise which their labour gives them ; while the rich and voluptuous are forced to undergo great fatigues to keep theirs in order.

There are hardly, my dear Miss Darnford, any cases which require more judgment, in distinguishing between objects worthy and unworthy, and what is, and is not charity, than those we call by that name. Such as make a trade of begging seldom engage my notice ; especially if I see them often, and so much in the same place, as if they were as tenacious of their stand, as others of their freehold. They cannot be lower in spirit, nor (being frequently brought up to it) do they often wish to be higher in calling, or to change their idle state for a laborious one : but the poor industrious creatures, who are reduced by sickness, or misfortune, or even mistake, not wilful or persisted in ; who sigh in secret, and cannot make known what they suffer ; such unhappy objects are worthy of one's *pains* to find them out.

Saturday Evening.

I AM just retir'd to my closet from a kind of fatiguing service ; for who should come hither to dine with Mr. B., but that sad rake Sir Charles Hargrave, and Mr Walgrave, Mr. Sedley, and Mr. Floyd, three as bad as himself ; inseparable companions, whose whole delight, and that avowedly, is drinking, and hunting, and lewdness ; but otherwise, men of wit, and large estates ? Three of them broke in upon us, at the Hall, on the happiest day of my life ; and they had been long threatening to make this visit, in order to see *me*, as they told Mr. B.

They whipt out two bottles of *Champaign* instantly, for a *whet*, as they call'd it, and went to view the stud and the kennel, and then took a walk in the garden till dinner was ready ; my Lord Davers, Mr. H., and Sir Jacob, as well as Mr. B., (for they are all acquainted) accompanying them.

Sir Charles, it seems, as Lord Davers told me afterwards, said, He long'd to see Mrs. B. She was the talk where-ever he went, and he had conceiv'd a high opinion of her before-hand.

I defy you, gentlemen, said Lord Davers, to think so highly of her as she deserves, take mind and person together.

Mr. Floyd said, He never saw any woman yet, who came up to what he expected, where fame had been lavish in her praise.

But how, brother baronet, said Sir Charles to Sir Jacob, came *you* to be reconcil'd to her ? I heard that you would never own her.

Oons, man, said Sir Jacob, I was taken in—I was, by my soul !—

They contriv'd to clap her upon me, as Lady Jenny C., and pretended they would keep t'other out of my sight ; and I was plaguily bit, and forc'd to get off as well as I could.

That was a bite indeed, said Mr. Walgrave ; and so you fell a praising Lady Jenny, I warrant, to the skies !

Ye—as, by my soul, (drawing out the word) I was used most scurvily ; 'faith I was. I bear 'em a grudge for't still, I can tell 'em ; for I have hardly been able to hold up my head like a man ever since—but am forc'd to sneak about, and go, and come, and do as they bid me. By my troth, I never was so manageable in my life.

Your Herefordshire neighbours, said Mr. Sedley, with an oath, will re-joice to hear this ; for the whole country there cannot manage you.

I'm quite cow'd now, by my soul, as you will see by-and-by : nay, for that matter, if you can set Mrs. B. a talking, there's ne'er a puppy of you all will care to open his lips, except to say as she says.

Never fear, old boy, said Sir Charles, we will bear our parts in conversation. I never saw the woman yet, who could give me either awe or love for an hour together. What think *you*, Mr. B. ? Have you any notion, that your wife will have so much power over us ?

I think, Sir Charles, I have one of the finest women in England ; but I neither expect nor desire that you rakes should see her with my eyes.

You know, if I have a mind to love her, and make court to her too, Mr. B., I will : and I am half in love with her already, though I have not seen her.

They came in when dinner was near ready ; and the four gentlemen took each a large bumper of old hock for another whet.

Lady C., Lady Davers, and I, came down together. The gentlemen knew our two noble guests, and were known to them in person, as well as by character. Mr. B., in his usual kind and encouraging manner, took my hand, and presented the four gentlemen to me, each by his name. Sir Charles said, pretty bluntly, that he hop'd he was more welcome to me now, than he could be the last time he was under the same roof with me ; for he had been told since, that *that* was our happy day.

I said Mr. B.'s friends were always welcome to me.

It is well, madam, said Mr. Sedley, we did not know how it was : We should have quarter'd ourselves upon Mr. B. for a week together, and kept him up day and night.

I was telling Sir Charles, and the other gentlemen, nicce, said Sir Jacob to me, how I was cheated here, when I came first, with a Lady Jenny.

It was a very lucky cheat for me, Sir Jacob ; for it gave you a prepossession in my favour, under so advantageous a character, that I could never have expected otherwise.

I wish, said Lady C., my daughter, for whom Sir Jacob took you, had Mrs. B.'s qualities to boast of.—When, ladies, said Sir Charles, will you treat our sex with the politeness which you shew to one another ?

When your sex deserves it, Sir Charles, answer'd Lady Davers.

Who is to be judge of that ? said Mr. Walgrave.

Not the gentlemen, I hope, reply'd my lady.

Well then, Mrs. B., said Sir Charles, we bespeak your good opinion of *us* ; for you have *ours*.

I am oblig'd to you, gentlemen ; but I must forbear declaring *mine*, lest it should be thought I am influenc'd by your kind, and perhaps too hasty opinions of *me*.

Sir Charles swore he had *seen* enough of me the moment I entered the parlour, and *heard* enough the moment I open'd my lips, to answer for *their* opinions of me. I hope, madam, we shall not want yours; and then we shall be bold enough to claim that of every other person.

I answered, that I could not but have pleasure in seeing so many agreeable friends of Mr. B.'s, and doubted not but they would maintain the title they claim'd to every one's good opinion.

This, said Sir Jacob, is binding you over, gentlemen, to your good behaviour. You must know, that Mrs. B. never shoots flying, as *you* do.

The gentlemen laugh'd: is it shooting flying, Sir Jacob, said Sir Charles, to praise that lady?

Ads-bud, I did not think of that.

O, Sir Jacob, said Lady C., you need not be at a fault; a good sportsman always hits his mark, flying or not: and the gentlemen had so fair a one, they could not well miss it.

You are fairly help'd over the stile, Sir Jacob, said Mr. Floyd.

And indeed I wanted it, answer'd he; tho' I limp'd like a puppy, before I was lame: One can't think of every thing, as one us'd to do at your time of life, gentlemen.

This flippant stuff was all that pass'd with these gentlemen, that I *can* recite; for the rest, at table, and after dinner, was too *polite* for me: such as, the quantity of wine each man could *carry off*, that was the phrase; dogs, horses, hunting, racing, cock-fighting; and all accompanied with swearing, and cursing, and that in good humour, and out of wantonness (the most profligate sort of swearing and cursing of all;) loud laughing, with a little touching now-and-then on the borders of Sir Simon's beloved subject, to try if they could make a lady shew she *understood* their hints by her *blushes*; a certain indication, that such are past blushing themselves, and would think it a disgrace to be thought capable of changing countenance, be the occasion what it would, talking three or four at once, and as loud as if they were in the field pursuing their game, at a quarter of a mile's distance from one another.

These were the subjects, and this our entertainment, for more than an hour, after a tedious dinner; when the ladies and I retir'd: and glad we were to do so. The gentlemen lik'd the wine so well, that we had the felicity to drink tea and coffee by ourselves; only Mr. B. (upon our inviting them to partake with us) sliding in for a few minutes, to tell us so, and taking a dish of coffee with us.

I should not forget to tell you, that Sir Jacob, when they were gone, said, they were *pure company*: and Mr. H., that he never was so delighted in his *born days*. While the two ladies put up their prayers, that they might never again be so entertained. And, being encourag'd by their declaration, I heartily joined in the same wish.

Yet, it seems, these are men of wit! I believe they must be so; because I could not either like, nor understand them. Yet, if their conversation had much wit in it, I should think these ladies would have found it out.

However, this they did find out, and agree in, that these gentlemen were of the true modern cast of libertines and fox-hunters, and indifferently as they liked them, could not be easily out-done by any of the same stamp in England.

God defend my dear Miss Darnford, and every worthy single woman, from a husband of this cast!

I wonder really, how Mr. B., who chuses not this sort of conversation, and always (whatever faults he had besides) was a *sober* man, can sit for hours so easy and cheerful in it; and yet he never says much, when they are in high joy.

When all is done, my dear Miss Darnford, there are very disagreeable things, which persons in *genteel* life are forced to put up with, as well as those in *lower*; and were the one to be balanced against the other, the difference, as to true happiness, would not perhaps be so great, as people in the latter imagine,—if it did not turn in *their* favour.

The gentlemen, permit me to add, went away very merry, to ride ten miles by owl light: for they would not accept of beds here. They had two French horns with them, and gave us a blast, or flourish or two, at going off. Each had a servant besides: but the way they were in, would have given me more concern than it did, had they been related to Mr. B., and less used to it. And indeed it is a happiness, that such men take no more care, than they generally do, to interest any body, intimately, in their healths and preservation; for these are all single men. Nor needs the public, any more than the private, to be much concern'd about them; since, die when they will, their next heirs cannot well be worse commonwealth's men; and there is a chance they may be better.

You know I end my *Saturdays* seriously. And this, to what I have already said, makes me add, that I cannot express how much I am, My dear Miss Darnford's faithful and affectionate Servant,
P. B.

LETTER LXIX.—FROM MRS. B. TO MISS DARNFORD,
IN ANSWER TO LETTERS LXVI. AND LXVII.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,—I pass over the little transactions, to let you know you rejoice me, in telling me that Sir Simon has been so kind as to comply with my wishes. Both your letters came to my hand together, and I thank you a hundred times for them; and I thank your dear mamma, and Sir Simon, for the pleasure they have given me in this obliging permission. How happy shall we be together! But how long will you be permitted to stay? All the winter, I hope: and then, when that is over, let us set out together, if God shall spare us, directly for Lincolnshire, and so pass most of the summer likewise in each other's company. What a sweet thought is this! Let me indulge it.

Mr. B. read your letters, and says, You surpass yourself in every letter. I told him, that he was more interested in the pleasure I took in this favour of Sir Simon, than he imagin'd; since by endeavouring to improve myself by Miss Darnford's conversation, I shall every day be more worthy of his favour. He made me a very high compliment on the occasion. I was proud of it; but I know that I do not at present, if ever I shall deserve it: but I will try, when I have your example before me.

And now, my dear Miss Darnford, to pursue my journal.

Sunday

Is past and gone, as happily as the last; the two ladies, and, at *their* earnest request, Sir Jacob bore us company, in the evening part of our family order.

Sir Jacob was much pleased, and said, It was no wonder I *kept* so good myself, that was his word, and made others so; and he was of opinion,

that the four rakes (for he run on, how much they admir'd me) would be converted were they to see how well I pass'd my time, and how cheerful and easy every one, as well as myself, was under it. He said, he thought he must take such a method himself in *his* family, when he came home ; for, he believ'd, it would make not only better masters and mistresses, but better children, and better servants too. But, poor man ! he has, I doubt, a great deal to mend in *himself*, before he can begin such a practice with efficacy in his *family*.

Monday.

SIR JACOB took his leave of us this afternoon, highly satisfy'd with us both, and particularly (so he said) with me. He promised that my *two cousins*, (as he call'd his daughters) and his sister, an old maiden lady, if they went to town this winter, should visit me, and be *improved* by me ; that was his word. Mr. B. accompany'd him some miles on his journey, and the two ladies, and Lord Davers, and I, took an airing in the coach.

Mr. B. was so kind as to tell me, when he came home, with a whisper, that Miss Goodwin presented her duty to me.

I have got a multitude of pretty things for the dear little creature, and Mr. B. promises to give me a dairy-house breakfast, when our guests are gone.

I inclose to you, my dear Miss Darnford, the history of this little charmer, by Mr. B.'s consent, since you are to do us the honour to be one of our family. But keep it to yourself, I intreat you. I am guaranty that you will ; and have put it in a separate paper, that you may burn it as soon as you have read it : for I shall want your advice, it may be, on this subject, having a great desire to get this child intrusted to my care ; and yet Lady Davers has given me a hint, that dwells a little with me. When I have the happiness to see you, I will lay all before you for your advice. You, my good father and mother, have seen the story in my former papers.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday.

HAVING given you a general idea of the happy manner, in which we have passed our time for one week ; you will be enabled to guess how we generally employ ourselves. And I shall be less minute in my future narrative.

What a delightful round of employments and diversions could I continue to enumerate ! Neighbourly visits paid and received : needle-work between whiles : music ; sometimes cards, but not often. A benevolent round once a week : a lesson from my dear Mr. B. in French, when alone. Improving conversations—our morning and evening offices—and my prospects still rising in the continued health of you, my dear parents, and in the hope of your company, my dear Miss Darnford—Surely, no creature was ever so happy as I am !

The good dean proposes frequently to be our visitor. He is delighted with us all ; and particularly pleased at the affair that has passed between Mr. Williams and Mr. Adams ; so much to the satisfaction of the former, and advantage of the latter ; who is a distant relation of his lady.

Mr. Williams has left us ; and is gone to make a compliment to his patron Lord R., of his best spiritual services.

The gentlemen, besides joining in our conversations, and giving force and spirit to them, ride out, and bring us home the news they meet with abroad.

Are we not all very, very happy, think you ?—But our noble guests talk

of leaving us : I was afraid to see them, before they came ; but now am grieved at the thoughts of parting with them.

Friday.

LORD and Lady Davers, and Lady C., have left us ; not a little to our regret ; and, as they kindly assured me, a good deal to their own.

Lady Davers told me, more than once, that if I could give her timely notice, she would be present on a *certain* occasion.

But, my dear, what could I say ? I know nothing of the matter ! Only, that I am a sad coward, and have a thousand anxieties, which I cannot mention to any body.

But, if I have such in the honourable estate of matrimony, what must those poor souls have, who have been seduced, and have reason to apprehend, that the crime shall be followed by a punishment so *natural* to it ? A punishment *in kind*, as I may say ; which, if it only ends in forfeiture of life, following the forfeiture of honour, must be thought merciful and happy beyond expectation ; for how shall they lay claim to the hope that is given to persons in their circumstance, that *they shall be saved in child-bearing*, since the condition is, *if they CONTINUE in faith and charity, and HOLINESS with SOBRIETY ?*

Now, my honoured mother, and my dear Miss Darnford, since I am upon this affecting subject, does not this text seem to give a comfortable hope to a virtuous woman, who shall die in this circumstance, that she shall be happy in the divine mercies ? For the Apostle, in the context, says, That he *suffers not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence*. And what is the reason he gives ? Why, a reason that is a natural consequence of the curse, on the first disobedience, that she shall be in subjection to her husband. For, says he, *Adam was NOT deceived ; but the woman, being deceived, was in the transgression*. As much as to say, “ Had it not been for the woman, *Adam* had kept his integrity ; and therefore her punishment shall be, as it is said, *I will greatly multiply thy sorrow in thy conception : in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thy husband shall rule over thee*. But nevertheless, if thou shalt not survive the sharpness of thy sorrow, thy death shall be deemed to be such an alleviation of thy part of the intailed transgression, that thou shalt *be saved*, if thou hast CONTINUED in faith, and charity, and HOLINESS with SOBRIETY.”

This, my honoured parents, and my dear friend, is *my* paraphrase ; and I reap no small comfort from it, when I meditate upon it.

But I shall make you as serious as myself ; and, perhaps, frighten you, my dear Miss Darnford, from entering into a state, in which our poor sex suffer so much from the bridal morning, let it rise as gayly as it will upon a thoughtful mind, to that affecting circumstance (throughout its whole progression) for which, nothing but a tender, a generous, and a worthy husband, can make them amends. And when one *is* so bless'd, one has so many fears added to one's sorrows : and so much apprehension, thro' human frailty, of being separated from so beloved a partner, that we have need of the greatest fortitude to support ourselves. But it may be I am the weakest and most apprehensive of my sex : for when we see how common the case is, and yet how few die in it : how uneasy many are, *not* to be in this circumstance, (my good Lady Davers particularly at times) and as *Rachel* and *Hannah* were in Holy Writ ; and then how a childless estate might lessen one in the esteem of one's husband, one ought to bring these considerations in balance, and to banish needless fears. I will try to do so.

But a word or two more, as to the parting with our honoured guests. I was a little indispos'd, and the ladies would excuse me, against my will, from attending them in the coach some miles, as Mr. B. did. Both ladies tenderly saluted me, twice and thrice apiece, folding their kind arms about me, and wishing my safety and health, and charging me to *think* little, and *hope* much; for they had seen me thoughtful at times, tho' I endeavoured to hide it from them.

My Lord Davers was pleased to say, with a goodness of temper that is peculiar to him, My dearest, dearest sister, may God preserve you, and multiply your comforts! I shall pray for you more than ever I did for myself, tho' I have so much more need of it! I *must* leave you: but I leave a woman whom I love and honour next to Lady Davers, and ever shall.

Mr. H. looked consciously silly.—I can say nothing, madam, but (saluting me) that I shall never forget your goodness to me. Adding, in his frothy way, and with as foppish an air, Now can I say, I have saluted an angel, if ever there was an angel on earth.

I had before, in Mrs. Jervis's parlour, taken leave of Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley: they each stole, as it were, at the same time, a hand of mine, and kissed it, begging pardon, as they said, for the freedom. But I answer'd, taking each by her hand, I shall always think of you with pleasure, my good friends. And may God bless you, and the worthy families you so laudably serve, as well for your sakes, as their own!

They turned away with tears, and Mrs. Worden would have said something to me, but could not. Only both taking Mrs. Jervis by her hand, Happy Mrs. Jervis! said they almost in a breath.—And happy I, too, repeated I, in my Mrs. Jervis, and in such kind and worthy well-wishers as Mrs. Worden and Mrs. Lesley. Wear this, Mrs. Worden; wear this, Mrs. Lesley, for my sake; and I gave each of them a ring, with a crystal and brilliants set about it, which Mr. B. had bought a week before, for this very purpose; for he has a great opinion of both, and often praised their prudence, and their quiet and respectful behaviour to every body, so different from the *impertinence*, that was his word, of most ladies' women, who are favourites.

I could not, in conversation between Mr. B. and myself, when I was gratefully expatiating upon the amiable characters of our noble guests, and of their behaviour and kindness to me, help observing, that I had little expected, from some hints which formerly dropt from Mr. B., to find my good Lord Davers so polite and so sensible a man.

He is a very good-natur'd man, reply'd Mr. B. I believe I might once or twice drop some disrespectful words of him. But they were owing to passion, at the time, and with a view to two or three points of his conduct in publick life: for which I took the liberty to find fault with him, and received very unsatisfactory excuses. One of these, I remember particularly, was in a conference between a committee of each house of parliament, in which he behaved in a way I could not wish from a gentleman to whom I was by marriage so nearly allied; for all he talked of, was the dignity of their house, when the reason of the thing was strong with the other; and it fell to my lot to answer what he said, which I did with some asperity; and this occasioned a coolness between us for some time. But no man makes a better figure in private life than Lord Davers; especially now, that my sister's good sense has got the better of her passions, and she can behave with tolerable decency towards him. For, formerly, Pamela, it

was *not so* ; the violence of her spirit making him appear in a light too little advantageous either to his quality or merit. But now, I own, he improves upon me every time I see him.

You know not, my dear, continued Mr. B., what a disgrace a haughty and passionate woman brings upon her husband, and upon herself too, in the eye of her own sex, as well as ours. Nay, even those women, who would be as glad of dominion as she, if they might be permitted to exercise it, despise others who do, and the man *most*, who suffers it.

And let me tell you, my Pamela, said the dear gentleman, with an air that shew'd he was satisfy'd with his *own conduct* in this particular, that you cannot imagine how much a woman owes to her husband, as well with regard to *her own* peace of mind, as to *both* their reputations, (however it may go against the grain with her sometimes) if he be a man who has discretion to keep her encroaching passions under a genteel and reasonable controul !

How do you like this doctrine, Miss Darnford ? You will believe, that I could do no less, than drop Mr. B. one of my best courtesies, in acknowledgment of my obligation to him, for so considerably preserving to me *my* peace of mind, and *my* reputation, as well as *his own*, in this case.

But, after all, when one duly weighs the matter, I can't tell but what he says may be right in the main ; for I have not been able to contradict him, favourable as I am to my sex, when he has pointed out to me instances, in the behaviour of certain wives, who, like children, the more they have been humoured, the more humoursome they have grown ; which must have occasion'd as great uneasiness to themselves, as to their husbands.

Well, but here, my honoured father and mother, and my dear Miss Darnford, at last (our noble guests being gone, and our time and employments rolling on in much the same manner, as in the past days) I end my journal-wise letters. If any thing new, or particularly affecting occurs, I shall not fail to trouble you with it, as I have opportunity. But I have now my correspondence with Lady Davers to resume, for that she insisted upon at parting ; and how shall I do about that ?—Oh ! I can tell : it is but trespassing a little on your indulgence, my ever-honoured parents. You my dear Miss Darnford, will find it a relief, instead of an occasion for regret, to be eased of a great many impertinences, which I write to you in my heart's confidence, and in the familiarity of friendship. Besides, I shall have the happiness of changing our paper correspondence into personal conversation with you, when at London—And what a sweet change for me will that be !—I will end with the joyful thought ; and with the assurance, that I am, my dearest father and mother, and beloved Miss Darnford, Your dutiful and affectionate

P. B.

LETTER LXX.

I HEAR, my dear Miss Darnford, that Mrs. Jewkes is very ill. I am sorry for it. I pray for her life, that she may be a credit (if it please God) to the penitence she has so lately assumed. For if she die, it will look discouraging to some thoughtless minds (who penetrate not far into the methods Providence takes with its poor creatures) that as soon as she had changed her manner of living, and was in a reformed state, she was taken away : tho' it is certain, that a person is fittest to die, when worthiest to live. And what a mercy will it be to her, if she should *not* live long, that she saw her errors, and repented, as I hope, before it was too late !

. Do, my dear, vouchsafe to the poor soul the honour of a visit : she may be low-spirited. She may be too much sunk with the recollection of past things : comfort, with that sweetness which is so natural to Miss Darnford, her drooping heart, and let her know, that I have a true concern for her, and give it her in charge to take care of herself, and spare nothing that will administer either to her health, or peace of mind.

I will not ask my dear Miss Darnford's excuse for putting her on an office that some would think beneath her, the object being but low : for I know it will not be thought by you beneath your Christian duty, to endeavour to illuminate a benighted mind, tottering on the verge of the grave.

I know she will want no spiritual help from good Mr. Peters ; but the kind notice of so generally esteem'd a young lady, will greatly comfort her. The consolations of woman to woman, are sympathetic, as I may say, while those often seem rather to be owing to their fortitude than to their tenderness. I, who long for the company of my dear Miss Darnford, in my present circumstances at least, am apt to think so.

And now, my ever-honoured mother, let me tell you, that I build no small consolation in the hope, that I shall, on a certain occasion, have your presence, and be strengthened by your advice and comfortings. For this was a proposal of the best and most considerate of men, who is every day, if he sees but the least thoughtfulness upon my brow, studying to say or to do something to dispel it. But I believe it is the grateful sense I have of his goodness to me, that makes me thus over-anxious : for the apprehensions of a separation from such an husband, from hopes so cheering, prospects so delightful, must at times affect one, let one's affiance be ever so strong, where they ought to be preferably placed. Then one *would* live to do a little more good, if one *might*.

I am a weak, apprehensive creature ; how much better fitted for the chances of life, are the gay, frolick minds, that think not of any thing before it comes upon them, than such a thoughtful searcher into futurity as I am !

You *will* come, and be in the house with me, my dear mother, for some time, when my best friend sends to you ; and you, my father, will *spare* my mother, on the occasion ; will you not ? Yes, yes, I am sure you will ! And I am sure my dear Miss Darnford will be with me, if she can : these are my consolations. But how I run on ! I will say no more, than that I am, my honoured father and mother, Your ever-dutiful Daughter ; and, my dear Miss Darnford, Your ever-affectionate and obliged P. B.

LETTER LXXI.—MISS DARNFORD TO MRS. B.

WE are greatly obliged to you, my dearest Mrs. B., for every article in your journal, which you have brought, sooner than we wish'd, to a conclusion. Permit me to choose you a subject, that will divert you. I have been a diligent observer of the behaviour of people in the marry'd life to each other, and have often pronounced, that there cannot be any great happiness in it, unless they *both*, in turn, sacrifice to the humours of each other, their own inclinations ; at least in matters that may be called of an indifferent nature ; but which yet are of consequence perhaps to the felicity of either.

Now we look upon my father and mother, all the world does, as a happy couple ; but, I think, that they would not be quite so happy, if my mamma was to have a will of her own ; however reasonable a one. You,

we have no doubt, must make still greater sacrifices ; and even thro' fire, if required, must sacrifice to *Moloch*.

You have hinted two or three times, in your letters, that Mr. B. is always most complaisant to you in company ; and you observe, that *wisely* does he act in this, because he thereby does credit with every body to his own choice. Now, I want to know, what his behaviour to you is, when you are alone, and conversations between you turn upon usual and common subjects, and you have not obliged him to rise to admiration of you, by such scenes as those of your two clergymen, Sir Jacob Swynford, and the like. In a few words, whether you can give an instance of his bearing with any foibles of yours ; surely you must have some ; a single instance, in which, in compliance to *your* will, he recedes from his own. And whether, presuming on the difference there once was in degree, between you, he dispenses not with the behaviour of a gentleman to you ; but breaks into your retirements unceremoniously, and without apology.

This is the task I presume to set, my beloved Mrs. B. And why ? For your own diversion, in the *first* place ; for my edification, in the *next*. And that when I have the pleasure I hope for, of attending you in London, I may see what there is in the conduct of both, to admire, or to remonstrate against, in the *third*. For, let me tell you, I shall be very free with you both, as occasions arise, as well with regard to his lordliness, if lordly he be ; as to your compliances ; which (your superlative merits consider'd) must not be so low, as if you thought, that the accidents of birth and fortune, had laid you under such obligations to him, as never were to be out of your memory. But, pray, let him not know I have written upon this subject to you. You can keep from your husband such a secret as this ; can't you ?

Your kindly expressed impatience for my company, I hope, will be soon answer'd. My father was so pleased with your earnestness on this occasion, that he join'd with my mamma, and both, with equal alacrity, said, you should not be many days in London before me. I expect from you almost as many letters as there are post-days between this and the time ; for I will not part with my correspondent, nor give way to that you are engaged to hold with Lady Davers, when it interferes with yours and mine.

Mrs. Jewkes is certainly in a declining way. I have made her one visit ; and (as I told her) at *your* request. She blessed us both. I shall see her again to-morrow. All is done for her, and shall be, that can. Mr. Peters is so good as to pray by her once a day. Mrs. Peters, and Mrs. Jones, will accompany me in my next visit.

Murray and his mistress go on swimmingly, and have not yet had one quarrel. The only person, he, of either sex, that ever knew Nancy, so intimately, and so long, without one !

This is all I have to say, at present, when I have assured you, my dear Mrs. B., how much I am Your obliged and affectionate

MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER LXXII.

WHAT a task, my dear Miss Darnford, have you set me ! a kind one it is, and arising from your consideration for me. How happy am I, that I can so well acquit myself of it. To say truth, I thought that in the progress of my journal, and in my letters, I had given so many instances of Mr. B.'s polite tenderness, that no new ones would be necessary : but your favour for me, has made them so ; and I will with delight, set about the agreeable task.

I know not, my dear, what the distance is, at which polite ladies endeavour to keep their husbands : but I will give you, by-and-by, the subject of one conversation, which will answer all you mean, with respect to this distance.

As to his bearing with my infirmities, he is daily giving instances of his goodness to me on this head ; and I am asham'd to say, that of late I have given much occasion for his patience with me : but he sees my apprehensiveness, at times, tho' I endeavour to conceal it ; and no husband was ever more indulgent than Mr. B. He treats me with redoubled tenderness ; talks to me upon the subjects I most delight to dwell upon ; as of my father and mother ; what they are doing at this time, and at that ; of our intended journey to London ; of the diversions of the town ; of Miss Darnford's company ; and when he goes abroad, sends up my good Mrs. Jervis to me, because I should not be alone. At other times, he takes me abroad with him ; brings this neighbour and that neighbour to visit me ; and carries me to visit them : talks of our journey to Kent, and into Lincolnshire, and to my Lady Davers's ; to Bath, to Tunbridge, and twenty other places, when the apprehended time shall be over. He watches every motion of my eye, every turn of my countenance ; seldom gives his opinion upon subjects that he kindly imagines within my capacity, till he has heard mine ; and I have the less fear of falling into mean compliances, because he never fails generously to exalt me more than I can debase myself, or than it is possible I can deserve. He hardly ever goes out, but he brings me some pretty present : when at home, is seldom out of my company ; delights to teach me French and Italian, and reads me pieces of manuscript poetry, in those languages ; explains to me every thing I understand not ; delights to answer all my questions, and to encourage my inquisitiveness ; tries to give me a notion of pictures and medals, and reads me lectures upon them, for he has a fine collection of both ; and every now-and-then will have it, that he has been improved by my questions and observations.

What think you of these things, my dear Miss Darnford ? Is not what I have said, a full answer, were I to say no more, to *all* you ask ? Can there be any such thing as undue compliances to such a husband, think you ? And when I have charm'd to sleep, by my grateful duty, that watchful dragon *prerogative*, as Lady Davers, in one of her letters, calls it ; and am resolv'd not to awake it, if I can help it, by the least disobliging, or wilfully perverse act, what have I to apprehend ?

But you require of me an instance, where, in complaisance to *my* inclination, he has receded from *his own* will ? I don't know what to say to this. When Mr. B. is all tenderness and indulgence, as I have said, and requires of me nothing I can have a material objection to ; ought I to have a will that is not his ? All little matters, as I have said, I cheerfully give up ; great ones have not yet occur'd between us, and I hope never will. One thing indeed, I have some apprehension *may* happen ; and that, to be plain with you, is, we have had a debate or two on the subject, (which I maintain) of a mother's duty to nurse her own child ; and, I am sorry to say it, he seems more determin'd than I wish he were, against it.

I hope it will not proceed so far as to awaken the sleeping dragon I mention'd ; but I doubt I cannot give up this point very contentedly. But as to those of more indifference, had I been a duchess born, I think I would not have contested them with my husband.

Upon the whole of this question then, I have really had no will of my own to contend for, so generous is Mr. B., and so observant, and so grate-

ful, have I thought it my duty to be ; yet I could give you many respectful instances, too, of his receding, when he has desir'd to see what I have been writing, and I have told him to whom, and begg'd to be excus'd. One such instance I can give, since I began this letter. This is it :

I put it in my bosom, when he came up ; he saw me do so.

Are you writing, my dear, what I must not see ?

I am writing to Miss Darnford, sir ; and she begg'd you might not, at present.

What can you two write to each other, that I may not see ?

I had rather, sir, you would not insist upon seeing it, and that for this reason only, she desires you may not at present.

I submit, my dear, returned he.

But now, as to your question about his politeness, and whether he breaks into my retirements without ceremony, let the conversation I promised, inform you. It began on the following occasion :

Mr. B. rode out early last Thursday morning, and did not return till the afternoon ; an absence I had not been used to of late ; and breakfasting and dining without him being also a new thing to me, and no message to account for it ; I was so uneasy, that I was forced to retire to my closet, to try to divert my chagrin by writing ; and the very grave conclusion of my last, was then the subject. He return'd about four o'clock ; and indeed did *not* tarry to change his riding-dress, as your politeness, my dear friend, would perhaps have expected ; but came directly up to me, with an impatience to see me, equal to my own, when he was told, upon enquiry, that I was in my closet.

I heard his welcome step, as he came up-stairs. After a longer absence than I expect, my fond heart, beats quicker and faster, as he comes nearer to me ; it did so then, and, tapping my breast, lie still, busy fool ! said I : canst thou not forbear letting thy lord see thy emotions ? I love to indulge thee in them, myself ; but then let nobody else observe them ; for, generous as thy master is, thou mayest not perhaps meet with such favourable interpretations as thou deservest, when thou art always fluttering thus as he approaches, and playest off all thy little joyful frolicks into the glowing cheek, and brighten'd eye, of thy mistress ; which makes her look, as if she were conscious of some misdemeanour ; when all the emotion is owing only to grateful joy, and a love that the purest mind might acknowledge.

This flutter and the chiding of the busy simpleton for it, caused me to meet him but at the closet door, instead of the entrance of my chamber, as sometimes I do. — How does my dearest love ? said he ; folding his kind arms about me, and saluting me. Whenever I have been but a few hours from you, my impatience to see my Pamela, permits me not to stand upon the formality of a message to know how you are engag'd ; but I break in upon you, — even as now, in my riding dress.

I have joy to see you, sir. I have been uneasy at your absence, having, from your indulgence, been of late unused to it. But my heart rejoices in your return.

He then kindly accounted to me for his absence. And does my love, said he, forgive me, not only *that*, but my thus abruptly presenting myself before her ?

Most cordially, my dear and condescending Mr. B. You never can be either abrupt or intruding.

I am glad to hear you say this, my Pamela ; for I have always thought the extraordinary civilities and distances of this kind, which I have ob-

served among persons of rank, altogether unaccountable. If they are expected by the lady, I should suspect she had reserves, which she believed I could not approve of. If they are not, it carries with it, in my opinion, an air of affectation, and false politeness. And, besides, does it not look, as if the husband supposed, and even *allowed*, that his wife might be so employed, as made it *necessary* for him to apprise her of his visit, lest he should make discoveries as little to her credit, as his own ?

One would not, sir, make such a harsh conclusion as this, neither : for there are little delicacies, no doubt, in which a modest woman would be glad to be indulged by the tenderest and most beloved husband.

It may be so. But in general, I think, the wife's confidence in the honour and discretion of the man she has chosen, should disengage her from her maiden reserves.

Maiden reserves ! dear sir ; permit me to give it, as my humble opinion, that a wife's behaviour to her husband, be her confidence in his honour and discretion ever so great, ought to be as pure, and as circumspect, as that of a maiden. A carelessness in her person, in her dress, little becomes that modesty, which is the distinction of our sex.

I believe you are right, my dear, if an unnecessary scrupulousness be avoided ; but I have seen marry'd ladies, both in England and France, who have kept a husband at greater distance, than they have others of his sex. But to wave a subject, in which, as I can with pleasure say, neither of us have much concern, tell me, my Pamela, how you were employ'd before I broke in upon you. Here are pen and ink : here too is paper ; but it is as spotless as your mind. To whom were you directing your favours now ? May I not know your subject ?

I was writing, reply'd I, to Miss Darnford : the subject is our parting with our noble guests ; and a little of my apprehensiveness, on an occasion upon which our sex may write to one another ; but, for some of the reasons we have been mentioning, only to one another.

Then, my dearest love, I will not ask to see it. [So here, my dear, is another instance of his receding from his own will, in complaisance to mine] : only, continued he, let me warn you against too much apprehensiveness, for your own sake, as well as mine ; for I cannot permit such a mind as my Pamela's, to be often over-clouded. And yet there now hangs upon your brow a thoughtfulness, which I beg of you not to indulge.

Indeed, sir, I was a little too thoughtful, from my subject, before you came ; but your presence, like the sun, has dissipated the mists that hung upon my mind. See you not, and I press'd his hand with my lips, that all the clouds are gone already ? smiling upon him with a delight unfeigned.

Not quite, my dearest Pamela ; and therefore, I will change my dress, and, if you have no objection, will attend you for an hour or two in the chariot.

I courted a smiling assent : and, tenderly saluting me, the dear obliger went and chang'd his dress in an instant ; and led me to the chariot, with his usual tender politeness, and we had a charming airing of several miles ; returning quite happy, chearful, and delighted with each other's conversation, without calling in upon any of our neighbours : for what need of that, my dear, when we could be the best company in the world to each other ?

Now, my Miss Darnford, do these instances satisfactorily answer your questions ? If they do not, I could give you our conversation in the chariot ; a delightful one ; of my dearest parents ; started by himself, because he knew it would oblige me. But being almost tir'd with writing, I may reserve it, till I have the pleasure of seeing you.

Next Thursday sev'n-night, if nothing hinders, we are to set out for London. Do you not give me hope (yes, my dearest Miss Darnford, you do), that you will very soon after be allowed to favour there with your company, Your ever-obliged, and truly affectionate P. B.

LETTER LXXIII.

ONE more letter, my dear Miss Darnford, and I have done for a great while ; because I hope your presence will put an end to the occasion. I shall now tell you of my second breakfast visit to the dairy-house.

When we arriv'd there, we found at the door, expecting us (for they heard the chariot-wheels at a distance), my Miss Goodwin, and two other Misses, who had earned their ride by their diligence ; attended by the governess's daughter, a discreet young woman. The moment Mr. B. handed me out of the chariot, Miss Goodwin ran into my arms with great eagerness, and I as tenderly embraced her : and leading her into the parlour, ask'd her if she had merited this distinction of the chaise and dairy-house breakfast, or if it were owing to her uncle's favour, and to that of her governess ? The young gentlewoman assur'd me it was to both, and shew'd me Miss's needle works and penmanship, and the child was highly pleased with my commendations.

I took a good deal of notice of the other two Misses, and made each of them a present of some little toys ; and my Miss of a number of pretty trinkets, with which she was highly delighted ; and I told her that I would wait upon her governess, when I came from London into the country again, and see in what order she kept her little matters ; for, above all things, I loved pretty housewifely Misses ; and then I would bring her more.

Mr. B. observ'd, with no small satisfaction, the child's behaviour, which is very pretty ; and appeared as fond of her as if he had been *more* than her *uncle* ; and yet seem'd under some restraint, lest it should be suppos'd that he *was*. Such power has secret guilt, to lessen and restrain a pleasure that would, in a happier situation, have been so laudable to have manifested ! But how commendable is this his love to the poor child, compar'd to that of most libertines, who have no delight but in destroying innocence ; and care not what becomes either of the unhappy infants, or of the still more unhappy mothers !

I am going to let you into a scene that has afforded me high delight ; and always will, when I think of it : but I will lead to it as gradually as it happen'd.

The child was very fond of her uncle, and told him she loved him dearly, and always would love and honour him, for giving her such a good aunt. You talk'd, madam, said she, when I saw you before, that I should come and live with you—will you permit me to do so ? Indeed I will be very good, and do every thing you bid me, and mind my book, and my needle ; indeed I will.

Ask your uncle, my dearest Miss, said I : I should like your pretty company of all things.

She went to Mr. B., and said, Shall I, sir, go and live with my aunt ? Pray let me, when you come from London again.

You have a very kind governess, Miss, said he. She can't part with you.

Yes, but she can, sir ; she has a great many Misses, and can spare me well enough ; and if you please to let me ride in your coach, I can

go and visit my governess sometimes, when I am almost a woman, and beg a holiday for the Misses; and then all the Misses will love me dearly.

Do not the Misses love you now, Miss Goodwin? said he.—Yes, they love me well enough, for that matter; but they will love me better when I can beg them a holiday. Do, dear sir, let me go home to my new aunt next time you come into the country.

I was pleased with her earnestness; but was much moved, and he himself was under some concern, when the dear child said, But you should, in pity, let me live with you, sir; for I have no papa, nor mamma neither: they are so far off! But I will love you both, as if you were my own papa and mamma; so, do now, my good uncle, promise the poor girl, that has neither a papa nor mamma.

I withdrew to the door: it will rain, I believe, said I, and looked up. And, indeed, I had almost a shower in my eye.

Mr. B., as I said, was a little mov'd; but for fear the young governess should take notice of it, how! my dear, said he, no papa and mamma! Did they not send you a pretty black boy to wait upon you a while ago? Have you forgot that?

That's true, reply'd Miss: but what is a black boy to living with my new aunt? That is better a great deal than a black boy?

Well, your aunt and I will consider of it, when we come from London. Be a good girl, mean time, and do as your governess would have you, and then you do not know what we may do for you. Well then, Miss Bett, said she, to her young governess, let me be set two tasks instead of one, and I will learn all I can, to deserve to go to my aunt.

In this manner the little prattler diverted herself. And as we returned from them, the scene I hinted at, open'd as follows:

Mr. B. was pleased to say, what a poor figure does the proudest man make, my dear Pamela, under the sense of a concealed guilt, in company of the innocent who know it, and even of those who do not! Since the casual expression of an infant shall make him unable to look up without confusion. I blush'd for myself, continued he, to see how you were affected for me, and how you were obliged to withdraw, to avoid reproaching me so much as with a look. Surely, Pamela, I must then make a most contemptible appearance in your eye!—Did you not despise me at that moment?

Despise you, dearest sir! how can you speak such a word? At that very time I beheld you with the more reverence, for seeing your noble heart touch'd with a sense of your error. It was an earnest to me of the happiest change I could ever wish for. My heart, sir, was overwhelmed with joy, and with compassion for the dear child.

You must not talk to me of her coming home, after this visit, Pamela. How should I stand the reproaches of my own mind, were I to see the little prater every day before me, and think of what her poor mother has suffer'd on my account? 'Tis enough, that in *you*, my dear, I have an hourly reproach before me, for my attempts on your virtue. I have nothing to boast of, but that I gave way to the triumphs of your innocence: and what then is my boast?

What is your boast, dearest sir? You have this to boast of, that, brought up to an affluent fortune, uncontrouled in your will, your passions not used to be curbed, you have, nevertheless, permitted the Divine Grace to operate upon your heart, and that you have seen your error, at a time

of life, when others are wallowing in vices, in the midst of which, perhaps, they are cut off.

You act generously, sir, and with a laudable affection, to an amiable infant, which some would have left friendless to the wide world. And you have the comfort to think, that, thro' God's providence, the *mother* is not unhappy ; and that there is not a lost *soul*, to lay to your charge.

You have inspirited, continued I, by your generous example, and enabled, by your splendid fortune, another person, whom you have made the happiest creature in the world, to do good to the poor and destitute all around her ; besides making every one, who approaches you, easy and happy, with the bounty of your own hands.

You are the best of husbands, the best of landlords, the best of masters, the best of friends. With all these excellencies, and a mind, it is evident, more and more affected with the sense of its past mistakes, will you ask, dear sir, what is your boast ?

O my dearest, dear Mr. B., and then I lifted his hand to my lips, whatever you are to yourself, when you give way to reflections so hopeful, you are the glory and the boast or your grateful Pamela ! And, permit me to add (tears standing in my eyes, and holding his hand between mine), that I never beheld you in my life, in a more amiable light, than when I saw the noble consciousness you speak of, manifest itself in your eyes, and your countenance—O sir ! this was a sight of joy, of true joy ! to one who loves you for your soul's sake ; and who looks forward to a companionship with you, beyond the term of this transitory life !

He sometimes look'd down, and sometimes upon me, without offering to interrupt me ; and when I had done speaking, I began to fear, by his silence, that I had offended him, remembering, just then, one of his former cautions, not to throw a gloom upon his mind by my over-seriousness ; and I said, putting my arms round *his*, as I sat, my eye watching his, I fear I have been too serious ! I have perhaps broken one of your injunctions ! Have cast a gloominess over your mind ! And if I have, dear sir, forgive me !

He clasped his arm around me : Thou dear confirmer of all my better purposes ! said he, how shall I suitably acknowledge your consideration for me ? I see every day more and more, my dear love, what confidence I may repose in your generosity and discretion ! You want no forgiveness, and my silence was owing to the sense I have of my own littleness, and your greatness, as I may well call it.

He saw my grateful transport, and kindly said, Struggle not, my beloved Pamela, for words to express sentiments which your eyes much more significantly express, than words *can* do. Every day produces new instances of your affectionate concern for my *future* as well as *present* happiness : and I will endeavour to confirm to you all the hopes which the present occasion has given you.

The chariot brought us home sooner than I wished, and Mr. B. handed me into the parlour. Here, Mrs. Jarvis, said he, meeting her in the passage, receive your angelick mistress. I must take a little tour without you, Pamela ; for I have had *too much* of your charming company. You know my meaning ; you have raised me to such a height, that it is with pain I at present look down from it.

He saluted me, and went into his chariot, for it was but half an hour after twelve : and said, he would be back at dinner. He left Mrs. Jarvis

wondering at his words, and at the solemn air with which he utter'd them. But when, after he was gone, I told that good friend the occasion, I had a new joy in her congratulations.

My next letter will be from London, and to you, my honoured parents (for to you, my dear Miss Darnford, expecting the pleasure of seeing you soon, I shall not write again). But I must now write seldomer to you, my dear father and mother, because I am to renew my correspondence with Lady Davers ; and I am afraid I shall never find time to transcribe. But every opportunity that offers, you may assure yourself, shall be laid hold of, by Your ever-dutiful

PAMELA B.

LETTER LXXIV.

London.

I AM now to tell you, my dear father and mother, that we arrived safely in town last night. We found a well-furnished, and convenient house ; and I had my closet, and drawing-room, all in complete order, which Mr. B. gave me possession of, in the most obliging manner.

I seem to be in a new world. Such vast piles of building everywhere ! Such a concourse of people ! Such rattling of coaches ! that I hardly know what to make of it, as yet. The nightly watch, going their hourly rounds, disturbed me last night. But I shall soon be used to that, and sleep the sounder, perhaps, for the security it assures to us.

Mr. B. is impatient to shew me what is curious in and about this vast city ; and to hear, as he is pleased to say, my observations upon what I shall see. He carried me thro' several of the fine streets this morning, in his chariot : but, at present, I have too confused a notion of things, to give any account of them : nor shall I trouble you with descriptions of that kind, as you have been in London.

I am impatient for the arrival of my dear Miss Darnford ; whose company and conversation will reconcile me, in a great measure, to this new world.

Our family, at present, are Mr. Colbrand, Jonathan, and six men-servants, and four maids.

But my good Mrs. Jarvis was indisposed, so came not up with us ; but we expect her, and Mr. Longman, in a day or two : for Mr. B. has given her to my wishes ! Arthur, the gardener, and his wife, with Benjamin, are to keep house in the country ; and as Mr. Longman's business will require him to be up and down frequently, Mrs. Jarvis's care will be the better dispens'd with there. I long to see the dear good woman, and shall be more in my element, when she is with me.

Mr. Adams, our worthy chaplain, is, at present, with Mr. Williams. He purposes to give us his company here till Christmas, when, probably, matters will be so adjusted, as that he may take possession of his living. Mean time, I make Jonathan, who is reverend by his years, and silver hairs, supply his place, in our little congregation.

God preserve you both in health. Continue your prayers for Your ever-dutiful Daughter,

P B.

LETTER LXXV.—MRS. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

YOUR ladyship, who knows so well the hurries and fatigues which attend an entire new settlement, will excuse me, I am sure, for having been in the great town something more than a week, without paying my devoirs to you by pen and ink. I found a convenient and well furnished house ; pleasant

and airy for the town : but I shall not descend to particulars, because we hope to be honoured by a visit from you and my lord, even before you come to town for the winter.

Mr. B. is employing himself in making a few alterations, which will render the house still more commodious.

I have not yet been at any of the public diversions. Mr. B. has carry'd me, by gentle turns, out of his workmen's way, ten miles round this overgrown capital, and through the principal streets of it. The villages that lie spangled about this vast circumference, on both sides the Thames, are beautiful beyond what I had imagined ; and several of them seem larger than many of our country towns of note. But I was surpris'd, when Mr. B. observed to me, that this whole county, and the two cities of London and Westminster, are represented by no more than eight members of parliament, when so many borough towns in England (some of which I saw in an attendance on my lady, in a tour she took, when I first was honoured with her notice) are inferior to most of the villages about London.

I am in daily expectation of the arrival of Miss Darnford, and then I shall wish (accompanied by so polite a young lady) to see a good play.

We have already had several visitors to welcome Mr. B. to town.

Sir Thomas Atkyns is one. He brought with him a younger brother of Mr. Arthur, who, it seems, is a merchant.

Lord F. is another, a school-fellow of Mr. B.'s at Eton, the little time he was there. His lordship promises, that his lady shall make me a visit, and accompany me to the opera, and other of the chosen diversions of the town.

A gentleman of the temple, Mr. Turner by name, and Mr. Fanshaw, of Grey's-inn, both lawyers, and of Mr. B.'s former acquaintance, very sprightly and modish gentlemen, have also welcomed us to town, and made Mr. B., before me, abundance of compliments on my account, all in the common stile. They seem to think themselves polite gentlemen, and wits. They laugh at what they say themselves ; and tho' their conversation was not quite indecent, yet it was such as shewed, that they thought they need not be very reserved before Mr. B.'s country girl. In short, I think them *so* bold, *so* forward, *so* opinionated, that I cannot help wishing, that Mr. B. will not renew his acquaintance with persons who appear to me unworthy of it.

He was pleased to ask me, when they were gone, How I liked his two lawyers ? and said, they were persons of family and fortune.

I am glad of it, sir, said I, for their own sakes.

Then you do not approve of them, Pamela ?

If you say, sir, they are your friends, I will endeavour to like them.

You are very obliging, my dear. When they allow themselves to *think* they say good things. We form notions of persons, at first sight, sometimes ; and you are seldom mistaken : what is really your opinion of them, my dear ?

That they have neither of them any great diffidence, sir : but their profession, perhaps, may set them above that.

They don't *practise*, my dear ; their fortunes are very considerable.

They seem to me, sir, to be *qualified* for practice : they would make great figures at the bar, I fancy.

Why so ?

Because they seem prepared to think *well* of what they say *themselves* ; and *lightly* of what *other people* say, or indeed may think of them.

That, my dear, is the necessary qualification of a publick speaker, be he lawyer, or not.

But tell me, my dear sir, said I, have I spoken too freely, or am I excusable ?

Whenever I ask my love a question, I wish her to answer without reserve. I shall often ask your opinion, either as a correction or a confirmation of my own.

How kind, how indulgent was this, madam !

I took the liberty to own, that the visitor he next introduced to me, was a man of whom I had a much better opinion, than I had of his lawyers. This was Sir George Stuart, a Scotch gentleman, with whom Mr. B. became acquainted in his travels : nor was my dearest friend displeas'd with the preference I gave him.

Sir George, said he, is indeed a fine gentleman, and a man of learning and parts.

He was accompanied by a nephew of his, of the same name, a young gentleman of modesty and politeness ; and who not being forward of speech, I dare say, has merit that is deeper than a first observation can reach.

Can your ladyship think this sort of writing tolerable ? At present, it is my best. If you *can*, you will be very good to me : and who knows but your indulgence, as subjects more important flow in, may render what I write *more* worthy of your attention ?

My best and most grateful respects to my good Lord Davers, and to the excellent Lady C. (to both of whom, as well as to your ladyship, I owe the highest obligations for your goodness), with my compliments to Mr. H., conclude me, madam, Your ever faithful and obliged
PAMELA B.

LETTER LXXVI.

I WRITE to you both, my dear father and mother, at this time, for your advice in a particular debate, which is the only one I have had, and I hope ever shall have, with my dear Mr. B.

This is the subject :—I have argued, and it is I think, a point of conscience with me, that a mother ought, if she *can*, to be the nurse of her own children.

Mr. B. flatly says, He will not permit it.

It is the first time that he has been so *very* positive, I will not say *arbitrary* (shall I ?) I pleaded conscience to him, as I justly might, to authorize my opposition. He heard me then ; but argued with me in a manner that pretty much puzzled me ; a very odd manner : he pretended to justify *himself*, as I endeavoured to do *myself*, from scripture. But I have some doubts of *his* exposition ; and he gives me leave to write to you, tho' yet he will not promise to be determined by your opinion, if it should be contrary to his own. I took the liberty to ask him, If this were fair ?

He has got the dean's opinion with him ; for our debate began before we came to town : but then he would not let me state the case ; but did it himself ; and yet it is but an half opinion, as I may say, neither. For it is, That if the husband is determined, it is a wife's duty to obey.

But I can't see how that is ; for if it be the *natural* duty of a mother, it is a *divine* obligation ; and how can a husband have power to dispense with such a duty ? As great as a wife's obligation is to obey her husband, which is, I own, an indispensable of the marriage contract, it ought not to interfere with what we take to be a superior duty : and must not we be our own judge of actions, by which we must stand or fall ?

My plea is, That where a mother has good health, free spirits, and plentiful nourishment, it is her indispensable duty to nurse her child.—That this was the custom of old, of all the good wives we read of in scripture.—That the milk of the mother must be most natural to the child.—That a nurse may have a bad husband; may have distempers; may indulge herself in excesses of meats and drinks; may be careless; may be a self-lover; while a good mother will prefer the health of her child to her own gratifications.—That a nurse may be of a sordid nature, and when I have heard Mr. B. so satirical on lords and gentlemen who love to mount the coach box, why may we not in charity think, that the lady of the family was innocent; and that the child, when grown up, owes its low taste to its nurse's being the coachman's wife, who may not have a mind or qualities above that degree? For, as the blood and spirits are augmented with the child's growth, by the food it takes in, is it not as probable, that a sordid nature may be communicated by a healthy woman, as bad health by a distempered?

I further urged, that the child generally brings its nourishment into the world with it: and that art must be used, as I presumed, to dry up the fountains of it: and is not this quite unnatural? And is not what is unnatural, sinful?

Then, dear sir, proceeded I, there is another point, respecting the health of the mother, in the performance or non-performance of this office; and that in more respects than one.—And, for my own part, you have made me so happy, that I cannot help being *covetous* of life. But the sin, dear sir, of committing that task to others, which is so right to be performed by one's self, if one has health and strength to perform it, is the chief thing with me; and, you know, sir, that even a husband's will is not sufficient to excuse one from a natural or divine obligation.

These among others, were my pleas: and this is his answer, for he was pleased to give it me in writing:

“As to what you allege, my dear, of old customs; times and fashions are much changed to what they were formerly. If you tell me of Sarah's, or Rachel's, or Rebekah's, or Leah's, nursing their own children, I can answer, That the one drew water at a well, for her father's flocks; another kneaded cakes, and baked them on the hearth, for her guests; another personally dress'd savoury meat for her husband; and all of them performed the common offices of the household: and when our modern women are willing to follow such examples in *every thing*, their plea ought to be allowed in *this*.

“As to the matter of sordid natures; we read, that there were among Jacob's twelve sons, men of bad as well as good natures, although born of, and nursed by, the same mothers. Reuben particularly committed an unpardonable crime: two others were treacherous murderers, in cold blood; and how did the hearts of all the eleven burn with envy against the twelfth!

“Then it requires but the more care in finding out a healthful woman, who has an honest and good-natur'd husband: and, let me tell you, Pamela, that the best natures, and the best constitutions, (tho' *your* case is an exception) are not always to be met with in high life; and the less, perhaps, because they do not exercise themselves, as the patriarchal nurses you hinted at, used to do. Indeed I have seen spirits, in some of the high-born of your sex, that one would not *wish* to be propagated; but,

contrarily, (if there be so much in the nature of the nourishment) I should think it matter of prudence, that the child should have any other nurse than its mother.

“As to the nurse’s private vices, with regard to liquors, distempers, &c., this, to say nothing of the perhaps equal vices of the high born, will be answered, by what I have hinted, of the greater care to be taken in the choice of the nurse. And I am so well pleased with your apprehensions of this nature, that it is a moral security to me, that you will make a proper choice; and I shall be intirely easy, in committing this province to so prudent and discreet a wife.

“I have often been disgusted at the carelessness of person into which I have seen very nice women sink, when they became nurses: I could not love my Pamela so well as I do, were the natural elegance of dress and person, for which every body admires her, to suffer by the office you seem desirous to discharge.

“Let me add, that tho’ your person once was my principal attraction, yet that, now, it is but the second: the beauties of your mind are the first, and they are still capable of improvement. It will therefore be your interest, my love, that I should look upon you as my scholar, and the companion of my reading hours; and the rather, as, while I am teaching my girl French, for example, I shall hope to improve myself by her virtue and piety; by which means we shall be scholars to each other. You know that I am already almost subdued by your goodness: you must take care that you leave not your work half done. Let the nurse’s office have your inspection, your direction, and, when I am abroad, your greatest attention, if you please: but when I am at home, even a son and heir, so jealous am I of your affections, shall not be my rival in them: nor will I have my rest broken in upon, by your servants bringing to you, as you once propos’d, your little-one, at times, perhaps, as unsuitable to my repose, and your own, as to the child’s necessities; for I have no notion of stifling even a cry, by cramming its little stomach, when that very cry shall, perhaps, be necessary for exercise to its lungs, and to open its little organs.

“You have been often somewhat uneasy, when I have talk’d, for argument’s sake, in favour of polygamy. But when you mention the designations of nature, and form from thence your notions of duty on this subject, what will you say, if I could, from your very arguments of this kind, plead for that practice, and bring all your good patriarchal folks on my side, on whom you lay such stress, in one instance? For example, my dear: suppose I remind you, that while Rachel was giving her little-one all her attention, as a good nurse, the worthy patriarch had several other wives. Do not be shock’d, my love. The laws of one’s own country are a sufficient objection to me against polygamy; at least, I will not think of any more wives, till you convince me, by your adherence to the example given you by the patriarchal *wives*, that I ought to follow those of the patriarchal *husbands*.”

What strange notions has this beloved man! *Polygamy* and *prerogative*! Two very bad words! I do not love them. The first, indeed, is the worst; and often has he mentioned it in discourse; but, indeed, without laying a stress upon it. As to the latter what follows will shew you how high he carries it for argument-sake; as if a wife should have no will of her own. Thus he proceeds.

“The chief thing, that sticks with you, my dear Pamela, is, that you think it unnatural in a mother not to be a nurse to her own child, if she

can; and what is unnatural, you say, is a sin. Now, my dear, although your *practice* be so unexceptionable, you seem not to have a right *notion* of the obedience which a wife naturally *owes*; as well as voluntarily *vows*, to a husband's will—

“In all lawful things, you will say—But suppose, my dear, you were to make a solemn vow, either as a single woman, or as a wife, to do any thing, that you had a natural power to do. No doubt but you would think yourself under an obligation to perform it, let the consequence be what it would. But to convince *you*, who are so learned in the old law, of how little force even the *vows* of your sex are, and how much you are under the controul of ours, hear what Moses has written. I have the passages in my pocket-box; having often argued upon them with your sex. *Numbers xxx.* *If a MAN vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word; he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.* The reason of this is, he is sole and independent, and master of his own will and actions.—But what follows? *If a WOMAN also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house, in her youth; and her father hear her vow, and her bond, wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand; and every bond, wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand. But if her father disallow her, in the day that he heareth, not any of her vows, or of her bonds, wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.*

“The very same thing is, with equal strength, expressed in the verses immediately following, in relation to a HUSBAND'S allowing or disallowing his WIFE'S vows; nor is it distinguish'd at all, whether the vow be just or unjust: and it is worthy of observation too, that the laws of England, in consideration of the obedience a wife owes to a husband, will acquit a WOMAN of certain crimes, for which they will punish a MAN with death.

“What I have mentioned, therefore, shews how much the *daughter* is under the absolute controul of her *father*, and the *wife* of her *husband*: so that, you see, my dear, even in such a strong point as a *solemn vow to the Lord*, the wife may be absolv'd by the husband, from the performance of it.

“No man has a greater affection for children than I have, or would be more desirous to do them justice; for I think every one should look forward to posterity with a preference: but ours is a case which has peculiarity in it, and can be no precedent to others, who are differently circumstanced, and where the husband proposes not, as I do, to make his wife the companion of his innocent pleasures both abroad and at home: for, my dear, I intend to give you a smattering of French and Italian: I think to take you with me on a tour to France and Italy; at least to Bath, to Tunbridge, to Oxford, to York, to Edinburgh, and the principal places of this island; and perhaps on a visit to some friends I have in the neighbouring one. I advise you, therefore, my dearest love, not to weaken, or, to speak in a phrase proper to the present subject, *wear* me from that love *to* you, and admiration *of* you, which hitherto have been increasing as your merit, and regard for me, have increased.”

These my dear parents, are charming allurements, almost irresistible temptations! and that they are so, makes me distrust myself the more; since we are but too apt to be persuaded on the side of inclination. But do you think *indeed*, that a husband has such a vast prerogative? Can it be, now, under the *Gospel*, that ~~this~~ setting themselves, as it were, in God's

place, and *dispensing* with our wills, as pleases theirs, is still in force?— Yet it is said, that our Saviour came not to *break the law, but to fulfil it.*

I take it for granted, that there are not many women, who would choose to dispute this point with a husband so earnestly as I have done ; for we have had several little debates about it ; and it is the only point I have ever yet debated with him : but one would not be altogether implicit neither. It is no compliment to him to be quite passive, and to have no will at all of one's own. Yet would I not dispute one point, but in supposition of a superior obligation : and this, he says, he can *dispense* with. But, alas ! my dear Mr. B. was never yet thought so nice a casuist in these serious points, as that one might absolutely rely upon his decisions. And, you know, we must all stand or fall by our own judgments.

Upon condition, therefore, that he requires not to see this my letter, nor your answer to it, unless I please, I write for your advice ; for you both have always made a conscience of your duties, and taught me to do so too, or perhaps I had not been what I am ; and I know, moreover, that there are very few who are better acquainted with the sacred books than you are ; and, some how or other, he has, as I have said, got the dean on his side ; and I care not to be so free on this subject with the worthy minister of our parish here, and still less with the younger clergymen I am acquainted with.

But this I see plainly enough, that he will have his own way ; and if I cannot get over my scruples, what shall I do ? For if I think it a *sin* to submit to his dispensing power, and yet *do* submit to it, what will become of my peace of mind ? Since it is not in our power to believe as one will. Then weak minds will have their doubts, and the law allows a toleration for scrupulous and tender consciences : but my beloved husband, my lawgiver, and my prince, I doubt, will allow none to me !

So I commit myself to God's direction, and your advice, as becomes
Your ever-dutiful P. B.

LETTER LXXVII.

MY DEAREST CHILD,—Your mother and I have as well considered the case you put, as we are able ; and we think your reasons very good ; and it is pity, a thousand pities, your husband will not allow them, as you, my dear, make it such a point with you. Very few women, would give their spouses, we believe, the trouble of this debate ; and few gentlemen are so very nice as yours in this respect ; for I (but what signifies what such a mean soul as I think, compared to so learned and brave a gentleman ; yet I) always thought your dear mother, and she has been a pretty woman in her time, never looked so lovely, as when I saw the dear creature, like the *pelican* in the wilderness, feeding her young ones from her kind breast :—and had I had ever so noble an estate, I am sure I should have had the same thoughts.

But since he cannot take this pleasure ; since he so much values your person ; since he gives you warning, that it may estrange his affections ; since he is impatient of opposition ; and thinks so highly of his prerogative as a husband (ah ! my dear, I never made your good mother sensible of so great a difference between us—But let that pass !) since he may, if dis-obliged, resume some bad habits, and so you may have all your prayers and hopes in his perfect reformation frustrated, and find your own power to do good more narrowed, as I may say ; we think, besides the obedience you have vowed to him, and is the duty of every good wife, you ought to

give up the point, and acquiesce; for this seemeth to us, to be the lesser evil; and God Almighty, if it should be your duty, will not be less merciful than men; who, as his honour says, by the laws of the realm, excuse a wife when she is faulty by the command of the husband; and we hope the fault he is pleased to make you commit, (if a fault; for he really gives very praise-worthy reasons for your dispensing with the duties of the office) will not be laid at his own door. So e'en resolve, my dearest child, to submit, and with the greater chearfulness, as you know not, when the time comes, whether it may not be *proper* for you to dispense with this duty on other accounts; for every young person is not enabled to perform it. So, to shew his honour, that you will chearfully acquiesce, your mother advises, that you would look out for a wholesome, good-humour'd, honest body, as near your complexion, and temper, and constitution, as may be.—We will look out, if you please, about us for such a one. And as Mr. B. is not averse to have the child in the house with you, you will have as much delight, and the dear baby may fare as well, under your prudent and careful eye, as if you were to be obliged in the way you would choose.

So, God direct you, my dearest child, in all your ways, and continue to you, and your beloved and honoured husband, health, and all manner of happiness, are the prayers of Your most affectionate Father and Mother,

J. and E. ANDREWS.

You say you have conditioned not to shew the 'squire your letter, and our answer, except you please. Whatever, my love, you do by your own letter, there are too many free things in our answer, for him to see.

We pray day and night for your health and safety.

God grant it! Amen.

LETTER LXXVIII.

I THANK you, my dearest parents, for your kind letter. It was given to Mr. B., and he brought it to me himself, and was angry with me: indeed he was; as you shall hear:

'Tis from the good couple, my dear, I see. I hope they are of my opinion. But whether they be or not—But I will leave you; and do you, Pamela, step to me in my closet when you have perused it.

He was pleased to withdraw; and I read it, and sat down, and consider'd it well; but, as you know I made it always my maxim to do what I could not avoid to do, with as good a grace as possible, I attended him without waiting for a renewal of his commands.

Well, Pamela, said he, a little seriously, what say the worthy pair?

O sir! they declare for you. They say, it is best for me to yield up this point.

They are certainly in the right. But were you not a dear perverse creature, to give me all this trouble with your saucy scruples?

Nay, sir, do not call them so, said I; little thinking he was displeas'd with me. I still am somewhat wavering; tho' they advise me to acquiesce: but as it is your will, and you have determin'd how it shall be, I yield up the point in duty to you.

But do you yield it up chearfully, my dear?

I do, sir; and will never more dispute it, let what will happen. And I beg pardon for having so often enter'd into the subject with you. But you know, sir, if thro' weakness of mind one has scruples, one should not yield implicitly 'till satisfy'd; for that would look as if one gave up the obedience of a free mind.

You are very obliging, *just now*, my dear: but I can tell you, you had made me half serious: yet I would not shew it, because of your present circumstance: for I did not expect, that you would have thought *any* appeal necessary, tho' to your father and mother, in a point that I was determined upon, as you must have seen every time we talk'd of it.

This alarmed me. I looked down. I had not courage to look up, for fear I should behold his aspect as mortifying to me as his words. But he took both my hands, and drew me kindly to him, saying, with a kiss, Excuse me, my dearest love: I am not angry with you. Speak to me, my dear. Why drops this precious pearl; (kissing my cheeks) Speak to me, Pamela!

I will, sir—I will—as soon as I can.

This being my first rebuke, and so seriously given, my heart was full. But as I knew he would be angry, and think me obstinate, if I did not speak; I said, full of concern, I wish, sir, I wish, you had been pleased to spare me longer, a little longer, for the same very kind consideration.

But is it not better, my dear, to tell you I was a little out of humour with you, than that I *am*? You had been very earnest with me on this point more than once: and you put me upon a hatred, because ungenerous, necessity of pleading the privilege of a husband: and yet this would not do, but you would appeal against me in the point I was determined upon, for reasons altogether in your favour: and if this was not like my Pamela, excuse me, my dearest love, that I could not help being a little unlike myself.

Ah! thought I, this is not so very unlike yourself, dear sir, were I to give the least shadow of an occasion; for it is of a piece with your lessons formerly.

I am sure, said I, I was not in the least aware, that I had offended. But I was too little circumspect. I had been used to your goodness for so long a time, that I thought I was sure of your favourable construction.

Why so you may be, my dear, in every thing *usual*. But I do not love to speak twice my mind on the same subject; you know I do not: and you have really disputed this point with me five or six times: inasmuch that I wonder'd what was come to my Pamela.

I thought, sir, you would have distinguish'd between a point where my *conscience* was concerned, and a *woman* one: you know, sir, I never had any will but yours in *woman* points—But indeed you make me fearful, because my task is render'd too difficult for my own weak judgment. But then, sir—But I shall offend again—

And then what? Say all you would say, my dear. And then what?

Why, sir, if I must speak—You threaten me so at every turn with that cruel word *perjury*, that it shews me, it is too much in your mind—But I shall make you angry again.

Was not the patriarchal husbands' practice, Pamela, a fit thing to be opposed to that of the patriarchal wives? But do you say, I *throw* you with that word? Take care, my love: you have have been a *fiendish* angel hitherto. Do not let me find you ready to make such harsh constructions as a *mere woman* is accustomed to make, when she is disposed to be capricious; altho' a better construction lies before her.

I was silent, but by my tears.

Now, I doubt, Pamela, your spirit is high. You will not speak, because you are displeas'd at what I say. I will have no sullen reserves, my dearest. What means that heaving sob? This, my love, is a time when

your sex, sadden'd with your apprehensions, and indulg'd because of them, by the fond husband, it is needful, for both their sakes, to watch over the changes of their temper. Women, my dear, in your way, like encroaching subjects, (he smil'd when he spoke this! but was in earnest for all that) are apt to enlarge their expectations, on the indulgence shew'd them; and the husband seldom again recovers the ascendancy he had before.

You know these things better than I, sir, but I had no intention to invade your province, or to go out of my own. Yet I thought I had a right to a little free will, a very little; especially on some great occasions.

Why so you have, my dear. But you must not plead one text of scripture in behalf of your own will; and refuse to another its due weight, when it makes for mine.

Well, sir, I must needs say, I have one advantage above others of my sex: for if wives in my circumstances are apt to grow upon indulgence, I am very happy, that your kind and watchful care will hinder *me* from falling into that error.

He gave me a gentle tap on the neck; let me beat my saucy girl, said he: is it that you rally my watchful care over you for your own good? But tell me truly, Pamela, are you not a little sullen? Look up to me, my dear—Are you not?

I believe I am; but it is but a very little, sir. It will soon go off. Please to let me withdraw, that I may take myself to task about it; for at present, I know not what to do, because I did not expect the displeasure I have incur'd.

Is it not the same thing, reply'd he, if this our first quarrel end here, without your withdrawing? I forgive you heartily, my Pamela: and give me one kiss, and I will think of your saucy appeal against me no more.

I will comply with your condition, sir; but I have a great mind to be saucy. I wish you would let me for this once.

Be saucy then, as you call it, my Pamela; as saucy as you please.

Why then, sir, I think I am not fully satisfied, whether it must be I that forgive you, or you me:—for as it was a serious point with me, I had reason from your goodness to hope for indulgence.

Well then, my dear, replied he, we will forgive one another; but take this with you. That it is my love, that makes me more delicate than otherwise I should be; and you have incur'd me so much to a faultless conduct, that I can hardly bear with common foibles in you. But, giving me another tap, get you gone; I leave you to your recollection; and let me know what fruits it produces: for I must not be put off with a half-compliance; I must have your whole will with me.

I went up; and recollecting every thing, could not forbear *sacrificing to mysex*, as Mr. B. phrases it, speaking of wives who are unable, without tears, to give up a favourite point; which yet they must not hold: this patriarchal return also hanging heavy upon my mind; for, as I before observed, it is not a new doctrine with Mr. B. But after my heart was reliev'd by my eye, I was lighter and easier. And the result is, we have heard of a good sort of woman, that is to be my poor *dry's* wife, when it comes; and so your kindly-offered inquiries are, I believe, needless.

I can't tell but this sort of check might be a little necessary, after all; for I had forgotten, thro' Mr. B.'s indulgence for so long a time past, his injunctions: and it shews me, that the rules he formerly prescribed were not words of course, or by chance, but that he intended to keep me up to the letter of them. I will, therefore, be a little more circumspect for the future, than of late I thought I had occasion to be.

But he is the best and tenderest of husbands, for all this ; and yet I was forced to accept of *his* forgiveness, and he did not think himself obliged to me for *mine* ; and has carry'd his point all to nothing, as the racing gentlemen say. But I can see one thing, nevertheless, on this occasion, that the words *command* and *obey* are not quite blotted out of his vocabulary, as he said they should be.

But, as you hint, my father, I never saw any thing of this prerogative in you to my mother : and little did I think, that the husband had really and indeed so extensive a one over his wife : nor do I believe, that many women would sit down so satisfied with it, as I am forced to do. Yet he vows, that it must have been so, had he marry'd a princess ; and that it is not because of the former inequality of condition between us. I can't tell what to say to that : but I fancy there would then have been some *princely* struggles between them. It may be, if he could not have conquer'd, he would not have liv'd with her ; or, perhaps, would have given scope to his polygamy notions.

Mr. B., to my *further* great comfort, has just been telling me, how little pity a wife of his must expect from her tears ; and has most nicely been distinguishing between tears of *sullenness*, and tears of *penitence* : the one, he declares, shall always meet with his indulgence and kindness, and never pass unrewarded : but the other, being the last resources of the sex, after they are disarmed of all others, and by which they too often, as he says, carry all their purposes, he will never suffer to have any force at all upon him.

Very heroic, truly ! One stands a poor chance in a contest with such a husband. It must be all pure unmixed obedience and submission.

It is well for our sex in general, that there are not many men who distinguish thus nicely ; since I doubt, there are but very few so well intitled to their wives' observances as Mr. B. is to mine ; and who would act so generously and so tenderly by a wife, as he does my me, in every material instance, (the above excepted) on which the happiness of life depends.

But we are quite reconcil'd ; although, as I said, upon his own terms : and so I can still style myself, my dear honoured parents, Your happy, as well as dutiful Daughter,
P. B.

LETTER LXXIX.—LADY DAVERS TO MRS. B.

I HAVE sent you a present, my dear Pamela, the completest I could procure, of every thing that may suit your present circumstance : but it is with a hope annex'd, That altho' both sexes are thought of in it, yet that you will not put us off with a girl : no, child, we will not permit, may we have our will, that you shall *think* of giving us a girl, till you have presented us with half-a-dozen fine boys. For our line is gone so low, that we expect that human security from you in your first seven years, or we shall be disappointed.

I long to hear of Miss Darnford's arrival with you. She is a fine young lady. She writes with ease and freedom ; which is all that a woman should pretend to with her pen. I wish she would correspond with me : let me, however, see all that passes between you, particularly the sequel of her sister's and Murray's affair. You do well to save yourself the trouble of describing the town, and the publick places. We are no strangers to them ; and they are too much our table-talk, when any country lady has, for the first time, been carried to town, and return'd. You hit our tastes, and answer our expectations, when you give us, with your peculiar simpli-

city, sentiments on what we may call the *soul of things*, and such characters as my Lord Davers will have it, you draw with a pencil borrow'd from the hand of nature, intermingled with those fine lights and shades, of reflections and observations, that make your pictures glow, and instruct as well as delight.

By this time, you will have been at some of the theatrical entertainments : so will not want subjects to oblige us.

But hark ye, my sweet girl, what have I done to you, that you will not write yourself *sister* to me ? I could find in my heart to be angry with you on this account. Before my last visit, indeed, I was scrupulous to subscribe myself so to *you*. But since I have taken it into my head to be pleased with the relation, because of your surpassing excellence, you assume a pride in your turn, and think it an under-valuing of yourself, I suppose, to call *me* so. Ay, that's the thing, I doubt ; altho', I can tell you, I have endeavour'd by several regulations since my return, (and Lady C. too, keeps your example in view, as well as I) to be more worthy of the appellation. If, therefore, you would avoid the imputation of endeavouring to cover your pride with the disguise of humility, never for the future omit subscribing, as I do, Your truly affectionate Sister and Friend,

B. DAVERS.

I always take it for granted, that my brother sends his respects to us ; as you must, that Lord Davers, Lady C., and Jackey, (who, as well as his uncle, talks of nobody but you) send theirs ; and so unnecessary compliment will be always excluded our correspondence.

LETTER LXXX.—IN ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

How you overwhelm me with your goodness, my dearest lady, in every word of your last welcome letter ! How nobly has your ladyship contrived, in your valued present, to encourage a doubting and apprehensive mind ! And how does it contribute to my joy and my glory, that I am deemed, by the noble sister of the best of husbands, not wholly unworthy of being the means to continue, and, perhaps, to perpetuate, a family so antient and so honourable !

This, madam, when I contemplate, and look upon what I was—What can I say ! How shall I express the sense of the honour done me ! And when, passing over, for a few moments, the other engaging particulars in your ladyship's letter, I come to the last charming paragraph, I am doubly affected to see myself embolden'd to assume an appellation, that otherwise I had hardly dared to assume to you.

My best wishes, and a thousand blessings, attend your ladyship in all you undertake ! And I am persuaded the latter will, and a peace and satisfaction of mind incomparably to be preferred to whatever else this world can afford, in the new regulations, which you, and Lady C. have set on foot in your families. I have heard what they are : I admire them ; and find that I shall greatly improve my own methods by them.

Pardon me, my dearest lady, if I tell you how I have reasoned with myself on these important subjects, till I have thrown my reasonings into practice : were we (have I thought) to exist for ever in this life, we might be indifferent about these matters ; but when such an uncertainty as to the time, and such a certainty as to the event, is before us, a prudent mind will be always preparing, till prepared ; and what can be a better preparative, than charitable actions to our fellow-creatures, in the eye of that Majesty, which wants nothing of us but a thankful heart, and to do just and merciful things to one another ?

But, madam, the preparation, and our view to the blessed hereafter, to which it leads, is not all. Even in this life, our pleasures in ministering to the necessities of our suffering fellow-creatures, are of the exalted kind. I know none so high, as the relieving distressed objects ; the doing my duty excepted in all its branches to the dear man, whose goodness and favour to me have enabled me to perform all the rest. Methinks I am out of myself ; I know not how to descend all at once from the height to which you have raised me : and you must forgive the reflections to which your own noble actions have given a force that they never had before in equal degree.

We have now, Miss Darnford with us. Sir Simon, Lady Darnford, and Miss Nancy, saw her as far as St. Albans ; where, by appointment, your brother and I met them, and received from Sir Simon's own hands the precious trust : but our joy was a little lessened, when he told us, and that in a very positive manner, that he would spare to us his Polly but for one month.

Mr. Murray escorted them on horseback ; for Miss Darnford was attended by her maid.

We passed one night at St. Albans. It was a joyful night to Sir Simon, and a happy one to Mr. B., and us women. Sir Simon was, however, full of his jokes upon me. I could have spared him some of them.

As Mr. B. and I arrived at St. Albans before Sir Simon's coach came in, Mr. B., finding me not fatigued, shewed me the great church there, and the curious vault of the good Duke of Gloucester, and also the monument of the Lord Chancellor Bacon in St. Michael's church ; one of the greatest genius's, Mr. B. said, that this, or any country, ever produced.

I need not tell your ladyship what a joyful meeting this was to Miss Darnford and me.

She made Mr. B. many fine compliments on his being so polite a husband. He was pleased to say, that it was owing to the conduct and discretion of his good girl, bowing to me, that he made a tolerable husband. Were there more such wives, I am persuaded, added he, that there would be more such husbands.

You see, my dear Miss Darnford, replied I, what it is to be married to a generous man. Mr. B., by his noble treatment of me, creates a merit in me, and disclaims the natural effects of his own goodness.

Well, you are a charming couple, said she : I know not any equal either of you have. But, Mr. B., I will not compliment you too highly. I may make *you* proud. Men are saucy creatures : and what more, after all, have you done, while she has reform'd her rake ; (pardon me, sir) but confirm'd in her the virtues you found ready formed to your hand ?

I said nothing. But I wished myself, in mind and behaviour, to be just what Miss Darnford is.

But, madam, Miss Darnford has had those early advantages from conversation, which I had not ; and therefore must never expect to know how to behave with the freedom and ease, which so happily distinguish her. I am, indeed, every day more and more sensible of the great difference there is between being used to the politest conversation as an inferior, and being born to bear a part in it : in the one, all is set, stiff, awkward, and the person just such an ape of imitation, as poor I. In the other, all is natural ease and sweetness—like Miss Darnford.

Knowing this, it is better for me, I believe, to cultivate the simplicity which is more natural to my character, and not to aim at excelling where

I am sure to be excelled. By this means, I shall be the less exposed to censure. I have heard Mr. B. observe, with regard to gentlemen who build fine houses, and make fine gardens, and open fine prospects, that art should never take place of, but be subservient to nature; and that if a man is confined to a situation, he had better conform his designs to that, than to do as was done at Chatsworth, level a mountain at a monstrous expence; which, had it been suffer'd to remain, in so wild and romantic a scene as Chatsworth is surrounded by, might have been made one of the beauties of the place.

So I, madam, think I had better endeavour to make the best of those natural defects I cannot conquer, than by assuming airs and dignities in appearance, to which I was not born, act neither part tolerably. By this means, instead of being thought neither gentlewoman nor rustic, as Sir Jacob hinted, (*finsey-wolsey*, I think, was his term too) I may be look'd upon as an original in my way; and all originals pass muster well enough, you know, madam, even with judges.

Miss Nancy was in good humour all the evening. The farewell that Sir Simon and Lady Darnford took of Miss Darnford, and she of them, was very tender. The impressions, on her part, went not off till we arrived in town. She is charmed with the house, and elegance of the furniture, and particularly pleased with the apartment allotted her.

Your Ladyship expects that I should write as freely to you, as I used to do to my parents. I have the merit of obeying you; but, I doubt, too much to the exercise of your patience.

I will only add to this long letter Miss Darnford's respectful thanks for your ladyship's kind manner of mentioning her, which she receives as no small honour.

And now, madam, with a greater pleasure than I can express, will I make use of the liberty you so kindly allow me to take, of subscribing myself, with equal veneration and gratitude, Your Ladyship's ever obliged Sister, and most humble Servant,

PAMELA B.

Mr. Adams, Mr. Longman, and Mrs. Jervis, are just arrived; and our household is now complete.

LETTER LXXXI.—LADY DAVERS TO MRS. B.

AFTER I have thank'd you, my dear Pamela, for your last agreeable letter, which has added Lord C., and Lord and Lady Jenny, to the number of your admirers, [you know, Lady Betty, their sister, was so before] I shall tell you, that I now write, at all their requests, as well as at those of my Lord Davers, Lady C., whom you so dearly love, and Lady Betty, for your decision of an odd dispute, that, on reading your letter, and talking of your domestick excellencies, happened among us.

Lady Betty would have it, That yours is the most perfect character she ever heard or read of, in the sex.

Lady C. said, That you wrong yourself, in supposing, that you are not every thing that is polite and genteel, as well in your behaviour, as in your person; and that she knows not any woman of condition in England, who better becomes her station, than you do.

Why then, said Lady Jenny, Mrs. B. must be quite perfect; that is certain. So said Lord J. So said Lord C. So said they all. Lord Davers confirmed, that you were. And Jackey *swore* to it.

Yet, as we are sure there cannot be such a character, in this life, as has not one fault, altho' we could not tell where to fix it, Lady C. made a

whimsical motion :—Lady Davers, said she, pray do you write to Mrs. B., and acquaint her with our subject ; and as it is impossible, that a person who can act as she does, should not know herself better than any body else can do, desire her to acquaint us with some of those secret foibles, which subdued, will give room for her to be still more perfect.

A good thought ! said I ; said they all. And this is the present occasion of my writing : and pray see, that you accuse yourself of no more than you know yourself guilty : for over-modesty borders nearly on pride, and too liberal self-accusations are generally but so many traps for applause ; so that (whatever other women might) you will not be forgiven, if you deal with us in a way so poorly artful. Let your faults, therefore, be such, as you think we can subscribe to, from what we have *seen* of *you*, and what we have *read* in your letters ; and you must try to extenuate them too, as you give them, lest we should censure you for wishing to be thought, in *that* instance at least, above nature.

I congratulate you and Miss Darnford mutually, on her arrival. Tell her, that we are of her opinion, and think you nicer than you need to be, as to your present agreeable circumstance. And yet, let me tell you, that the easy and unaffected conjugal delicacy, in word and behaviour, between your good man and you, is worthy of imitation, and what Lady C. and I have with pleasure contemplated upon, since we left you, an hundred times, and admire in you both : and it is good policy too, child, as well as high decorum ; for it is what will make you ever new and respectable to one another.

But *you* have the honour of it all, whose sweet, natural, and easy modesty, in person, behaviour, and conversation, forbids indecency, even in thought, much more in word, to approach you ; insomuch that no rakes can be rakes in your presence, and yet they hardly know to what they owe their restraint.

However, as people who see you at this time, will take it for granted, that you and Mr. B. have been very intimate together, I should think you need not be ashamed of your appearance, because, as he rightly observes, you have no reason to be ashamed of your husband.

Excuse my pleasantry, my dear : and answer our demand upon you, as soon as you can ; which will oblige us all ; particularly Your affectionate Sister,
B. DAVERS.

LETTER LXXXII.

WHAT a task, my dearest lady, have you imposed upon me ! and, according to the terms you annex to it, how shall I acquit myself of it, without incurring the censure of affectation, if I accuse myself ; or of vanity, if I do not ? But if I am to treat this subject seriously, I must own, that I have a great many failings. Indeed, madam, you do not know the pain it costs me to keep them under ; not so much for fear the world should see them, for, I bless *God*, I can hope they are not capital, as for fear they should become capital, if I were to let them grow upon me.

And this, surely, I need not have told your ladyship, and Lady C., who have read my papers, and seen my behaviour in the kind visit you made to your brother, did not your generous and partial favour make you overlook my greater failings, and pass under a kinder name many of my lesser : for, surely, my good ladies, you must both of you have observed, in what you have read and seen, that I am naturally of a spiteful, saucy temper ; and, with all my appearing meekness and humility, can resent, and sting, too, when I think myself provoked.

I have also discover'd in myself, on many occasions (of some of which I will by-and-by remind your ladyship), a malignancy of heart, that, it is true, lasts but a little while (nor had it need), but for which I have often called myself to account—to very little purpose hitherto.

And, indeed, madam (now for a little of the extenuation you expect from me), I have some difficulty in determining whether I *ought* to take so much pains to subdue myself in some instances, in the station to which I am raised, as otherwise it would have become me to take. Permit me to say, it is no easy task, for a person in my circumstances, to be humble without meanness, and decent without arrogance. And let me add, that if all persons thought as justly as I flatter myself I do, of the inconveniencies, as well as conveniencies, which attend their being rais'd to a condition above them, they would not imagine all the world to be their own, when they came to be distinguish'd as I have been: for, what with the contempts of superior relations on one side (which all such must undergo at first), the envy of the world, and low reflections arising from that envy on the other, from which no such one must hope to be totally exempt, and the awkwardness, besides, with which they support their elevated condition, if they have sense to judge of their own imperfections; and if the gentleman be not such an one as mine (and where will such another be found?): on all these accounts, they will be made sensible, that, whatever they might once think, happiness and a high estate are two very different things.

But I shall be too grave when your ladyship, and all my kind and noble friends expect, perhaps, I should give the uncommon subject a pleasanter air; yet, what must that mind be that is not serious when it is obliged to recollect, and give account of its defects?

But I must not *only* accuse myself, it seems: I must give *proofs*, such as your ladyship can subscribe to, of my imperfections. There is so much *real kindness* in this *seeming hardship*, that I will obey you, madam, and produce proofs in a moment, which cannot be controverted.

Let me, then, in the first place, as to the self-accusation of *spitefulness*, refer your ladyship, and those of my noble friends who have read my papers, to the character I gave in them of poor Mrs. Jewkes; also of honest Mr. Colbrand, when I suspected he was to be employed for the worst purposes; both of which, tho' not untrue in the main, are so drawn as to shew a very spiteful nature in the characterizer.

As to my *sauciness*, those papers will give an hundred instances against me, as well to your brother as to others. Indeed, to extenuate my faults, as you allow me to do, as I go along, these were *mostly* given when I was apprehensive for my honour.

And then, my dear lady, I have a little tincture of *jealousy*, which sometimes has made me more uneasy than I ought to be; particularly in Miss Godfrey's case, and in my conversations with you and Lady C., in which I have frequently betray'd my apprehensions of what might happen when we came to London: yet, to extenuate again, I have examined myself very strictly on this head; and I really think, that I can ascribe a great part of this jealousy to laudable motives; no less than to the concern I have for your brother's eternal welfare. Yet, some other parts of the charge must stand against me; for, as, to be sure, I love his person, as well as his mind, I have pride in my jealousy, that would not permit me, I verily think, to support myself under the trial of a competition in this very tender point.

And this obliges me to own, that I have a little spark (not a little one, perhaps), of *secret pride* and *vanity*, that will arise now-and-then, on the honours done me ; but which I keep under as much as I can : and to this pride, let me tell your ladyship, I know no one contributes, or can contribute, more largely than yourself.

So you see, madam, what a faulty heart I have, and how far I am from being tolerably perfect. For here, to recapitulate my faults is, in the first place, *vindictiveness* (a harsh word to accuse one's self of) ; *spitefulness* ; *jealousy* ; *secret pride* ; *vanity* ; which I cannot, for my life, keep totally under.—O madam, are not here faults enow, without naming any more ? And how much room do all these leave for amendment ?

Had your ladyship and Lady C. favour'd us longer, in your late kind visit, it had been impossible but I must have so improv'd by your charming conversations, and by that natural ease and dignity which accompany every thing you both do and say, as to have got over such of these foible : as are not rooted in nature : till in time I had been able to do *more* than emulate those perfections, which, at present, I can only at awful distance revere, as becomes, my dear ladies, Your humble Admirer, and obedient Servant,

P. B.

LETTER LXXXIII.—MISS DARNFORD TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER. MY EVER-HONOURED PAPA AND MAMMA,—I begin my first letter to you from London, with my dutiful acknowledgments of your indulgent goodness to me in allowing of this excursion, and in so kindly accompanying me so great a part of the way. I hope my prayers are answered in your safe return, and my sister's, to your own seat.

Let me now give you some account of ourselves.

Mr. and Mrs. B. have a fine house here, elegantly furnish'd throughout, and have allotted me one of the best apartments in it.

We are happy beyond expression : Mr. B. is a charming husband ; so easy, so pleas'd with, and so tender of his wife ; and she so much all that we saw her in the country, as to humility and affability, and every day improving in dignity and ease, that I never knew so happy a wedlock. All that *prerogative sauciness*, which we apprehended would so eminently display itself in his behaviour to his wife, had she been ever so distinguished by birth and fortune, is vanished, and hardly any traces of it left. I did not think it was in the power of an angel, if our sex *could* have produc'd one, to have made so tender a husband of Mr. B. as he makes. And should I have the sense to follow her example, if ever I marry, I should not despair of making myself happy, let it be to whom it would, provided he was not a brute. May Mr. Murray, and Nancy, make just such a happy pair !

You commanded me, my honoured mamma, to write to you an account of every thing that pleas'd me when in London. I said I would : but what a task should I then have ! I did not think I had undertaken to write volumes.

In the first place, it would take up five or six long letters to do justice to the economy observed in this happy family. You know that Mrs. B. has not changed one of the servants of the family, and only added her Polly to the number. This is an unexampled thing, especially as they were all her *fellow-servants*, as we may say : but since they have the sense to admire so good an example, and are proud to follow it, each to his and

her power, I think it one of her peculiar felicities to have continued them, and to choose to reform, rather than dismiss, such as were exceptionable.

Their mouths, Deb tells me, are continually full of their mistress's praises, and prayers and blessings are utter'd by them with such delight and fervour for the happy pair, that it makes her eyes, she says, ready to run over to hear them.

And do not you think it an extraordinary piece of policy (whether design'd as such or not, as they were honest and worthy folks), to keep them? Since, had she dismissed any of them, she would have made as many enemies as she had discarded servants: and as many more, as those had friends and acquaintance? We all know how much the reputation of families lies at the mercy of servants; and it is easy to guess to what cause each would have imputed his or her dismissal. She has, then, by her lenity, escaped the censure of pride; and has made every one, instead of reproaching her with her descent, find those graces in her which turn that very disadvantage to her glory.

Then, by her behaviour to them all, she shews, it was her *choice* to keep them; for she is exceeding affable to them; she always speaks to them with a smile; but yet has such a dignity in her manner, that it secures her their respect and reverence; and they are ready to fly at a look; and seem proud to have any commands of hers to execute.

If any of them are the least indisposed, her care and tenderness engage the veneration and gratitude of all the rest, who see, in that instance, how kindly they will be treated should they ail any thing themselves. And in all this, I must needs say, she is very happy in Mrs. Jervis, who is an excellent second to her; and is treated by her with as much respect and affection as if she were her mother.

You remember, madam, in the account she gave of her benevolent round, her charitable kindness to the sick and destitute in her extensive neighbourhood; and the care she took that they should not suffer in her absence. And here in London she has applied to Dr. Duncan, her parish minister (a fine preacher, and sound divine), to recommend to her any poor housekeepers, who will be glad to accept of some private benefactions, and yet, having lived creditably till reduced by misfortunes, are ashamed to apply for public relief; and she has several of those already on her *benevolent list*, to some of whom she sends coals now at the entrance on the wintry season; to some Irish or Scottish linen, or Norwich stuff, for gowns and coats for the girls, or Yorkshire cloth for the boys; and money to others, who, being persons of prudence, can best judge how to lay it out for their own service. And she has, moreover, *mortify'd*, as the Scots call it, 150*l.* as a fund for loans, without interest, of 5, 10, or 15, but not exceeding 20*l.* to answer present exigencies in some honest families; who find the best security they can, to repay it in a given time: and this fund she purposes (as she grows richer) to increase; and prides herself every now-and-then for having sav'd so much money already; estimating pleasantly her worth by this sum; saying sometimes, Who would ever have thought I should have been worth 150*l.* so soon? I shall be rich in time. But in all these things she enjoins secrecy, which the doctor has promis'd.

She told the doctor what Mr. Adams's office is in the family: and hoped, she said, he would give her his sanction to it; assuring him that she thought it her duty to ask it, as she was one of his flock, and he, on that account, her principal pastor, which made a spiritual relation between them, the requisites of which, on her part, were not to be dispensed with.

You may be sure the good man applaudingly consented ; and when she told him how well Mr. Adams was provided for, and that she should apply to him to supply her with a town chaplain, when she was deprived of him, he wished that the other duties of his function (for he has a large parish) would permit him to be the happy person himself ; saying that till she was supplied to her mind, either he or his curate would take care that so laudable a method should be kept up.

You will do me the justice, madam, to believe that I very cheerfully join in my dear friend's *Sunday* duties ; and I am not a little edify'd with the good example, and with the good-will, that this excellent method contributes to keep up in the family.

I must own I never saw such a family of love in my life : for here, under the eye of the best and most respected of mistresses, they twice every *Sunday* see one another all together (as they used to do in the country), superior as well as inferior servants ; and Deb tells me, after Mrs. B. and I are withdrawn, there are such friendly salutations among them, that she never heard the like. — And they return to their several vocations, so light, so easy, so pleased, so even temper'd, as their cheerful countenances, as well as expressions, testify, that it makes one think it a heaven of a house : and being wound up thus constantly once a week, like a good eight-day clock, no piece of machinery that ever was made is so regular and uniform as this family is.

And yet, here is the admiration ; all these duties are performed in such an easy and pleasant manner, that they interfere not with any parts of the family management ; take up no time from the necessary employments ; but rather aid and inspirit every one in the discharge of all their domestic services ; and, moreover, keep their minds in a state of preparation for the more solemn duties of the day ; and all without the least intermixture of affectation, enthusiasm, or ostentation. O my dear papa and mamma, permit me but to tarry here till I am perfect in all these good lessons !

As to the town, and the diversions of it, I shall not trouble you with any accounts of them, because you know the one, and from the time we passed here last winter, as well as your former thorough knowledge of both, you will want no information about the other ; for, generally speaking, all who reside constantly in London allow that there is little other difference in the diversions of one winter and another than such as are in cloaths ; a few variations of the fashions only, which are mostly owing to the ingenious contrivances of persons who are to get their bread by diversifying them.

I have justified my papa's observation, that a woman never takes a journey that she does not forget something ; for, with all my care, I have forgot my diamond buckle, which Miss Nancy will find in the inner till of my bureau, wrapped up in cotton ; and I beg it may be sent me by the first opportunity. With my humble duty to you both, thanks for the favour I now rejoice in, and affectionate remembrances to my sister (I wish she would love me as well as I love her), and compliments to Mr. Murray, and all our good neighbours, I conclude myself, what I will ever be—Your dutiful

M. DARNFORD.

P.S. I give you joy, my dear father and mother, of the celebration.

My sister will shew you my cordial letter of felicitation to her and Mr. Murray.

LETTER LXXXIV.—MRS. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

YOU command me, madam, to acquaint you with the proceedings between Mr. Murray and Miss Nanny Darnford : Miss Darnford says, every thing was adjusted before she came away, and the ceremony, she believes, may be performed by this time. She rejoices that she was out of the way of it : for, she says, love is so awkward a thing to Mr. Murray, and good-humour so uncommon a one to Miss Nancy, that she hopes she shall never see such another courtship.

Mr. B., by way of teasing, tells Miss Darnford that she is a little piqued that Mr. Murray took her at her word : were it not so, would any young lady in England, he says, rejoice in being absent when a sister's wedding is going forward ? He appealed to me on this subject, pleasantly, but I have too much joy in her company to side with him in his raillery ; for had we not taken Sir Simon while he was in the humour, we should not have had her with us at all.

We have been at the play-house several times ; and, give me leave to say, madam (for I have now read as well as seen several), that I think the stage, by proper regulations, might be made an instructive amusement. But nothing more convinces one of the truth of the common observation that the best things, corrupted, prove the worst, than these representations. The terror and compunction for evil deeds, the compassion for a just distress, and the general beneficence which those lively exhibitions are so capable of raising in the human mind, might be of great service when directed to right ends, and induced by proper motives : particularly where the actions which the catastrophe is designed to punish are not set in such advantageous lights as shall destroy the end of the moral, and make the vice that ought to be censured, imitable ; and where instruction is kept in view all the way ; vice punished, and virtue rewarded.

But give me leave to say, that I think there is hardly one play I have read hitherto, or seen, but has too much of love in it, as that passion is generally treated. How unnatural in some, how inflaming in others, are the descriptions of it ! In most, rather rant and fury, like the loves of the fiercer brute animals, as Virgil, translated by Dryden, describes them, than the soft, sighing, fearfully-hopeful murmurs that swell the bosoms of our gentler sex ; and the respectful, timorous, submissive complainings of the other, when the truth of the passion humanizes, as one may say, their more rugged hearts.

In particular, my dear lady, what strange indelicacies do these writers of tragedy often make of our sex ? They do not enter into the passion at all, if I have any notion of it : but when the authors want to paint it strongly (at least in those plays I have seen and read), their aim seems to be to raise a whirlwind, as I may say, which sweeps down reason, religion, and decency ; and carries every laudable duty away before it ; so that all the example it can serve to shew is, how a disappointed lover may rage and storm, resent and revenge.

The play I first saw was the tragedy of the *Distress'd Mother*, and a great many beautiful things I think there are in it : but half of it is a tempestuous, cruel, ungoverned rant of passion, and ends in cruelty, blood, and desolation, which the truth of story not warranting, as Mr. B. tells me, makes it the more pity that the original author (for it is a French play translated, you know, madam) had not conducted it, since it was in his choice, with less horror, and with greater propriety, to the passions intended to be raised, and actually raised in many places.

Now, madam, could not a distress have been formed in this story from more laudable and proper motives? Should this passion of unbridled love be represented in such a strong, such an irresistible light, to an audience, who must be taught, that the highest ingratitude, the most rageful extreme of sensual passion, the most unjustifiable actions, and the sacrifice of all considerations of publick good, and private right, had examples all in this piece to warrant them?

It is true, Pyrrhus is punished by a cruel assassination. Hermione falls by her own hand for causing Orestes to procure him to be murder'd; and the phrenzy of Orestes becomes his punishment: but what a scene of horror does all this raise? How unlikely to be an exemplar either in publick or private life? And what a hard fate is that of Hermione, slighted, despised, insulted, by the man she lov'd, the man to whom she was betrothed, and whose resentment therefore was warranted, had it shewn itself in almost any act short of the murder, which, in the violence of her passion, she commanded Orestes to perpetrate?

Then, madam, the love of Hermione for Pyrrhus, is not, I think, of that delicate sort which ought to be set before our sex for an example — It is rage, not love, that of a woman slighted; and, however just, supposing our sex to have such revengeful hearts, when slighted by the men they love, is not so exemplary as one would wish; and besides, she is represented as sometimes *sighing and wishing for* Orestes: when a true love bears not the thought of any object but that *one* it sighs for, even should that one be found to be ungrateful. Thus it is said of Orestes by her confidante:

“ Orestes, whose return you oft had wish'd,
The man whose sufferings you so oft lamented,
And often prais'd his constancy and love.”

Then Hermione repeats her woman's words:

“ That love, that constancy, so ill requir'd —
Upbraids me to myself: I blush, to think
How I have us'd him; and would shun his presence.”

The motive for this, however, is neither justice nor generosity, but pride; indeed, it must be own'd, a pride very natural to a female mind, in such circumstances as hers:

“ What will be my confusion, when he sees me
Neglected and forsaken, like himself?
“ Her insolence at last is well repaid!
I cannot bear the thought.” —

And then, the moment she sees him, this is her blunt question to Orestes, notwithstanding all her shame to see him:

“ How am I to interpret, sir, this visit?
Is it a compliment of form, or love?”

Does this, madam, shew any thing of the delicacy of sex or condition? And would one think it right, after she has thus extorted from him a repeated confession of his love, or *weakness*, as he calls it, to upbraid him, that it ill becomes the ambassador of Greece, *to talk of love or dying*?

In short, madam, I think none of the love in this piece is such a love, however suited to Hermione's character and circumstances, as is fit to be recommended to our example: it is a love that shocks one, and is rather rage and tumult than love, and succeeds accordingly. That of Pyrrhus is of the same kind; it is an ungovern'd wild, unjust, ungenerous caprice,

Hermione's love is found in confess'd ingratitude to Orestes, and she perseveres in it to Pyrrhus, when the indignities put upon her should have made her sooner wish for death, than to be the wife of so perjured a man.

The motive of Andromache, (for hers is the most perfect character in the piece, and designed to be so by the poet) to save her son, is the best a woman could have to excuse her for marrying the man who had slaughter'd all her relations. But the uncertainty of securing that point, by the mere formality of joining hands with Pyrrhus, and her resolution to destroy herself, in defiance of her vows just plighted to be his, was a strange expedient to preserve her widowhood, and her child : for, was it very likely, that a man so wildly in love with her, as to forego all other just and prudent considerations for her, (and who had shewn, that he would have destroy'd her son, but for the sake of *her* person) would, when disappointed by so great a rashness, have hazarded his realms in defence of her son?

These things struck me, madam, when I saw the play ; and when I came to read it, I was more confirm'd in my sentiments.

But judge, my dear lady, what, after the play was over, I must think of the epilogue, and indeed of that part of the audience, which called out for it.

An epilogue spoken by Mrs. Oldfield in the character of Andromache, that was more shocking to me, than the most terrible parts of the play ; as by lewd, and even senseless *double entendre*, it could be calculated only to efface all the tender, all the virtuous sentiments, which the tragedy was design'd to raise.

The pleasure this was received with by the men, was equally barbarous and insulting ; every one turning himself to the boxes, pit, and galleries, where women were, to see how they look'd, and how they stood an emphatical and too well pronounc'd ridicule, not only upon the play in general, but upon the part of Andromache in particular, which had been so well sustain'd by an excellent actress ; and I was extremely mortify'd to see my favourite (and the only perfect) character, debas'd and despoil'd, and the widow of Hector, prince of Troy, talking obscenity to an audience, and setting it out with all the wicked graces of action, and affected archness of look, attitude, and emphasis.

Dear sir !—Dear Miss Darnford !—said I, with great emotion.

What's the matter, my love ? said Mr. B., smiling, to see me mov'd by this vile epilogue ; for it is always call'd for, it seems.

Why have I wept the distresses of the injur'd Hermione ? whisper'd I : why have I been moved by the murder of the brave Pyrrhus, and shock'd by the madness of Orestes ? Is it for this ? See you not Hector's widow, the noble Andromache, inverting the design of the whole play, satirizing her own sex, but indeed most of all ridiculing and shaming, in *my* mind, that part of the audience, who have call'd for this vile epilogue, and those who can be delighted with it, after such scenes of horror and distress ?

He was pleas'd to say, smiling, I expected, my dear, that your delicacy, and Miss Darnford's too, would be shock'd on this preposterous occasion. I never saw this play, rake as I was thought to be, but the impropriety of the epilogue sent me away dissatisfy'd with it, and with human nature too : and you only see, by this one instance, what a character that of an actor or actress is, and how capable they are to personate any thing for a subsistence.

Well, but, sir, said I, are there not, think you, extravagant scenes and characters enough in most plays, to justify the censures of the virtuous upon them, that the wicked friend of the author must crown the work in an epilogue, for fear the audience should go away improv'd by the representation? It is not, I see, always narrowness of spirit, as I have heard some say, that opens the mouths of good people against these diversions.

In this wild way, talk'd I; for I was quite out of patience at this unnatural and unexpected piece of ridicule, tack'd to so serious a play, and coming after such a moral.

Thus, madam, have I given you a specimen of my observations on the first play I saw. How just, or how impertinent, I must leave to your better judgment to determine. I very probably expose my own ignorance and folly in them; but I will not say, presumption, because you have put me upon the task, which otherwise I should hardly have attempted. I have very little reason therefore to blame myself on this score; but, on the contrary, have cause to be proud of the opportunity you have thereby given me to shew my readiness to obey you; and the rather, since I am sure of your kindest indulgence, now you have given me leave to style myself Your-Ladyship's obliged Sister, and humble Servant,

P. B.

LETTER LXXXV

MY DEAR LADY,—I gave you in my last, my bold remarks upon a tragedy; *The Distress'd Mother*. I will now give you my shallow notions of a comedy; *The Tender Husband*.

I liked this part of the title; though I cannot say I was pleas'd at all with the other, explanatory of it: *Or—The Accomplish'd Fools*. But when I was told it was written by Sir Richard Steele, and that Mr. Addison had given some hints towards it, if not some characters, Dear sir, said I, to Mr. B., give us your company to this play; for the authors of the *Spectators* cannot possibly produce a faulty scene.

Mr. B. indeed smil'd; for I had not then read the play: and the earl of F., Lady F., Miss Darnford, Mr. B., and myself, agreed to meet with a niece of my lord in the stage box, which was taken on purpose.

There seems to me, my dear lady, to be a great deal of wit and satire in the play: but, upon my word, I was grievously disappointed as to the morality of it: nor, in some places, is *probability* preserv'd; and there are divers speeches so very free, that I could not have expected to meet with such, in the authors I mention'd.

I will make no apologies to you, madam, for the freedom I shall take with the play. Let me see, then, can I give you the brief history of this comedy? I profess, I hardly know, whether I can or not; at least, whether I should or not. But I will try.

The Tender Husband, Mr. Clerimont, has for his wife a lady who has travelled, and is far gone in all the French fashions: "She brought me," says he, "a noble fortune; and I thought she had a right to share it; therefore carry'd her to see the world, forsooth, and make the tour of France and Italy, where she learn'd to lose her money gracefully, to admire every vanity in *our* sex, and contemn every virtue in *her own*; which, with ten thousand other perfections, are the ordinary improvements of a travell'd lady."

Tender as the husband was to be suppos'd to the wife (which, by the way, is not extremely apparent, in *proper* or *right* instances of tenderness), I presume to think, he shews no great politeness to the sex in general in

this speech; and the poet will be the less excusable for it, if he has not drawn a *general* character of travell'd ladies; and much less still, if it shall appear, that that of Mrs. Clerimont, on which this general reflection is founded, is carry'd beyond nature, and beyond probability too.

But what is the method the Tender Husband takes to reclaim his wife? — Why this: he sets a former mistress of his own to work, in man's cloaths, to ensnare her [a *Tender Husband*, who keeps a *mistress!*—What a sound it has:] and thus he declares himself—“Now I can neither mortify her vanity, that I may live at ease with her, nor quite *discard* her, till I have catch'd her a little enlarging her innocent freedoms, as she calls them. For this end I am content to be a French husband, tho' now-and-then, with the secret pangs of an Italian one; and therefore, sir, or madam,” (to his Mistress *Lucy*, under the name of Mr. *Fainlove*, in the dress of a young coxcomb) “you are thus equipp'd to attend and accost her ladyship.” A speech unnecessary to *Fainlove*, who was dress'd before for that purpose, and had actually won money, in that character, of Mrs. Clerimont. But the poet had no other way to let the audience know it, as it should seem—“It concerns you,” continues he, “to be diligent: if we (*i. e.*, himself and his wife) wholly part— I need say *no more*: if we do *not*—I'll see thee *well provided* for.”

Here, madam, is a fine moral scene open'd, with regard to Mr. Clerimont, his lady, and his kept mistress! Mr. *Fainlove*, *alias* Mrs. *Lucy*, undertakes the task, in hopes to live with Mr. Clerimont, in case of a divorce from his wife; or to be provided for, in case the plot does not succeed: which makes it apparent, that, to say nothing of his morality, poor *Lucy* had not met with a generous man in Mr. Clerimont, since, after the forfeiture of her honour, she was still to do a more infamous job, if possible, to procure for herself a provision from him.

Then Mr. Clerimont proceeds to instruct the new-made man, how to behave like a coxcomb, in order to engage his wife's attention, and to join in all her foibles, till she can furnish him with an opportunity to detect them in such a way, as shall give a pretence for a divorce (a hint that has been scandalously improved, and made *more* fashionable, since this play was written); and this he does in such free language and action, as must disgust any modest person of either sex.

Then the poet causes this faithful mistress, in order to make her character shine above that of the wife, and indeed above his own likewise, to present her employer with bills for 500*l.* which she tells him she won of his wife the preceding night; and makes up 2000*l.* which Mr. Clerimont says, this *unprovided-for* mistress of his has won from his lady, and honestly given him; or else, he could not, he owns, have supply'd her gaming losses. And *Lucy* declares, she will gain him for ever from his wife, if she can: yet, you will see, by-and-by, that it is not love to *his* particular person, more than *any* other, that is *Lucy's* inducement: of course then, it must be wickedness for wickedness sake!

The next character is *Captain Clerimont*, brother to the other gentleman, a man of fashion and of the world, who being a younger brother, has his fortune to make; and we shall see presently, how he proposes to make it.

The next is *Pounce*, an infamous jobber or broker of stocks, marriages, or any thing; whose character be pleas'd to take in his own words: “Now 'tis my profession to assist a *free-hearted* young fellow against an *unnatural long-lived* father; to disincumber men of pleasure of the vexation of unwieldy estates; to support a feeble title to an inheritance!”

One that Mr. Clerimont says, by way of *praise*, he has seen prompting a stammering witness in Westminster-hall who wanted instruction; and could venture his ears with great bravery for his friend.

A worse character than this, can there be? Yet is it not produced to be punished, neither.

The next person introduced is *Hesckiah Tiptkin*, a banker in Lombard-street, a man of an infamous and sordid character, and a vile usurer: this man has a beautiful niece, Miss *Bridget Tiptkin*, over-run with affectation and romance; with a great fortune in money, which so attracts the captain, that he supposes, in a sordid, but witty manner enough, all imaginable perfections in her person, before he has a sight of it. This young lady, by a treaty between her uncle Tiptkin and Sir *Harry Gubbin*, a tyrannical, positive, hot headed country gentleman, is design'd to be marry'd to *Humphrey*, the son of Sir Harry, a creature so savage, so rough, and so stupid, that there cannot be drawn a stronger contrast between his character and that of Miss Bridget.

Mr. Pounce, who is employ'd as a broker in *their* match, is, for a reward of 1000*l.* to cheat them and poor Humphrey, and to procure this young lady for Captain Clerimont. Admirable justice and morality, all round! you will say, madam. For this purpose, it was necessary, that Mr. Pounce should find Humphrey so great a fool, that, tho' he never saw him before, he very easily sets him against his father, and against his cousin Bridget; and all this on the wedding-day, in order to induce him to make court to a person he tells him of, but never saw: and who should this person be, as he tells him, but the sister of Fainlove, Clerimont's man-dress'd mistress; which sister, however, was to be Fainlove, or Lucy herself, with a worthy intent to impose upon poor Humphrey (as a wife) this cast-off mistress of Clerimont? A just, a generous, an *exemplary* plot this!

The next character is an old maiden gentlewoman, *aunt* to Miss Bridget, an antiquated virgin, who, as Pounce says, has a mighty affectation for youth, and is a great lover of men and money; and she is set over her niece as a promoter of the match with Humphrey. Over this lady Mr. Pounce has a great ascendant, half for sordid reasons, and half for amorous ones; and she makes a thorough ridiculous and improbable character. Pounce introduces Captain Clerimont into the company of this aunt and her niece; and entertains the former, while the Captain engages the latter on the subject of her beloved romance. These, with Mrs. Clerimont's maid *Jenny*, are the principal characters.

I need not, madam, take up much of your time, or my own, to tell you how they proceed.

Mr. Clerimont, then, after bearing from his wife, what hardly any man could bear, surprises Fainlove as a man (and a very wicked scene it is, in every part); and falling into a feigned rage, threatens to kill Fainlove: the lady at first menaces, and is haughty and arrogant; but finding by her husband's behaviour to Lucy, whom he then addresses with fondness before her face, that she is trick'd by a woman in man's habit, in her turn would kill the impostor as Lucy, whom as Fainlove she try'd to save; and a scene on this occasion occurs, in my opinion, very ridiculous. Mr. Clerimont then upbraids her with her guilt; and, what was hardly ever known in nature, she reforms *instantly* on the spot, and expresses all the signs of contrition imaginable. He forgives and receives her, guilty as she is in her intention: and a moving scene, had it been from proper motives, follows. Yet (still more preposterous, excuse me, madam), afterwar's she

resumes all her travell'd and nonsensical airs, all her improbable follies, to help to support the plot in favour of Captain Clerimont, upon Miss Bridget, and the infamous one of Pounce's and Mr. Clerimont's against poor Humphrey, the only *innocent* character in the play, and the only *suffering* one; and this latter, as well as the former plot, being brought about, a laughing scene is produced, by Sir Harry soundly cudgelling his stupid son, for permitting himself to be so foolishly drawn in.

Now, my good lady, can you see one character, and I think I have given them justly, fit to be set up for an example in this celebrated play of an author so celebrated? I must own, as I said before, I was greatly disappointed in my expectations of it. There is, indeed, a great deal of sprightly wit, and knowledge of the wicked part of the world, displayed in it, as it seems to me, by what I have heard Mr. B. talk sometimes; but there is not one character in it but what is shockingly immoral, and, at the same time, either *above* or *below* nature; so that the ridicule which is intended in it, on the bad characters, cannot, in my poor opinion, be either just or instructive.

But yet, to say truth, there are very pretty descriptions, and a great deal of wit and humour in it. The dialogue is lively; the painter's scene entertaining; and that between Sir Harry and Tipkin, diverting, tho' low; which, together with the fantastic airs of Mrs. Clerimont, and Miss Bridget, and the farcical humours of Numps, make it the less wonder that such as did not attend to nature, probability, and morality, were struck with the life and spirit of the performance: and especially as Mr. Wilks, who acted Captain Clerimont, and Mrs. Oldfield, who acted Miss Bridget, so incomparably performed their parts, as must have saved a play even of a worse tendency than the *Accomplish'd Fools*.

The moral I will transcribe, altho' I doubt it is a very inapplicable one to the characters; and so is far from making amends for a long performance, that in such a variety of characters has not *one* moral one in it; nor, indeed, is there so much as *one* just or generous design pursued throughout the play:

You've seen th' extremes of the domestick life,
A son too much confin'd — too free a wife.
By gen'rous bonds you either should restrain,
And only on their inclinations gain.

This I call inapplicable, because it was needless advice to such husbands as Mr. Clerimont, for whom it seems designed: for he was generous to excess, carrying his wife abroad to Italy and France, and paying all her debts of honour implicitly: whence the name of the play, *The Tender Husband*; tho' I think the word *tender* should have been changed for another.

It looks to me, in short, as if the author had forgot the moral all the way; and being put in mind of it by some kind friend (Mr. Addison, perhaps), was at a loss to draw one from such characters and plots as he had produced; and so put down what came uppermost, for the sake of custom, without much regard to propriety. And, truly, I should imagine likewise that the play was begun with a design to draw more amiable characters, answering to the title of *The Tender Husband*; but that the author, being carried away by the luxuriance of a genius which he had not the heart to prune, on a general survey of the whole, distrusting the propriety of that title, added the under-one: with an——OR, *The Accomplish'd Fools*, in justice to his piece and compliment to his audience. And, pardon me,

madam, had he call'd it *The Accomplish'd Knaves* there would have been more propriety in the title.

I wish I could, for the sake of the authors, have praised every scene of this play: I hoped to have reason for it. Judge then, my dear lady, what a mortification it was to me not to be able to say I liked above one, the *painter's scene*, which too was out of time, being on the wedding-day; and am forced to disapprove of every character in it, and the views of every one.—I am, dearest madam, Your most obliged Sister and Servant,

P. B.

= LETTER LXXXVI.

MY DEAR LADY,—Altho' I cannot tell how you received my observation on the tragedy of *The Distress'd Mother*, and the comedy of *The Tender Husband*; yet will I proceed to give your ladyship my opinion of the opera I was at last night.

But what can I say when I have mentioned (what you so well know) the fine scenes, the genteel and splendid company, the charming voices, and delightful musick?

If, madam, one were all ear, and lost to every sense but that of harmony, surely the Italian opera would be a transporting thing!—But when one finds good sense, and instruction, and propriety sacrificed to the charms of sound, what an unedifying, what a mere *temporary* delight does it afford! For what does one carry home but the remembrance of having been pleased so many hours by the mere vibration of air, which, being but sound, you cannot bring away with you: and must therefore enter the time passed in such a diversion into the account of those blank hours from which one has not reaped so much as one improving lesson?

I speak this with regard to myself, who know nothing of the Italian language: but yet I may not be very unhappy that I do not, if I may form my opinion of the sentiments, by the enervating softness of the sound, and the unmanly attitudes and gestures made use of to express the passions of the men performers, and from the amorous complainings of the women; as visible in the soft, the too-soft, action of each.

Then, tho' I cannot but say that the musick is most melodious, yet to see a hero, as an Alexander or a Julius Cæsar, warbling out his achievements in war, his military conquests, as well as his love, in a song, it seems to me to be making a jest of both.

And how much more absurd is it still, to hear some dying chieftain, some unfortunate hero, chanting forth his woes and his calamities, and taking his leave of the world, with less propriety than our English criminals at the fatal tree! What can this move, how can this *pierce*, be the story ever so dismal, any thing but one's ears?

Every nation, Mr. B. says, has its peculiar excellence: the French taste is comedy and harlequinery; the Italian, musick and opera: the English, masculine and nervous sense, whether in tragedy or comedy. Why cannot one, methinks, keep to one's own particular national excellence, and let others retain theirs? For Mr. B. observes, that when one sound is preferred to sense, we shall depart from all our own worthiness, and, at best, be but the apes, yea, the dupes, of those whom we may *strive* to imitate, but never can reach, much less excel.

Mr. B. sometimes says that this taste is almost the only good fruit our young nobility gather, and bring home from their foreign tours; and that he found the English nation much ridiculed on this score by those very

people who are benefited by the depravity. And if this be the best, what must the other qualifications be which they bring home? Yet every one does not return with so little improvement, it is to be hoped.

But what have I said, what can I say, of an Italian opera? Only, little to the purpose as it is, I wonder how I have been able to say so much: for who can describe sound? Or what words shall be found to imbody air? And when we return, and are asked our opinion of what we have seen or heard, we are only able to answer, as I hinted above, The scenery is fine; the company splendid and genteel; the musick charming for the time; the action not extraordinary; the language unintelligible; and, for all these reasons, the instruction none at all.

This is all the thing itself gives me room to say of the Italian opera; very probably, for want of taste, and a knowledge of the language.

In my next, I believe I shall give you, madam, my opinion of a diversion or amusement which, I am afraid, I shall like still less; and that is a masquerade; for I apprehend I shall not be excused going to one, although I have no manner of liking to it, especially in my present way.—I am, madam, Your ladyship's most obliged and faithful P. B.

LETTER LXXXVII.

WELL, now, my dear lady, I will give you my poor opinion of a masquerade, to which Mr. B. persuaded me to accompany Miss Darnford; for, as I hinted in my former, I had a great indifference, or rather dislike, to go; and Miss Darnford therefore wanted so powerful a second, to get me with her; because I was afraid the freedoms which I had heard were used there would not be very agreeable to my apprehensive temper, at *this* time especially.

The habit Mr. B. pitched upon was that of a Spanish don; and it well befitted the manliness of his person and air. Miss Darnford chose that of a young widow; and Mr. B. recommended that of a quaker for me. We all admired one another in our dresses; and Mr. B. promised to have me always in his eye.

But I never desire to be present at another. Mr. B. was singled out by a bold nun, who talked Italian to him with such free airs, that I did not much like it, tho' I knew not what she said; for I thought that he kept no more to the Spanish gravity than she to the requisites of the habit she wore: when I had imagined that all that was tolerable in a masquerade was the acting up to the character each person assumed: and this gave me no objection to the quaker's dress; for I thought I was naturally prim enough for that.

Mr. B. and the nun were out of sight in a moment. Dear Miss Darnford, said I, what is become of that nun?—Rather, whispered she, what is become of the Spaniard?

A Cardinal attack'd me instantly in French; but (not knowing what he said) I answered him in English, Quakers are not fit company for red-hats.

They are, said he, in the same language; for a quaker and a jesuit is the same thing.

Miss Darnford was addressed by the name of the Sprightly Widow: another asked, How long she intended to wear those weeds? And a Footman, in a rich livery, answer'd for her eyes, thro' her mask, that it would not be a month.

But I was startled when a Presbyterian Parson came up to me, and bad me look after my Musidorus. I doubted not by this, it must be somebody who knew my name to be Pamela: and I presently thought of one of my lawyers, whose character I gave in a former letter.

Indeed, he needed not to bid me; for I was sorry, on more accounts than that of my timorousness, to have lost sight of him. Abominable masquerades! thought I; I can't abide you already!

An egregious beauish appearance came up to Miss Darnford, and said, You hang out a very pretty *sign*, widow—

Not, reply'd she, to invite such fops as you to my shop.

Any customer would be welcome, returned he, in my opinion. I whisper this as a secret.

And I whisper another, returned she, That no place warrants ill manners. Are you angry, widow?

She affected a laugh: no indeed: the object is not worth my anger.

At last Mr. B. accosted us, as if he had not known us: so lovely a widow, and so sweet a friend! no wonder you do not separate: for I see not in this various assemblée a third person of your sex fit to join with you.

Not one, sir! said I—Will not a penitent nun make a good third with a mournful widow, and a prim quaker?

Not for more than ten minutes, at most.

Instantly the nun, a fine person of a woman, with a noble air, tho' I did not like her, join'd us, and spoke in Italian something very free, as it seem'd by her manner, and Mr. B.'s smiling answer; but neither Miss Darnford nor I understood her, and Mr. B. would not explain it to us.

But she gave him a signal to follow her, seeming to be much taken with his person and air; for tho' there were three other Spanish habits there, he was call'd *The stately Spaniard* by one, and *The handsome Spaniard* by another, in our hearing, as he pass'd with us to the dessert, where we drank each of us a glass of champaign, and ate a few sweet-meats, with a crowd about us; but we appear'd not to know one another: while several odd appearances, as one Indian prince, one Chinese mandarin, several domines, of both sexes, a Dutch skipper, a Jewish rabbi, a Greek monk, a harlequin, a Turkish bashaw, and a capuchin friar, glided by us, as we return'd into company, signifying, that we were *strangers to them*, by squeaking out *I know you!*—Which is half the wit of the place.

Mr. B. had more attacks made upon him by women, than we had by men; and his fine person, noble air, and a deportment so suited to his habit, (only in the encounter of the nun, when he had more of the French freedom, as I thought, than the Spanish gravity) made him many admirers; and more, when the Spanish minister, who was there in a French dress, spoke to him in Spanish, and receiv'd a polite answer from him in the same; while there were several who personated foreign characters, and knew nothing of the language of the country, whose habits they assumed.

There were divers antick figures, some with caps and bells; one dress'd like a punch; several harlequins, and other ludicrous forms, who jump'd and ran squeaking about like pigs in windy weather; a coarse comparison; but who can speak contemptibly enough of people who behave as if they thought that all their wit lay in their heels?

Two ladies, one in a very fantastic party-colour'd habit, with a plume of feathers, the other in a rustick one, with a garland of flowers round her head, were much taken notice of for their freedom, and having something

to say to every body. They were as seldom separated as Miss Darnford and I, and were followed by a crowd, where-ever they went.

The party-colour'd onc came up to me : friend, said she, there is something in thy person, that attracts every one's notice : but if a sack had not been a profane thing, it would have become thee almost as well as thy present dress.

I thank thee, friend, said I, for thy counsel ; but if thou hadst been pleased to look at home, thou wouldst not have taken so much pains to join together such advice, and such an appearance, as thou makest !

This made every one that heard it, laugh. One said, The butterfly had met with her match.

She return'd, with an affected laugh, Smartly said !—But art thou come hither, friend, to make thy light shine before men or women ?

Before neither, friend, replied I ; but out of mere curiosity to look into the *minds* of both sexes, which I read in their *dresses*.

A general satire on the assemblée, by the mass ! said a fat monk.

The nun whisk'd to us : we're all concern'd in my friend's remark—

And no disgrace to a fair nun, return'd I, if her behaviour answer her dress—Nor to a reverend friar, turning to the monk, if his mind be not a discredit to his appearance—Nor yet to a country girl, turning to the party-colour'd lady's companion, if she has not weeds in her heart to disgrace the flowers on her head.

An odd figure, representing a merry Andrew, took my hand, and said, I had the most piquant wit he had met with that night : and friend, said he, let us be better acquainted !

Forbear, said I, withdrawing my hand, not a companion for a jack pud-den neither !

A Roman senator just then accosted Miss Darnford ; and Mr. B. seeing me so much engag'd, 'Twere hard, said he, if our nation, in spite of Cr-vantes, produc'd not one cavalier to protect a fair lady thus surroundd.

Tho' surroundd, not distress'd, my good knight-errant, said the nun : the fair quaker will be too hard for half a dozen antagonists, and wants not your protection : but your poor nun bespeaks it, whisper'd she, but loud enough to be heard, who has not word to say for herself.

Mr. B. answer'd her in Italian, [I wish I understood Italian !] and she had recourse to her beads.

You cannot imagine, madam, how this nun haunted the dear gentleman !—Indeed, my lady, you cannot imagine it !

I must needs say, I do not like these masquerades at all. Many women, on these occasions, are so very free, that the censorious will be apt to blame the whole sex for *their* conduct, and to say, their hearts are as faulty as those of the most culpable men, since they scruple not to shew as much, when they think they cannot be known by their faces. But it is my humble opinion, that, could there be a standard fix'd, by which onc could determine readily what *is*, and what is *not* wit, decency would not be so often wounded, by attempts to be witty, as it is. For here every one, who can give himself the liberty to say things that shock a modest person, not meeting with due rebuke, but perhaps a smile, (without considering whether it be of contempt or approbation) mistakes boldness for wit ; and every thing sacred or civil sometimes becomes the subject of a frothy jest.

How else can one account for the liberties of expression and behaviour taken by some of those who personated bishops, cardinals, priests, nuns, &c.—For the freest things I heard said, were from persons in those

habits; who behav'd with so much levity and indecorum, as if they were resolv'd, as much as in them lay, to throw those venerable characters into ridicule, for no other reason, than because they are by the generality of the world deem'd *venerable*: but if it were once determin'd, that nothing should be call'd true wit, as nothing certainly ought, but what will stand the test of examination, but what is consistent with decency and good manners, and what will make an innocent heart brilliant and chearful, and give its sanction to the happy expression, by trying to keep up and return the ball in like chaste and lively railery; then we should have our publick entertainments such as the most scrupulous might join to countenance and applaud.

But what a moralizer am I! will your ladyship say. Indeed I cannot help it: especially on such a subject as a *masquerade*, which I dislike more than any thing I ever saw. I could say a great deal more on this occasion; but, upon my word, I am quite out of humour with it; for I liked my English Mr. B. better than my Spaniard; and the nun I approved not by any means; tho' there were some who observed, that she was one of the most graceful figures in the place. And indeed, in spite of my own heart, I could not help thinking so too.

Your ladyship knows so well what *masquerades* are, that I may well be excus'd saying any thing further on a subject I am so little pleased with: for you only desire my notions of those diversions, because I am a novice in them: and this, I doubt not, will doubly serve to answer that purpose.

I shall only therefore add, that after an hundred other imperinencies spoken to Miss Darnford and me, and retorted with spirit by her, and as well as I could by myself, quite sick of the place, I feigned to be more indisposed than I was, and so got my beloved Spaniard to quit it; and we got home by three in the morning. And so much for *masquerades*. I hope I shall never have occasion to mention them again to your ladyship. I am, my dearest lady, Your ever-obliged Sister, and Servant, P. B.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

My mind, my dearest lady, is so wholly engross'd by thoughts of a very different nature from those of the town and theatres, that I beg to be excused, if, for the present, I say nothing further of those lighter matters. But yet, since your ladyship does not disapprove of my remarks, I intend, if it please God to spare my life, to make a little book, which I will present to your ladyship, containing my poor observations on all the dramattick entertainments I have seen, and shall see, this winter; and for this purpose I have made brief notes in the margin of the printed plays, as I saw them, with a pencil; by referring to which as helps to my memory, I shall be able to tell your ladyship what my thoughts were at the time of seeing them, pretty nearly with the same advantage, as if I had written them at my return from each.

I have obtained of Sir Simon, and Lady Darnford, their permission for their beloved daughter to stay with me, till it shall be seen how it will please God to deal with me. Sir Simon made some difficulty to comply, as Mr. Murray and his bride have left them, saying, he could not live long, if he had not the company of his Polly.

I cannot but say, I have more anxieties and apprehensions, than perhaps I ought to have, on the approaching event; yet I was always a coward, and too thoughtful: but I have so *much* to lose; *such* a dear husband to part with, if I were to part with him; *such* generous friends and lovers, as I may say, of both sexes: and then the circumstance itself has so many

terrors attending it, that I am out of breath sometimes at the thoughts, and want to run away from myself. And yet at such times I charge my mind with religious reflections, and ask myself, who it was that gave me all these blessings, and who it is that has a right to recall them, if he pleases, and *when*, and in *what way*, he pleases? and that if I leave them not *now*, I must be separated from them *another day*; by this means endeavouring to bring my mind to a resignation to the divine will.

But what shall I say, madam, when I find my weakness of mind so much increased, that I cannot, with the same intenseness of devotion that I used to be bless'd with, apply myself to the throne of grace, nor, of consequence, find my invocations answer'd by that delight, and inward satisfaction, with which I used to please myself, when the present near prospect was more remote?

I hope I shall not be deserted in the hour of trial, and that this my distrust of mind will not be punish'd with a spiritual dereliction, for suffering myself to be too much attach'd to those worldly delights and pleasures, which no mortal ever enjoy'd in a more exalted degree than myself. And I beseech you, my dearest lady, let me be always remember'd in your prayers—*Only* for a resignation to the divine will; a *cheerful* resignation. I presume not to prescribe to his gracious providence; for if we have resignation, we have every thing that we need to have. Yet, my dear lady, there is such a natural repugnance between life and death, that nature will shrink when it comes to the trial, let one have ever so much fortitude at a distance.

Forgive me, my dearest lady, for being so deeply serious. And if this is the last line I shall ever write, it will be the more satisfactory to me, as (with my humble respects to my good Lord Davers and Lady C., and praying for the continuance of the health and happiness, both here and hereafter of all my dear friends) I am permitted to prescribe myself, Your Ladyship's obliged Sister and humble Servant,
P. B.

LETTER LXXXIX.—LADY DAVERS TO MR. B.

MY DEAREST BROTHER,—Altho' I believe it is needless to put a man of your generous spirit in mind of doing a worthy action; yet, as I do not know whether you have thought of what I am going to hint to you, I cannot forbear a line or two with regard to the good old couple in Kent.

I am sure if, for our sins, the Almighty should take from us my excellent sister, you will, for her sake, take care that her honest parents have not the loss of your favour, to deepen the inconsolable one, they will have, in such a case, of the best of daughters.

I am sure you will continue your generosity to them. Nor does, I dare say, your sweet Pamela doubt it: yet, as you know how sensible she is of every favour done to them, it is Lady C.'s opinion, and mine, and Lady Betty's, too, that you give *her* this assurance in some settled way; for, as she is naturally apprehensive, and thinks more of her present circumstance than, for your sake, she chooses to express to you, it will be like a cordial to her dutiful and grateful heart; and I do not know, if it will not contribute, more than any *one* thing, to make her go thro' her trial with ease and safety.

I know how much and how deservedly your heart is wrapp'd up in the dear creature: you will excuse me, therefore, I am sure, for this my officiousness.

I have but one fear; and that is, that, young as she is, she seems ripen'd

for Glory ; she seems to have liv'd long enough for *herself*. But for *you*, and for *us*, that God will spare her shall be the hourly prayer of Your ever affectionate Sister,

B. DAVERS.

Have you got her mother with you ? I hope you have. God give you a son ! But however that be, preserve your Pamela to you ! You never can have such *another* wife.

LETTER XC.—MRS. B. TO MR. B.

MY EVER-DEAR, AND EVER-HONOURED MR. B.,—Since I know not how it may please the Almighty to dispose of me on the approaching event, I should think myself inexcusable if I could not find one or two select hours to dedicate to you, out of the very many, in the writing way, in which your goodness has indulged me.

But yet think not, O best beloved of my heart ! that I have any boon to beg, any favour to ask, either for myself, or for my friends, or so much as the *continuance* of your favour to the one or the other. As to them, you have prevented and exceeded all my wishes : as to myself, if it please God to spare me, I know I shall always be rewarded beyond my desert, let my deservings be ever so high. I have only therefore to acknowledge, with the deepest sense of your goodness to me, and with the most heart-affecting gratitude, that from the happy, the thrice happy hour, that you so generously made me yours, till *this* moment, you have not left me one thing on my own part, to wish for, but the continuance and increase of your felicity, and that I might be worthier and worthier of the unexampled goodness, tenderness, and condescension, wherewith you have always treated me.

No, my dearest, my best beloved master, friend, husband, my *first*, my *last*, and *only* love ! Believe me, I have nothing to wish for but your honour and felicity, temporal and eternal ; and I make no doubt that God, in his infinite goodness and mercy, will perfect his own good work begun in your heart ; and whatever may now happen, give us a happy meeting, never more to part. For, altho', as you were pleased to question the other day, when you were resolving some of my doubts—(and, Oh ! what a sweet expositor have you been to me upon all those occasions, on which my diffident mind led me to you for information and direction !) whether the happiness of the blessed were not too exalted a happiness to be affected with the poor ties of relation and sense, which now delight and attach so much to them, our narrow minds and conceptions ; yet cannot I willingly give up the pleasing, the *charming* hope, that I shall one day rejoice in the society of my beloved husband and friend, and in that of my dear parents ; and I will keep and encourage a hope so consolatory to me in the separation which dearest friends *must* experience, so long as it can stand me in any stead ; and till I shall be all intellect, and above the soothing impressions which are now so agreeable to sense, and to conjugal and filial piety.

Let me, then, beg of you, my dearest protector, and best friend, to pardon all my imperfections ; and if, ever since I have had the honour to be yours, I have in *looks*, or in *word*, or in *deed*, given you cause to wish me other than I was, that you will kindly put it to the score of natural infirmity ; for in *thought* or *intention*, I can truly aver that I have never wilfully err'd. Your tenderness for me, and your generous politeness to me, always gave me apprehension that I was not what you wish'd me to be,

because you would not find fault with me so often as I fear I deserved : and this makes me beg of you to pardon, as I hope GOD Almighty will, all my involuntary errors and omissions.

You have enabled me, sir, to do all the good to my poor neighbours, and to distressed objects, which was in my own heart to do ; and I hope I have made use of the power you so generously entrusted to me, in a manner that shewed my regard to your honour, as well as to the exigency of the particular cases, without extravagance or vanity. But yet, as it is necessary I should render some account of my stewardship, in relation to the large sums you put into my hands for charitable uses, you will find, my beloved *master*, and best *friend*, your poor *steward's* accounts of every thing in the cabinet the more valuable to me, as it was once my honour'd lady's, in a vellum book, on the first leaf of which is written, Title-page-wise, HUMBLE RETURNS FOR DIVINE MERCIES ; and you will see a balance struck, down to this very day, and the *little surplus* in the green purse upon the book. And if you will be pleased, sir, to perfect, by your generosity, the happiness of the cases I have mark'd with a star (thus *) which are those of persons not fully recovered, and will be so good as to keep up my little school, I have no more of this kind to ask of you. Should I be called from *your service* to my *new place*, your *next* steward (and long, I hope, for your honourable family's sake, you will not be without one) may find out another and better method for your honour and her own, to dispense your bounty in, than that I have taken.

The jewels and equipage, with which your generous goodness adorn'd my unworthiness, will be found in the same cabinet, in the private drawer : and if I may be pardon'd for one extravagant wish (your circumstances, dear sir, are very great ; and your future lady will not wear any thing that was mine), it is, that my dear Miss Darnford may be desired, as the effect of your goodness and generous consideration for my memory, to accept of the diamond necklace, if the neck that it was given to adorn, in order to make the wearer appear more worthy of you, should be laid low.

Will you be pleased, sir, to bestow on my dearest Miss Goodwin, as a remembrance of her aunt's true love, the diamond solitaire, and the second pair of ear-rings. Perhaps my dearest Lady Davers will not disdain to wear, as a present from her beloved brother, my best diamond ring. And if my most beloved and most valued ring of all, the dear, first pledge of my happiness were, for the first time since I was honoured with it, by your own putting it on, taken from my finger and enamell'd, it would be a mournful, yet a pleasing token for my poor mother, and a sweet *memento* of your inexpressible goodness and favour to her poor daughter !

Now I am, unawares to myself, upon the subject of petitioning, how it would please me, could I know it, if the dear child I have just named, were given to the care of my excellent Miss Darnford, if she would be pleased to accept of the trust ; and if Lady Davers has no objection to it, and would not chuse to take the pretty soul under her own wing !

I had once great pleasure in the hope of having this dear child committed to my care : but what pleasures, what happiness have I not had crowded into this last, and this first happy, thrice happy year ; even more than most of my sex have had to boast of, and those not unhappy neither, in a long life ! Every day has brought with it some new felicity, some new happiness, as unlook'd for, as undeserved ; for, oh ! best beloved of my heart, how have you always met me in your comings-in, left me at your goings-out, with smiles and complacency, the *latter* only distinguish'd

from the *former*, by a kind regret, as the *other* was from *that*, by a joy, next to transport, when all *your* generous heart appear'd in your noble countenance, and set *my* faithful one into responsive flutters, to meet and receive it with all the grateful emotions of the purest love!

But I must not dwell upon these charming, charming reflections! My present uncertainty will not permit me to indulge them. If I were, how would my desires be rivetted to this earth! With what regret should I transfer my thoughts to a *still* more important and more necessary subject! and with what ingratitude look up to a diviner, and still more noble master, who in giving me you, my dearest Mr. B., gave me all that I could wish for in this life! If I now die, what an honour will it be to me to be permitted to discharge part of my obligations to the worthiest of men, by laying down my life in the service of his honourable family!

But let me say one word for my worthy Mrs. Jervis. Her care and fidelity will be very necessary for your affairs, while you remain single. But, whenever, sir, you make a second choice, be pleased to allow such an annuity, to the good woman, as may make her pass the remainder of her life with ease and comfort. And this I the rather presume to request, as my late honour'd lady once intimated the same thing to you. If I were to name the sum, it would rather be with the thought of *limiting* than *heightening* the natural bounty of your heart. Fifty pounds a year would be a rich provision, in her opinion, and will further intitle you, sir, to the blessings of one of the faithfullest and worthiest hearts in the kingdom.

Nor will Christian charity permit me to forget the once wicked, but now penitent Jewkes. I understand by Miss Darnford, that she begs for nothing but to have the pleasure of dying in your service, and of having, by that means, an opportunity given her of atoning for some small slips and mistakes in her accounts, which she had made formerly, as she accuses herself; for she will have it, that Mr. Longman has been better to her than she deserv'd, in passing one account particularly, to which he had, with too much reason, objected. Do, dear sir, if your *future* happy lady has no *great* dislike to the poor woman, be pleased to grant her request, except her own mind should alter, and she desire her dismissal: and be pleased to present to her my little book of select devotions, with my notes in the inter-leaves: it is in the bottom drawer of the right-hand, among my devotional miscellanies: or rather, much rather, be pleased to order a copy of it to be made out for her, and to give the original, it being mostly in my own hand-writing, to my father. This is a better thought by much; for the dear good man will esteem it the more for that.

To the other servants, I have only to leave my thanks, and best wishes, for their respectful love, and dutiful behaviour, to one who, from being once hardly the equal to some of them, has been exalted to the honourable station of their mistress, by your favour. No servants, my dear Mr. B., ever deserved a mistress's thanks, if yours do not; for they, every one of them, most cheerfully came into all my little schemes and regulations, and they have encourag'd me, by their ready obedience, and their respectful loves, to pursue the dictates of my heart, and have made all assumings as unnecessary, as they would have been grievous to me, and censurable by every one else: for was it not my high concern so to behave myself to all, low as well as high, that my best beloved benefactor should not, by *my* arrogance or inattention, have censurers of *him*, added to enviers of *me*, for the step he had taken?

To the favour of the best of masters I therefore leave them, with this testimony of their merits, and of my kind regard to them, which makes me venture to call them, without one exception, from my silver-hair'd Jonathan, to the lowest menial, *the best set of servants* that any gentleman ever had : nor, by Miss Darnford's account of the behaviour of those at the hall, do I find them at all unworthy of being class'd with those in town. And let me say, my dearest Mr. B., that I have been not a little attentive to their respective behaviours, (and have taken Mrs. Jervis's observations, as a help to my own, in this particular) because I thought it my duty to be so, as well in justice to you, as to them.

As to Polly Barlow, to whom I was willing to behave with an eye to my dear good lady's kindness to myself, I have nothing to say, by way of distinction from the rest ; having hinted to Mrs. Jervis to give her *her* advice, from time to time ; and that if she had the offer of an honest husband, she should advise the poor girl not to decline it.

Forgive me, dear sir, for thus mentioning to you, in this solemn manner, so particularly, your servants. But the pleasure which their regularity and worthiness have given me, together with the knowledge I have of their fidelity and duty to you, methinks, call for this testimony of my satisfaction in them, and for my recommendation of them to your favour.

And now, what have I farther to say, but to beg of GOD to shower down his most precious blessings upon you, my dearest, my *first*, my *last*, and my *only* love ! and to return to you, an hundred-fold, the benefits, which you have conferred upon me and mine, and upon so many poor souls, as you have bless'd thro' my hands ! And that you may in your next choice be happy with a lady, who may have every thing I want ; and who may love and honour you with the same affectionate duty, which has been my delight, and my glory to pay you : for in this, I am sure, no one *can* excel me ! And after having given you long life, prosperity, and increase of honour, translate you into a blessed eternity, where, through the merits of our common Redeemer, I hope I shall be allow'd a place, and be permitted (O let me indulge that pleasing, that *consolatory* thought !) to receive and rejoice in my restored spouse, for ever, are, my dearest Mr. B., the prayers of Your dutiful and affectionate Wife, and faithful Servant,

P. B.

LETTER XCI.—MISS DARNFORD TO LADY DARNFORD.

MY HONOURED MAMMA,—You cannot conceive how you and my papa have delighted the heart of my amiable friend, and obliged her Mr. B., by the permission you have given me to attend her till the important hour shall be over with her ; for she is exceedingly apprehensive, and one knows not how to blame her ; since there is hardly such another happy couple in the world.

Mrs. Andrews, a discreet worthy woman, who in her aspect and behaviour is far from being a disgrace even to Mr. B.'s lady, is with her dear daughter, to her no small satisfaction, as you may suppose.

Mr. B. ask'd my advice yesterday, about having in the house a midwife, to be at hand, at a moment's warning. I told him, I fear'd the sight of such a person would terrify her : and he instantly started an expedient, of which her mother, Mrs. Jervis, and myself, approved, and have put into practice ; for, this day, Mrs. Harris, a distant relation of *mine*, tho' not of *yours*, sir and madam, is arriv'd from Essex, to make me a visit ; and

Mr. B. has been so good as to prevail upon her, in *compliment to me*, to take up her abode here, while she stays in town, which, she says, will be about a week.

Now, you must know, that this Mrs. Harris being a discreet, modest, matron-like person, Mrs. B. took a liking to her at first sight, and is already very familiar with her; and understanding that she is a gentlewoman who was a doctor of physick's lady, and takes as much delight in administering to the health of her own sex, as her husband used to do to that of both, Mrs. B. says, it is very fortunate, that she has so experienced a person to consult.

Mrs. B. has written a letter, and the superscription following will tell you to whom it is directed: "To the ever-honour'd and ever-dear Mr. B., with prayers for his health, honour, and prosperity in this world, and everlasting felicity in that to come. P. B." It is seal'd with black wax, and she gave it me this moment, on her being suddenly taken ill, to give to Mr. B. if she dies. But GOD, of his mercy, preserve the dear creature, for the honour of her sex, and the happiness of all who know her, and particularly for that of your Polly Darnford; for I could not, I am sure, have a greater loss, while my honour'd papa and mamma are living: and may that be for many, very many, happy years!

I will not close this letter, till all shall be over: happily, as I hope! — Mrs. B. is better again, and has, occasionally, made some fine reflections, directing herself to me, but design'd for the benefit of her Polly, on the subject of the inconsideration of some of our sex, with regard to the circumstances she is in; inferring, that if *such* are *her* apprehensions, tho' a lawful wife, and *such* the danger attending this case, how must it leave a poor creature destitute of all consolation, (as well as of the assistance and comfortings of the nearest friends, and of a kind husband) when she has sacrificed her honour, and cannot think of any thing so probable, as the moment approaches, but that GOD will punish her *in kind*, as she call'd it; that is to say, added she, by the very sufferings, which are the natural consequences of the sin she has so wickedly committed!

I have the very great pleasure, my dear papa and mamma, to acquaint you, and I know you will rejoice with me upon it, that just half an hour ago, my dear Mrs. B. was brought to bed of a fine boy.

We are all out of our wits for joy almost. I ran down to Mr. B. myself, who receiv'd me with trembling impatience. A boy! dear Mr. B., said I: a son and heir indeed!

But how does my Pamela? Is *she* safe? Is *she* like to do well?—We hope so, said I: or I had not come down to you, I assure you. He folded me in his arms, in a joyful rapture: how happy you make me, dearest Miss Darnford! If my Pamela is safe, the boy is indeed welcome.

Mrs. Andrews is so overjoy'd, and so thankful, that there is no getting her from her knees.

A man and horse is dispatched already to Lady Davers, and another order'd to Kent, to the good old man.

Mrs. Jervis, when I went up, told me, she must go down, and release the good folks from their knees; for, half an hour before, they declared they would not rise from that posture, till they heard how it went with their lady: and when the happy news was brought them of her safety, and of a young master, they were in transports of joy, shaking hands and congratu-

lating one another, men and maids. Mr. Longman, who had no power to leave the house for three days past, (tho' business required his presence in Bedfordshire) hastened to congratulate his worthy principal.

I cannot draw affecting scenes as Mrs. B. can. Let me only say, I never saw such a family joy in my life: and who would care for royalty, or any of its pageantry, when virtue can thus interest every body in its concerns, and, on such an occasion as this, give as general and sincere joy to all within its circle, as could fill a nation on the birth of a first-born prince from sovereigns the most beloved?

I did a foolish thing in my joy—I gave Mr. B. the letter design'd for him had an unhappy event follow'd; and he won't give it me again: but says, he will obtain Mrs. B.'s leave, when she is better, to open it; and the happier turn will augment his thankfulness to God, and love to her, when we shall, by this means, be bless'd with sentiments so different from what the other case would have afforded. But I will get it from him, if I can, and give it her back; for one knows not what it may contain: yet a person so innocent as she ever was, can have no confessions or excuses to make that will prejudice her character with him.

Mrs. B. had a very sharp time. Never more, my dear papa, talk of a husband to me. Indeed, in the mind I am in, I will never be marry'd. —Place all your expectations on Nancy! Not one of these men, that I have yet seen, Mr. B. excepted, (and you know what a chance it was, that he would be so good) is worth running these risques for! But his endearments and tenderness, his thankful and manly gratitude and politeness, when he was admitted to pay his respects to his wife, and his behaviour to Mrs. Andrews, and to us all, tho' but for a visit of ten minutes; were alone worthy of all her risque!

I would give you a description of it, had I Mrs. B.'s pen, and of twenty agreeable scenes and conversations besides: but, for want of that, must conclude, with my duty, as becomes, honour'd sir, and madam, Your ever-grateful,

MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER XCII.—MISS DARNFORD, IN CONTINUATION.

WE have nothing but joy and festivity in this house: it would be endless to tell you the congratulations the happy family receives every day, from tenants and friends. Mr. B., you know, was always deemed one of the kindest landlords in England; and his tenants are overjoy'd at the happy event which has given them a young landlord of his name: for all those who live in that large part of the estate, which came by his mother, were much afraid of having any of Sir Jacob Swynford's family for their landlord, who, they say, are all made up of pride and selfishness, and would have rack'd them to death: insomuch that they had a voluntary meeting of about twenty of the principal of them, to rejoice on the occasion; and it was unanimously agreed to make a present of a piece of gilt plate to serve as a bason for the christening, to the value of one hundred guineas; on which is to be engraven the following inscription:—

In Acknowledgment of the Humanity and Generosity of the Best of Landlords, and as a Token of his Tenants' Joy on the Birth of a Son and Heir, who will, it is hoped, inherit his Father's Generosity, and his Mother's Virtues, This Piece of Plate is, with all due Gratitude, presented, as a Christening Bason to all the Children, that shall proceed from such worthy Parents, and their Descendants, to the End of Time. By the obliged and joyful Tenants of the maternal Estate in Bedfordshire

and Gloucestershire, the *Initials of whose Names are under-engraven* : viz.—

Then are to follow the first letters of each person's christian and surname.

What an honour is this to a landlord ! In my opinion far, very far, surpassing the *mis-nomer'd* free-gifts, which we read of in some kingdoms on extraordinary occasions, some of them like this ! For here it is a free-gift *indeed*. Mr. B. took it very kindly, and has put off the christening for a week, to give time for its being completed and inscribed as above.

Mrs. B. as soon as the danger was over, ask'd me for her letter with the black seal. I had been very earnest to get it from Mr. B. ; but to no purpose ; I was therefore forced to tell her who had it. She said, but very composedly, she was sorry for it, and hoped he had not open'd it.

He came into her chamber soon after, and I demanded it before her. He said, He had design'd to ask her leave to break the seal, which he had not yet done ; nor would, without her consent.

You will see nothing in it, sir, said she, but a grateful heart, a faithful love, and my prayers, that GOD will be as good to you, as you have been to me.

Will you give me leave, my dear, said he, to break the seal?—If you do so, sir, let it not be in my presence ; but I had rather you would not.

Then here it is, Miss Darnford ; it was put into your hands ; I restore it to you.—That's something like, said I.

I return'd it to Mrs. B., who putting it into her bosom, lifted up her eyes, her lips moving, shew'd a thankful ejaculation, that she was spared to receive it back again.

Yet I wish—But I know you will not permit me to go thro' the whole winter here.—Will my dear papa grant it, do you think, my honoured mamma, if you were to lay the highest obligation upon your dutiful daughter, by petitioning for me? And should you care to try?

I dare not hope it myself, you see, madam : but when one sees here a gentleman who denies his wife nothing she asks, it makes one be ready to wish, methinks, that Lady Darnford was as happy in that particular as Mrs. B.

Your indulgence for this winter, this *one* winter, or, rather this small *remainder* of winter, I make not so much doubt of, you see, madam. I know you will call me a bold girl ; but then you always, when you do, condescend to grant my request. And I will be as good as ever I can be afterwards : I will fetch up all the lost time ; rise an hour sooner in the morning, go to rest an hour sooner at night : flower my papa any thing he pleases ; read him to sleep, when he pleases ; put his gout into good humour, when it will be sooth'd—And Mrs. B., to crown all, will come down with me, by permission of her sovereign lord, who will attend her, you may be sure : and will not *all* this do, to procure me a month or two more?—If it will not, why then I will thank you for your past goodness to me, and, with all duty and cheerfulness, bid adieu to this dear London, this dearer family, and attend a *still* dearer papa and mamma ; whose dutiful daughter I will ever be, whilst

MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER XCIII.—MISS DARNFORD, IN CONTINUATION.

I HAVE received, my honoured papa and mamma, your joint commands, and intend to set out on Wednesday next week. I hope I shall find my

papa in better health than he is at present, and in better humour too; for I am very sorry he is displeas'd with my petitioning for a little longer time in London. It is very severe to impute to me want of duty and affection: if I deserved the imputation, what an unworthy creature should I be!

Mr. and Mrs. B. are resolved to accompany me in their coach, till your coach or chariot meets me, if you will be pleased to permit it so to do; and even set me down at your gate, if it do not: but he vows, that he will not alight at your house, nor let his lady neither. But I say, that this is a misplaced resentment, because I ought to think it a favour, that you have indulg'd me so much as you have done.

Mrs. B. is, if possible, more lovely since her lying-in, than before. She has so much delight in her nursery, that I fear it will take her off from her pen; which will be a great loss to all whom she used to oblige with it. Indeed, this new object of her care is a charming child; and she is pleased with her nurse;—for she is not permitted, as she very much desired, to suckle it herself.

She makes a great proficiency in the French and Italian languages; and well she may; for she has the best schoolmaster in the world, and one whom she loves better than scholar ever lov'd a tutor. He is haughty, and will not be disputed with: but I never saw a more polite and tender husband, for all that; and well may a wife, bless'd as she is, bear with a little imperiousness sometimes; which, however, she nips in the bud, by her sweetness of temper, and ready compliance. But then he is a man of sense; and a woman need be the less concern'd to yield a point to a man of sense, and of generosity: who is incapable of treating her the worse for her resignation and complacency. Whenever I marry, it shall be to a man of sense, and a generous man, against the world; for such an one, as Mrs. B. often observes, cannot treat a woman ill.

We had a splendid christening, exceedingly well order'd, and every body was highly delighted. The quality gossips went away but on Tuesday; and my Lady Davers took leave of her charming sister, with all the blessings, and all the kindness, that could be express'd.

Mr. Andrews, that worthy old man, came up to see his grandson yesterday, and in order to attend his wife down. You would never have forgotten the good man's behaviour (had you seen it) to his daughter, and to the child.

He is named William, that I should have told you; but I write without any manner of connection, just as things come uppermost: but do not, my dear papa, construe this, too, as an instance of disrespect. I wish you were not so angry with me; it makes me almost afraid to see you!—I shall certainly set out next Wednesday; and as we shall keep the main road all the way, I shall see, by my being met, how I am to be receiv'd. Mr. B. says, He will take me back again, if my papa frown at me ever so little; and he will not deliver me up into any other hands but his, neither.

I see but one thing that can possibly happen to disturb the felicity of this charming couple; and that I will mention, in confidence. Mr. B. and Mrs. B. and myself, were at a masquerade, before she lay in: a lady there was greatly taken with Mr. B. She was in a nun's habit, and follow'd him where-ever he went; and Mr. Turner, a lawyer, who visits Mr. B. sometimes, and is an old acquaintance of his, tells me, by-the-bye, that the lady took an opportunity to unmask to Mr. B. Mr. Turner has since found she is the young Countess Dowager of S., a fine lady; but not the most reserv'd in her conduct, since her widowhood: and he has since discover'd, as he says, that letters have passed between Mr. B. and that lady.

Now Mrs. B., with all her perfections, has, as she *owns*, a little spice of jealousy; and should she be once alarm'd, I tremble for the consequences to the happiness of both.

It is my opinion, that if ever any thing makes a misunderstanding between them, it will be on some such occasion as this: but it is a thousand pities it should. And I hope, as to a correspondence being actually begun, Mr. Turner is mistaken.

But be it as it will, I would not for the world, the first hints of this matter should come from me.—Mr. B. is very enterprising and gallant. He is a fine figure of a man, and I do not wonder a lady may like him. But he seems so pleas'd, so satisfy'd with Mrs. B., and behaves to her with so much tenderness and affection, that I hope nothing will be able to shake his conjugal fidelity.

My humble thanks, my dear and honoured papa and mamma, for all your indulgence to Your ever dutiful Daughter,
M. DARNFORD.

LETTER XCIV.—MRS. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

WE are just return'd, my dear lady, from accompanying Miss Darnford as far as Bedford, in her way home, where Sir Simon and Lady Darnford met her in their coach. Sir Simon put on his pleasant airs, and school'd Mr. B. for persuading his daughter to stay so long from him; *me* for putting her upon asking to stay longer; and the young lady for being persuaded by us.

I think he is worse than ever, in his way of talk; he ran on a deal of stuff about me; and said, when I was angry at him, and his lady blam'd him, that it was all pure revenge for the letter I wrote to him, and for keeping his daughter so long from him.

We tarry'd two days together at Bedford; for we knew not how to part; and then Miss Darnford and I took a most affectionate leave of each other.

We struck out of the road a little, to visit the dear mansion in Bedfordshire. But staid only one night there, pursuing our journey to town next morning; and found on our return the dear infant, God be praised, in perfect health.

How thankful ought I to be for this new blessing! How do my pleasures rise upon me, after every little absence, as I am returning to a home, that the sweet pledge of our mutual love, has made still more delightful to me than before; which I once thought hardly possible. Yet sometimes my jealous love of the dear baby, makes me afraid, that Mr. B. is not so fond. He once said, as I would have presented the crowing infant to his arms, and hoped he would have kissed him, rejecting him, as I thought, Give him to his nurse, (indeed he said, my *dear*) it is time enough for me to mind him, when he can return my notice, and be grateful. Was not this, madam, a very slighting manner of expression? Indeed I had much ado to restrain my tears.

My father came to town, to accompany my mother down to Kent, and they set out three or four days after your ladyship left us. It is impossible to describe the joy with which his worthy heart overflow'd, when he congratulated us on the happy event. And as he had been apprehensive for his daughter's safety, judge, madam, what his transports must be, to see us all safe, and well, and happy, and a son given to Mr. B., by his greatly honoured daughter.

I was in the nursery when he came. So was my mother. Miss Darnford also was there. And Mr. B., who was in his closet at his arrival,

after having receiv'd his most respectful congratulations himself, brought him up to me, [tho' he has not been there since: indeed he has not!] Pamela, said he, see who is here!

I sprang to him, and kneel'd for his blessing: O my father! said I, see (pointing to the dear baby at the nurse's breast) how graciously has the Almighty answer'd all our prayers!

While we were thus join'd, happy father and happy daughter, in one thanksgiving, the sweet baby having fallen asleep, the nurse had put it into the cradle; and when my father rose from me, he went to my mother: God bless my dear Betty, said he: I long'd to see you, after this separation. Here's joy! Here's pleasure! How happy are we! And taking her hand, he kneel'd down on one side the cradle, and my mother on the other, both looking at the dear baby, with eyes running over; and, hand in hand, he pray'd, in the most fervent manner, for a blessing upon the infant; and that God Almighty would make him an honour to his father's family, and to his mother's virtue (that was his word); and that, in the words of scripture, *he might grow on, and be in favour both with the Lord, and with men!*

They both arose, and Mr. B. taking my hand, and Miss Darnford's, [your ladyship may guess how *we* were affected! for Miss Darnford is a sweet-natur'd lady, you know, madam] my dear Pamela, my dear Miss Darnford, do you often see scenes wrought up by the poets to this moving height? Here we behold and admire that simplicity, in which nature always triumphs over her hand-maid art; and which makes joy as affecting as the deepest distress: else, how could it display its force thus sweetly on your cheek! And he saluted us both.

Mr. B. has just put into my hands Mr. Locke's Treatise on Education, and he commands me to give him my thoughts upon it in writing. He has a very high regard for this author, and tells me, that my tenderness for Billy will make me think some of the first advice given in it, a little harsh, perhaps; but altho' he has not read it through, only having dipp'd into it here and there, he believes, from the name of the author, I cannot have a better directory: and my opinion of it, after I have well consider'd it, will inform him, he says, of my own ability and prudence, and how far he may rely upon both in the point of a *first education*.

I asked, if I might not be excus'd writing, only making my observations here and there, to himself, as I found occasion? But he said, you will yourself, my dear, better consider the subject, and be more a mistress of it, and I shall the better attend to your reasonings, when they are put into writing: and surely, Pamela, added he, you may, in such an important point as this, as well oblige *me* with a little of your penmanship, as your other friends.

After this, your ladyship will judge I had not a word to say. He cuts one to the heart, when he speaks so seriously.

I have look'd a little into it. It is a book quite accommodated to my case, being written to a gentleman, the author's friend, for the regulation of his conduct towards his children. But how shall I do, madam, if in such an admired author, I see already some few things, which I think want clearing up? Will it not look like intolerable vanity, in such a one as I, to find fault with Mr. Locke?

But I will consider of the matter thoroughly, before I set pen to paper; for, tho' he writes in a very familiar and intelligible style, perhaps I may not understand him at once reading.

I must, on this occasion, give your ladyship the particulars of a short conversation between your brother and me ; which, however, perhaps, will not be to my advantage, because it will shew you what a teasing creature I can be, if I am indulged. Mr. B., however, will not spoil me, by indulging me too much in this teasing humour. No fear of that, I dare say. Your ladyship will see this in the very dialogue I shall give you.

Thus it was. I had been reading in Mr. Locke's book, and he was pleased to ask me, how I lik'd it?—Exceedingly well, sir. But I have a proposal to make, which, if you will be pleased to comply with, will give me a charming opportunity of understanding Mr. Locke.

What is your proposal, my dear ? I see it is some very particular one, by that sweet earnestness in your look.

Indeed, sir, it is : and I must know, whether you are in high good humour, before I make it. I think you look grave upon me ; and my proposal then, I am sure, will not do.

You have all the amusing ways of your sex, my dear Pamela. But tell me what you would say ? You know I don't love suspense.

Perhaps you are busy, sir : I may break in upon you. I believe you were going into your closet.

True woman ! smiling. He took my hand, and led me to his closet, calling me his pretty impertinent ; and then urging me, I said, you know, sir, I have not been us'd to the company of children. Your dear Billy will not make me fit, for a long time, to judge of any material part of education. I can learn by the charming child nothing but the baby management : but now, if you would permit me to take into the house some little master of three or four years old, or miss of five or six, I should watch over all their little ways ; and now reading a chapter in the *child*, and now a chapter in the *book*, I should be enabled to look forward, and with advantage, into the subject ; and to go thro' all the earlier parts tolerably ; for, sir, I can judge, by my own defects, and what I have wished to mend, how to supply that part of education, which carries a child up to eleven or twelve years of age, which was mine, when my lady took me.

A pretty thought, Pamela ! But tell me, who will part with their child, think you ? Would *you* do it, if it were your own case ? For, do not you consider, my dear, that the child ought to be wholly subjected to your authority ? That its father or mother ought seldom to see it ; because it should think itself absolutely dependent upon you ? Where, my dear, will you meet with parents so resign'd ? Besides, one would have the child descended of genteel parents, tho' they might not be very happy in their circumstances ; otherwise the turn of mind and education you would give it, might do it more harm than good.

All this, sir, is very true. But have you no other objection, if one could find a genteelly descended boy ? And would you join to persuade his papa to give me up his power, only from three months to three months, as I lik'd, and the child lik'd, and as the papa approved of my proceedings ?

This is so reasonable, with these last conditions, Pamela, that I should be pleased with your notion, if it could be put in practice, because the child would be benefited by your instruction, and you would be improv'd in an art, which I could wish to see you an adept in.

But, perhaps, sir, you had rather it were a girl, than a boy ?

I had, my dear, if a girl could be found, whose parents would give her up to you : but I suppose you have some boy in your head, by your putting it at first upon that sex.

Let me see, sir, you say you are in a good humour ! Let me see ! Looking boldly in his face.

What now, with some little impatience, but smiling, would my Pamela be at ?

Only, sir, that you have nothing to do, but to speak the word, and there is a miss, whose father, and mother too, I am sure, would consent to give up to me, for my own instruction, as well as for her sake ; and if, to speak in the scripture phrase, I have found *grace in your sight*, kind sir, speak this word to the dear miss's papa.

And have you thus come over me, Pamela ! I am half angry with you, for leading me on in this manner against myself. Dear sir !—And dear madam, too ! Leave me : you have surpris'd me by art, when your talent is nature.

I was greatly disconcerted, and had neither power to go nor stay ! At last, I moved my unwilling feet towards the door. He took a turn about the closet. Yet stay, said he : there is something so generous in your art !—He kissed from my eye the starting tear—I am to blame ! My hasty temper got the better of my consideration. Forgive me, my dearest love ! What an inconsiderate am I ! I now see at once the force, and the merit, of your amiable generosity. I will coolly consider of the matter, and will satisfy you either by my compliance, or by the reasons which I will give to the contrary : but say, my Pamela, can you forgive me ?—Can I ?—Indeed, sir, I can, pressing his hand to my lips ; and bid me leave you twenty times a day, if I am to be thus kindly call'd back, thus nobly treated, in the same breath. I see, dear sir, continued I, that I must be in fault, if ever you are lastingly displeas'd with me : since, as soon as you turn yourself about, your anger vanishes, and you make me rich amends for a few hasty words. Only one thing, dear sir, let me add : impute to my fear of offending you, thro' the nature of my petition, the *art* you charg'd me with.

I am call'd upon by my dearest friend for a little airing : and so I am oblig'd, with greater abruptness than I had design'd, to mention thankfully your ladyship's goodness to me ; particularly in that kind letter, in behalf of my dear parents, had a certain event taken place. Mr. B. shew'd it to me *this morning*, and not before : I believe, for fear I should have been so much oppress'd by the sense of your ladyship's unmerited goodness to me (had he let me know of it before your departure from us) that I should not have been able to look up to a lady who is continually heaping favours upon me. What a happy creature am I !

But yet I am apt sometimes to doubt, whether it is not an argument of a mean spirit to rejoice so much as I do at the obligations it never can be in my power to return ; as if it were such a glorious thing to be oblig'd, when it is not in one's power in any manner to return the obligation.

Is there nothing, my dear Lord and Lady Davers, is there nothing, my dear Lady C., and my good Lord C., that I can do, to shew, at least, that I have a *will*, and am not an ungrateful creature ?

And yet, if you give me power to do any thing that will have the *appearance* of a return, even that *power* will be laying a fresh obligation upon me ; of which, however, I should be very proud, because I should thereby convince you, by something more than words, how much I am (most particularly, my dearest Lady Davers, my sister, my friend, my patroness)—Your most oblig'd and faithful Servant,

P. B.

I made my Billy, by his lips, subscribe this. I hope so to direct his earliest notions as to make him sensible of his obligations to such noble and good friends as have answered for him so many years before he can answer for himself.

LETTER XCV.—LADY DAVERS TO MRS. B.

TALK not to us, my dearest Pamela, of unreturnable obligations, as in your last letter. You do more for us, in the entertainment you give us by your letters, than we *have* done, or ever *can* do, for you. As to myself, I know no greater pleasure in the world than that which my brother's felicity and yours gives me. God continue it to you both ! I am sure it will be *his* fault, and not yours, if it be at all diminished.

We have heard some idle rumours here, as if you were a little uneasy of late ; and having not had a letter from you since the receipt of that before me, which is now a whole fortnight's silence, I write to ask, How you all do ? and, whether you expected an answer from me sooner to that ?

I hope you will not be punctilious with me, my *Pamela*. For we have nothing to write to you about, except it be to tell you how much we all love you ; and *that* you believe already, or else you don't do us justice.

If you want a pretence to kiss my godson, give him, now-and then, one for me. I hope he improves under the eye of so careful a mamma. I hope you proceed with the book designed for me. I must see your observations on Locke too. It was a charming pretty thought of yours by which you introduced your proposal to have Miss Goodwin with you. A hasty wretch ! how could he be angry ?—It was well he so soon considered the matter, and asked pardon.

I suppose you will be going out of town soon, now the parliament is rising. My lord is resolved to put his proxy into another hand, and intends, I believe, to take my brother's advice in it. Both he and Lord C. are highly pleased with my brother's moderate and independent principles. He has got great credit among all unprejudiced men, by the part he acted throughout the last sessions, in which he has shewn that he would no more join to clog the wheels of government, by an unreasonable opposition, than he would to promote the pernicious measures of a corrupt administration. As he has so noble a fortune, and wants nothing of any body, he would be doubly to blame to take any other part than that of his country, in which he has so great a stake.

May he act *out* of the house, and *in* the house, with equal honour ; and he will be his country's pride, and your pride, and mine too ! Which is the wish of Your affectionate Sister,
B. DAVERS.

LETTER XCVI.

I HAVE indeed, my dearest lady, been in a little disorder. Some few rubs have happened. I hope they will be happily removed. I am unwilling to believe all that is said. This, however, is a wicked town. I wish we were out of it. But I see not when that will be. I wish Mr. B. would permit me and my Billy to go into Kent : but I do not care to leave Mr. B. behind me, in town, neither ; and he is not inclined to go. Excuse my brevity, my dear lady.—Your Ladyship's ever obliged and grateful
P B.

LETTER XCVII.

MY DEAREST PAMELA,—I understand things go not so well as I wish. If you think my coming up to town, and staying with you while you are

in it, will be of service to you, or help to get you out of it, I will set out directly. I will pretend some indisposition, and a desire of consulting your London physicians; or any thing you shall think fit to be done, by
Your affectionate Sister, and faithful Friend, B. DAVERS.

LETTER XCVIII.

A THOUSAND thanks for your ladyship's goodness to me. But I hope all will be well. I hope God will enable me to act so prudent a part, as will touch his generous breast. Be pleased to tell me what your ladyship has heard: but it becomes not me, I think, till I cannot help it, to make any appeals; for, I know, those will not be excused; and I do all I can to suppress my uneasiness before him, however I may pay for it when I am alone. My reliance on God, and my nursery, are all my consolation. God preserve and bless you, my good lady, and my noble lord! (but I am apt to think your ladyship's presence will not avail) prays
Your affectionate and obliged P. B.

LETTER XCIX.

WHY does not my sweet girl subscribe *sister*, as usual? I have done nothing amiss. I love you dearly, and ever will. I cannot help my brother's faults. But I hope he treats you with politeness and decency. He shall not be my brother if he does not. I rely a great deal upon your prudence, and it will be very meritorious if you can overcome yourself, so as to act unexceptionably, tho' it may not be deserved, on this occasion: for in doing so you will have a triumph over nature itself; for, my dear girl, as you have formerly owned, you *have* a little touch of jealousy in your composition.

What I have heard, is no secret to any body. The injured party is generally the last who hears in these cases, and you shall not first be told any thing by me that must *afflict* you; but it cannot give more trouble to you than it does to me. God give you patience and comfort! The wicked woman has a great deal to answer for, to disturb such an uncommon happiness. But no more, than that I am Your ever-affectionate Sister,

B. DAVERS.

I am all impatience to hear how you conduct yourself upon this trying occasion. Let me know *what* you have heard, and *how* you came to hear it.

LETTER C.

WHY do I not subscribe *sister*? asks my dearest Lady Davers: I have not had the courage to do it of late. For my title to that honour arises from the dear, thrice dear, Mr. B. And how long I may be permitted to call him mine, I cannot say. But since you command it, I will call your ladyship by that beloved name, let the rest happen as God shall see fit.

In answer to your first question, Mr. B. cannot be unpolite, in the main; but he is cold; a little cross; and short in his speeches to me. I try to hide my grief from every body, and most from him; for, madam, neither my father, mother, nor Miss Darnford, know any thing from me. Mrs. Jervis, from whom I seldom hide any thing, as she is on the spot with me, hears not my complainings, nor my uneasiness; for I would not lessen the man I honour. He may *yet* see the error of the way he is in. God grant it, for his own sake, as well as mine!—I am even sorry your ladyship is afflicted with the knowledge of the matter.

The unhappy lady, God forgive her ! is to be pity'd : she loves him, and having strong passions, and being unused to control, forgets what belongs to honour and justice ; poor, poor woman ! O these wicked masquerades ! From them springs all my unhappiness ! My Spaniard was too amiable, and met with a woman who was no nun but in habit. Every one was taken with him in that habit, so suited to the natural dignity of his person ! O these wicked, wicked masquerades !

I am all patience in appearance, all uneasiness in reality. I did not think I could, especially in this most *affecting* point, be such an hypocrite. It has cost me—Your ladyship knows not what it has cost me, to endeavour to conceal my grief ! Yet my eyes are swelled with crying, and look red, altho' I am always breathing on my hand, and patting them with it, in order to hide by my warm breath the distress that will, from my overcharged heart, appear in them.

Then he says, What is the matter with the little fool ! You are always in this way of late ! What ails you, Pamela ?

Only a little vapourish, sir ! Do not be angry ! Then Billy, I thought, was not very well.

This boy will spoil your temper : at this rate, what should be your joy will become your misfortune. Do not receive me in *this* manner, I charge you.

In what manner, sir ? I always receive you with a grateful heart ! If any thing troubles me, it is in your absence : but see, sir (then I try to smile and seem pleased), I am all sunshine now you are come !

Yes, your sunshine of late is all thro' a cloud ! I know not what is the matter with you. Your temper will alter, and then—

It shall not alter, sir—It shall not—if I can help it.—And then I kissed his hand ; that hand which, perhaps, was last about the neck of a more beloved person.—Cruel reflection !

But perhaps I think the worst ! My apprehensions were ever beforehand with events ; and bad must be the case if it be worse than I think it. But it will ripen of itself ; it is a corroding evil ; it will increase to its crisis, and then it may dissipate happily, or end with my life.

I have had the happiness of a whole life crowded thick upon me into a few months, and so ought to be grateful for the good I have reaped. What most grieves me is, for his relapsing into his former course of life, when I had hoped, for his soul's sake ; but he is a young man, and may see his error : this may be a trial to *him*, as well as to *me*. And if he *should* conquer, how happy would that be !

You command me to let you know *what* I have heard, and how I *came* to hear it. I told your ladyship, in one of my former, that two gentlemen, brought up to the law, but above the practice of it, tho', I doubt, not above practices less honourable, had visited us on coming to town.

They have been often here since, Mr. Turner particularly, and sometimes by himself, when Mr. B. has happened to be out ; and he it was, as I guess'd, that gave me, at the wicked masquerade, the advice to look after my *musidorus*.

I did not like their visits, and Mr. Turner's much less than the other's. For he seems to me a man of an intriguing spirit. But about three weeks ago, Mr. B. setting out upon a party of pleasure to Oxford, he came, and, pretending great business with me, and I happening to be at breakfast in the parlour, only Polly attending me, admitted him to drink a dish of chocolate with me. And when Polly had stepped out he told

me, after many apologies, that he had discovered who the nun was, at the masquerade, that had engaged Mr. B.

I said, it was very indifferent to me who she was.

He replied (making still more apologies, and pretending great reluctance to speak out), that it was no less a lady than the young Countess Dowager of S., a lady noted for her wit and her beauty; but of a gay disposition; tho' he believed not *yet* culpable.

I was alarmed, but would not let him see it; and he ran into the topic of the injustice of married men, who had virtuous wives, and gave themselves up to intrigues of this kind.

I remembered some of Mr. B.'s lessons formerly, of which I once gave your ladyship a transcript, particularly that of drawing a kind veil over his failings, and extenuating those I could not hide; and, still more particularly, that caution, that if ever rakes attempted a married woman, their encouragement proceeded from the slights and contempts with which they endeavoured to possess her against her husband; and I told Mr. Turner that I was so well satisfied in Mr. B.'s affection for me, and his well-known honour, that I could not think myself obliged to any gentleman who should endeavour to give me a less opinion of either than I ought to have.

He then bluntly told me, That the very party Mr. B. was upon, was with Lady S. for one, and the Lord Viscount T., who had marry'd her sister.

I said I was glad he was in such good company, and wish'd him all manner of pleasure in it.

He hoped, he said, he might trust to my discretion, that I would not let Mr. B. know from whom I had the information: indeed, his motive for mentioning it to me was self-interest; for that he had presum'd to make some overtures of an honourable nature to Lady S. in his own behalf; which had been rejected since that masquerade night: and he hoped the prudent use I would make of the intimation might be a means to break off their correspondence before it was attended with bad consequences.

I told him, coldly (tho' it stung me to the heart), that I should not interfere in the matter at all: that I was fully assur'd of Mr. B.'s honour, and was sorry he, Mr. Turner, had so bad an opinion of a lady, for whom he professed so high a consideration. And rising up, will you excuse me, sir, that I cannot attend to such a subject as this; and think I ought not; and so must withdraw?

Only, madam, one word. He offer'd to take my hand, but I withdrew it: and then he swore a great oath, That he had told me his true and his only motive: and that letters had pass'd between Lady S. and Mr. B.; adding, that one day I would blame myself for not endeavouring to stifle a flame that might now perhaps be suppressed; but which, if it got head, would be of more fatal consequence to my repose than I at present imagin'd.—But, said he, I beg you will keep it within your own bosom; else, from two such hasty spirits as his and mine, it may possibly be attended with still worse consequences.

I will never, sir, enter into a subject that is not proper to be communicated, every tittle of it, to Mr. B.; and this must be my excuse for withdrawing. And away I went from him.

Your ladyship will judge with how uneasy a heart. It became more so when I sat down to reflect upon what he had told me. But I was resolv'd to give it as little credit as I could, or that any thing would come of it, till

Mr. B.'s own behaviour should convince me, to my affliction, that I had some reason to be alarm'd : so I open'd not my lips about it, not even to Mrs. Jervis.

At Mr. B.'s return, I received him in my usual affectionate and unreserved manner ; and he behaved himself to me with his accustomed goodness and kindness ; or, at least, with so little difference, that, had not the gentleman's officiousness made me more watchful, I should not have perceived it.

But, next day a letter was brought by a footman, directed for Mr. B. He was not within, and John gave it to me. The superscription was in a woman's hand : the seal, the Dowager Lady's. This gave me no small uncasiness : and when Mr. B. came in, I said, Here is a letter for you, sir ; and from a lady, too ;

What, then ?—said he with quickness.

I was balk'd, and withdrew. For I saw him turn the letter about and about, and look at the seal, as if he would see whether I had endeavour'd to break it.

He needed not to have been so much afraid ; for I would not have done such a thing, had I known my life was to depend upon it.

I went up, and could not help weeping at his quick answer ; yet I did my endeavour to hide it when he came up.

Did not my girl play the inquisitive upon me just now ?

I spoke pleasantly, sir—But you were very quick upon your girl.

It is my temper, my dear—You know I mean nothing. You should not mind it.

I should not, sir, if I had been *used* to it.

He look'd at me with sternness.—Do you doubt my honour, madam ?

Madam ! did you say, sir ! I will not take that word ! Dear sir, call it back—I will not be call'd madam ! Call me your girl, your rustic, your Pamela : call me anything but madam !

My charmer, then, my life, my soul ! will any of those do ? and saluted me : but whatever you do, let me not see that you have any doubts of my honour to you.

The very mention of the word, sir, is a security to me. I want no other. I cannot doubt : but if you speak short to me, how shall I bear that ?

He withdrew, speaking nothing of the contents of his letter ; as I dare say he would, had the subject been such as he chose to mention to me.

We being alone, after supper, I took the liberty to ask him, Who were of his party to Oxford ? He nam'd the Viscountess T., and her lord ; Mr. Howard and his daughter, Mr. Herbert and his lady : and I had a partner, too, my dear, to represent you.

I am much obliged to the lady, sir, whoever she be.

Why, my dear, you are *so* engag'd in your nursery ! Then this was a sudden thing, as I told you.

Nay, sir, as it was agreeable to you, I had nothing to do but to be pleased with it.

He watched my eyes, and the turn of my countenance : you look, Pamela, as if you would be glad to return the lady thanks in person. Shall I engage her to visit you ? She longs to see you.

Sir,—sir,—hesitated I—as you please—I can't be—I can't be—displeas'd—

“ Displeas'd !” interrupted he : Why that word ? and why that hesita-

tion in your answer? You speak very volubly, my dear, when your mind is free.

Dear sir, returned I, almost as quick as he, Why should not my mind be free? What occasion is there for reserves? I hope you have a better opinion of me than——

Than what, Pamela?—What would you say? I know you are a dear jealous creature: I know you are.

But, dear sir, why should you think of imputing jealousy to me on *this* score?—What a creature must I be, if you could not be abroad with a lady, but I must be jealous of you?—No, sir, I have reason to rely upon your honour; and I *do* rely upon it; and——

And what? Why, my dear, you are giving me assurances, as if you thought the case requir'd it!

Ah! thought I, so it does, I see too plainly; but I durst not say so, nor give him any hint about my informant; tho' now I was enough convinced of the truth of what Mr. Turner had told me.

Yet, I resolved, if possible, not to alter my conduct. But the redness of my eyes, occasioned by my frequent weepings, when by myself, cannot be hid, as I wish. My eyes keep not my heart's counsel.

And this gives occasion to some of the stern words which I have mention'd above.

All that he further said, at this time, was, with a negligent, yet determin'd air, Do not, Pamela, be doubtful of my honour. You know how much I love you. But, one day or other, I shall gratify this lady's curiosity, and will bring her to pay you a visit, and you shall see you need not be asham'd of her acquaintance.—Whenever you please, sir, was all I car'd to say further; for I saw he was upon the watch; looking steadfastly upon me whenever I moved my lips. I am not a finish'd hypocrite, and he, I think, can read in the lines of one's face the motions of one's heart.

I am sure mine is a very uneasy one. But till I reflected, and weigh'd well the matter, it was worse; and my natural imperfection of this sort made me see a necessity to be the more watchful over myself, and to doubt my own prudence. And thus I reason'd when he withdrew:

Here, thought I, I have had a greater proportion of unmixed happiness fallen to my share than any one of my sex; and I ought to be prepar'd for some trials.

It is true, this is of the sorest kind; 'tis worse than death itself to me, who had an opinion of the dear man's reformation, and prided myself not a little on that account. So that the blow is full upon my weak place: 'tis on the side I could be the most easily penetrated. But Achilles could be touch'd only in his heel; and if he was to die by an enemy's hand, must not the arrow find out that only vulnerable place?—My jealousy is that place with me, as your ladyship observ'd; but it is seated deeper than the heel: it is in my *heart*. The barbed dart has found that out, and there it sticks up to the very feathers.

Yet, thought I, I will take care that I do not exasperate him by up-braidings, when I should try to move him by patience and forbearance. For the breach of *his* duty cannot warrant the neglect of *mine*. My business is to reclaim, and not to provoke.

He is a young man, has been used to have his own will, thought I. This may be a permitted stumbling block in his way, to make him stand the firmer when recover'd. The lady may be unhappy that she cannot

conquer her faulty love. They may both see their error, and stop short of crime. If not, he is a man of fine sense; he may run an undue length, but may reclaim; and then I shall be *his* superior, by my preserved duty, and have it in my duty to *forgive* him, and so repay him some of those obligations which I shall never otherwise have it in my power to repay; nor, indeed, wish to have it in this way, if it please GOD to prevent it.

Then, thought I, how much better is it to be the *suffering* than the *offending* person!—Yet, madam, to have so *fine* a gentleman, who had climbed so far up the hill of virtue, to slide back all at once; and (between your ladyship and me) to have him sink down to the character he had despised; and, at last, if his precious life should be spared (as is my hourly prayer), to have him carry his vices into advanced years, and become a mere Sir Simon Darnford, retaining a love of his juvenile follies, even after the practice has left him; how my heart shudders at such a thought for my Mr. B.

Well, but, thought I, let the worst come to the worst, he may, perhaps, be so good as to permit me to pass the remainder of my days with my dear Billy, with my father and mother; and when I cannot rejoice in possession of a virtuous husband, I shall be employ'd in praying for him, and enjoy a two-fold happiness, that of doing my own duty to my dear baby (and a pleasing entertainment that will be!) and that of comforting my worthy parents, and being comforted by them; and no small consolation this! And who knows but I may be permitted to steal a visit now-and-then to dear Lady Davers, and be called *sister*, and be deemed a *faultless* sister too! and that will be a fine thing!

But, remember, my dear lady, that if ever it come to this, I will not bear, that, for my sake, you shall, with too much asperity, blame your brother; for I will be ingenious to find excuses, or if I cannot, extenuations for him; and I will now-and-then, in some disguised habit, steal the pleasure of seeing him, altho' at the same time I may see the happier lady; and give him, with a silent tear, my blessing for the good I and mine have reaped at his hands.

But, if he takes from me my Billy (who must, after all, be his heir) and gives him to the cruel Lady S., he will at once burst asunder the strings of my heart! For, O my happy rival! if you tear from me my husband, he is in his own disposal, and I cannot help it (nor can I indeed, if he will give you my Billy) but of this I am sure, that my child and my life must go together!

Your ladyship will think I rave. Indeed I am almost frantick at times. For the dear man is so negligent, so cold, so haughty, that I bear it with difficulty. He said, just now, "You are quite alter'd, Pamela."—I believe I am, madam. But what can I do? He knows not, that I know so much. I dare not tell him. For he will have me then reveal my informant: and if I do, the consequence may be fatal.

I weep in the night, when he is asleep; and in the day, when he is absent; and I am happy, when I can, unobserv'd, steal this poor relief. I believe already I have shed as many tears as would drown my baby. How many more I may have to shed, GOD only knows! Since after all my fortitude and recollection, it is a trying thing to fall from so much happiness, and so soon.

But I will still hope the best, and resign to GOD's will, and see how far my Mr. B. (mine he hitherto is) will be permitted to exercise my patience. In the mean time, do not you, my good lady, be overmuch concern'd for

me : you know I am apt to be too apprehensive. And should this storm happily blow over I shall be ashamed of my weakness, and the concern I give you. But however this shall be, let not, I beseech you, madam, for your dear brother's sake, and for my sake, any creature see the least part of our present correspondence.

And now, I boldly resume my former style, and subscribe myself, Your
Ladyship's obliged Sister, and most humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER CI.

YOU need not be afraid, my dearest Pamela, of any body's knowing what passes between us on this affecting subject. Tho' I hear of it from every mouth, yet I pretend it is all falsehood and malice. Yet Lady Betty will have it, that there is more in it than I will own ; and that I know my brother's wickedness, by my pensive looks. She will make a vow, she says, never to marry any man living.

I am pleased with your prudent reasonings and resolutions. I see nobody can advise or help you. GOD only can ! And his direction you beg *so* hourly, that I make no doubt you will have it.

What vexes me is, that when, as I am told, the noble uncle of this vile lady [why don't you call her names as well as I?—] expostulated with her on the scandals she brought upon her character and family, she pretended to argue, foolish creature ! for polygamy ; and said, She had rather be a certain gentleman's second wife, than the first to the greatest man in England.

I leave you to your own workings ; but if I find your prudence unrewarded by the wretch, the storm you saw raised at the hall, shall be nothing to the hurricane I will excite, to tear up by the roots all the happiness the two wretches propose to themselves.

Do not let my intelligence, which is undoubted, grieve you over-much. Try some way to move the wretch. What must be done, must be by touching his generosity : he has that quality in some perfection. But how in *this* case to move it, is beyond my power or skill to prescribe.

God bless you, my dearest Pamela ! You shall be my *only* sister. And I will never own my brother, if he be base to your superlative merit.
Adieu once more, From your Sister and Friend, B. DAVERS.

LETTER CII.

A THOUSAND thanks, my dearest lady, for your kind, your truly sisterly letter and advice. Mr. B. is just returned from a tour to Portsmouth, with Lady S., I believe, but I am not sure.

Here I am forced to leave off.

Let me scratch thro' the above surmise. It seems she was not with him. This is some comfort however.

He is very kind ; and Billy not being well, when he came in, my grief passed off without blame. He has said a great many tender things to me : but added, That if I gave myself so much uneasiness every time the child ailed any thing, he would hire the nurse to over-lay him. Bless me, madam ! what hard-hearted, what shocking things are these men capable of saying ! The farthest from their hearts, indeed ; so they had need. For he was as glad of the child's recovery as I could be.

In the morning he went out in the chariot for about an hour, and returned in very good humour, saying twenty agreeable things to me, which makes me *so* proud, and *so* pleas'd !

He is gone out again.

Could I but find this matter happily conquer'd, for his own soul's sake !
—But he seems by what your ladyship mentions, to have carried this polygamy point with the lady.

Can I live with him, madam? *Ought* I, if this be the case? I have it under his hand, that the laws of his country were sufficient to deter him from this licentiousness. But, oh ! he knew not this lady then !

Here I must again break off.

He is returned, and I believe, coming up. Go into my bosom, for the present, O letter dedicated to dear Lady Davers—Come to my hand, the subject on plays : however unsuited to my present afflicted mind.—Here he comes !

O but, madam, madam ! my heart is almost broken !—Just now Mr. B. tells me, that the Countess Dowager of S., and the Viscountess of T., her sister, are to be here to see my Billy, and to drink tea with me, this very afternoon.

I was all confusion, when he told me this. I looked around and around, and upon every thing but him.

Will not my friends be welcome, Pamela? said he, sternly.

O yes, sir, very welcome ! But I have these vapours so ! I wish I might be excus'd : I wish I might be allow'd to take an airing in the chariot for two or three hours ; for I shall not be fit to be seen by such—ladies—said I, half out of breath.

You will be fit to be seen by nobody, my dear, if you go on thus.—But, do as you please.

He was going, and I took his hand : stay, dear sir, let me know what you would have me do. If you would have me stay, I will.

To be sure I would.

Well, sir, then I will. For it is hard, thought I, if an innocent person cannot look up, in her own house too (as it is at present, as I may say) to a guilty one ! Guilty in her heart, at least ! Tho', poor lady, I hope she is not so in fact ; and, if GOD hears my prayers, never will, for the sake of us all three.

But, madam, think for me what a task I have ! How my heart throbs ! How I tremble ! How I struggle with myself ! What rules I form for my behaviour to this naughty lady ! How they are dash'd in pieces as soon as formed, and new ones taken up ! And yet I doubt myself, when I come to the test.

But one thing will help me. I *pity* the poor lady ; and as she comes with the heart of a robber, to invade me in my lawful right, I pride myself in a superiority over *this* Countess ; and will endeavour to shew her the country girl in a light which would as well become *her* to appear in.

I must be forced to leave off here ; for Mr. B. is just come in to receive his guests ; and I am in a flutter upon it. All my resolution fails me : what shall I do ? O that this *Countess* were come, and gone ! I tremble so, that I shall behave like a guilty one before the guilty, who will enjoy their minds, perhaps, as if they were innocent !—Why should that be ? —But, surely, if all were as bad, as this Mr. Turner has said, they could

not act thus barbarously by me ! For I have not deserved to be given up to be insulted : I hope I have not !—For what have I done !

I have one comfort, however, in the midst of all my griefs ; and that is in your ladyship's goodness ; which allows me to subscribe myself Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and humble Servant,

P. B.

LETTER CIII.

I WILL now, my dear lady, pursue my last affecting subject ; for the visit is over ; but a sad situation I am in with Mr. B., for all that : but, bad as it is, I will try to forget it, till I come to it in course.

At five in the afternoon Mr. B. came in to receive his guests, whom he expected at six. He came up to me. I had just closed my last letter ; but put it up, and set before me your ladyship's task on the subject of plays.

So, Pamela ! How do you now ?

Your ladyship may guess, by what I wrote before, that I could not give any extraordinary account of myself.—As well—As well, sir, as possible—Half out of breath.

You give yourself strange melancholy airs of late, my dear. You do not do well. All that cheerfulness which used to delight me whenever I saw you, is quite vanished of late. You and I must shortly have a little serious talk together.

I believe it is only not being used to this smoaky thick air of London ! I shall be better when you carry me into the country. I dare say, I shall. But I never was in London before, you know, sir.

All in good time, Pamela ! But is this the best appearance, you chuse to make, to receive such guests ?

If it displease you, sir, I will dress otherwise in a minute.

You look well in any thing. But I thought, as the ladies know they are expected, you would have had your jewels : yet they would never have less become you ; for of late your eyes have lost that brilliancy that used to strike me with a lustre, much surpassing that of the finest diamonds.

I am sorry for it, sir. But as I never could pride myself in deserving such a kind compliment, I should be too happy, forgive me, my dearest Mr. B., if the failure be not rather in *your* eyes, than in *mine*.

He looked at me stedfastly.—I fear, Pamela—But, don't be a fool.

You are angry with me, sir !

No, not I.

Would you have me dress ?

No, not I—If your eyes looked a little more brilliant, you want no addition.

He left me.

Strange, short speeches, thought I, to what I have been favour'd with ! Yet they shall not rob me of the merit of a patient sufferer.

Now, madam, tho' I doubted not, my rival would come adorn'd with every outward ornament, I put on only a white damask gown, having no desire to vie with her in appearance ; for a virtuous heart is my glory, I bless God ! I wish it were the lady's !

About five, the ladies came in Lady S.'s new chariot ; for she has not been long out of her transitory mourning, and dress'd as rich as jewels, and a profusion of expence, could make her.

I saw them from the window alight. O how my heart throbb'd ! Lie still, said I, busy thing ! Why all this emotion ? Those shining orna-

ments cover not such a guileless flutterer as thou. Why then all this emotion?

I would not be so officious as to be below to receive them. Polly Barlow came up instantly, from Mr. B.

I hasten'd down; tremble, tremble, tremble, went my feet, in spite of all the resolution I had been endeavouring so long to collect.

Mr. B. presented Lady S. to me, both of us cover'd with blushes; but from very different motives, as I imagine.

Lady S. —my dear.

She saluted me, and look'd, as I thought, half envious, half ashamed; but one is apt to form notions of people's countenances by what one judges of their hearts.

O too lovely, too charming rival! thought I, would to heaven I saw less attractions in you! For indeed, indeed, madam, she is a charming woman. Yet she could not help calling me Mrs. B. That was some pride to me (every little distinction is a pride to me now) and said, She had heard me so much praised, that she quite long'd to see me.

O these villainous masquerades! thought I — You would never have wanted to see me, but for them, poor naughty nun, that was!

Mr. B. presented also Lady T. to me: I saluted *her*; her sister saluted *me*.

She is a graceful woman; better I hope in heart than her sister; tho' less amiable in person.

You have taken no pains, my dear, in your dress to-day.

The ladies will excuse it, sir! I am so often in the nursery, when you are absent.

Mrs. B. answers her character, said Lady S.; she wants no ornaments. You have a charming little master, I am told, madam; but no wonder, from such a pair!

Dear heart, thought I, is not it so! Your ladyship may guess what I thought farther.

Will your ladyship see him now? said Mr. B.

He did not look down, no not in the least; tho' Lady S. play'd with her fan, and look'd at him, and on me, and on the floor in turns, a little consciously: while I wrapp'd myself in my innocence, my first flutters being over, and thought I was superior, by reason of that, even to a Countess.

By all means, Mr. B., said she.

I rang. Polly, bid nurse bring *my* Billy down — *My*, said I, with an emphasis.

I met the nurse at the stairs foot, and brought in my dear baby in my arms. — Such a child, and such a mamma! said Lady T.

Will you give master to my arms one moment, madam? said the Countess.

Yes, thought I, much rather than my dear Mr. B. should any other.

I yielded it to her: I thought she would have stifled it with her warm kisses. Sweet boy: Charming creature! And pressed it to her too lovely bosom, with such emotion, looking on the child, and on Mr. B., that I liked it not by any means.

Go, naughty lady! thought I: but I durst not say so. And go, naughty man, too! thought I; for you seem to look too much gratify'd in your pride, by her fondness for your boy. I wish I did not love you so well as I do! But neither, your ladyship may believe, did I say this.

Mr. B. looked at me, but with a bravery, I thought, too like what I had been witness to, in some former scenes, in as bad a cause.—But, thought I, GOD deliver'd me *then*: I will confide in Him. He will *now*, I doubt not, restore your heart to my prayers; untainted, I hope, for your own sake, as well as mine.

Lady T. took the child from her sister, and repeatedly kissed him. She is a marry'd lady. Would to heaven the Countess were so too! I was not afraid therefore of *her* love to my Billy. But let me, said she, have the pleasure of restoring master to his charming mamma. I thought, added she, I never saw a lovelier sight in my life, than master in his mamma's arms.

Mother and child, said Lady S., do credit to each other. Dear madam, let us have the pleasure of seeing him still on your lap, while he is so good.

I wonder'd the dear baby was so quiet; yet he is, indeed, generally so: but *he* might surely, if but by sympathy, have complained for his poor mother, tho' she durst not for herself.

How apt one is to engage every thing in one's distress, when it is deep! And to wonder that things animate and inanimate wear the same face, they did while our hearts were free and easy.

I sat down with my baby on my lap, looking, I believe, with a righteous boldness, (I will call it so; for well says the text, *The righteous is as bold as a lion!*) now on my Billy, now on his papa, and now on the Countess, with such a *triumph* in my heart! for I saw her blush, and look down, and Mr. B. seemed to eye me with a kind of conscious tenderness, as I thought.

A silence of five minutes, I believe, succeeded, we all four looking upon one another; and the little dear was awake, and stared full upon me, with such innocent smiles, as if he promised to love me, and make me amends for all.

I kissed him, and took his little hand in mine: you are very good, my charmer, in this noble company! said I.

I remembered, madam, a scene, which made greatly for me in the papers you have seen, when, instead of recriminating, as I might have done, before Mr. Longman, for harsh usage, (for, O my lady, your brother has sometimes a hard heart, indeed he has) I only prayed for him on my knees.

And I hope I was not now too mean; for I had dignity and a proud superiority in my vain heart, over them all. It was not my part to be upon defiance, where I loved, and where I hoped to reclaim. Besides, what had I done by it, but justified, seemingly, by after-acts in a passionate resentment (in their minds, at least) their too wicked treatment of me? Moreover, your ladyship will remember, that Mr. B. knew not, that I was acquainted with his intrigue; for I must call it so. If he had, he is too noble to insult me by such a visit; and he had *told* me, I should see the lady he was at Oxford with.

And this, breaking silence, he mention'd; saying, I gave you hope, my dear, that I should procure you the honour of a visit from the lady who put herself under my care at Oxford.

I bow'd my head to the Countess; but my tears being ready to start, I kissed my Billy: dearest baby, said I, you are not going to cry, are you? I would have had *him* just then, cry, instead of me.

The tea equipage was brought in. Polly, carry the child to nurse. I gave it another kiss, and the *Countess* desired another. [I so often say

Countess, from pride I believe, as thinking myself not inferior to her in the truer dignity, that of an irreproaching heart.] I grudged it, to think her naughty lips should so closely follow mine. Her sister again kissed it also, and carry'd it to Mr. B. Take him away, Polly, said he: I will owe him my blessing.

O these young papas! said the Countess: they are like unbroken horses, just put into the traces!—Are they so? thought I: matrimony must not expect *your* good word, I doubt.

Mr. B., after tea, at which I was far from being talkative, (for I could not tell what to say; tho' I try'd, as much as I could, not to appear sullen) desir'd Lady S. to play one tune upon the harpsichord. She did: and sung, at his request, an Italian song to it, very prettily; *too* prettily, I thought. I wanted to find some faults, some *great* faults in her: but, O madam! she has too many outward excellencies! Pity she wants a good heart!

He could ask nothing, that she was not ready to oblige him in.

She desired *me* to touch the keys. I would have been excus'd: but could not. And the ladies commended my performance: but neither my heart to play, nor my fingers in playing, deserv'd their praises. Mr. B. *said* indeed, you play better sometimes, my dear.—Do I, sir? was all the answer I made.

Lady S. hoped, she said, I would return her visit; and so said her sister.

I reply'd, Mr. B. would command me whenever he pleased.

She said, she hoped to be better acquainted [I hope not, thought I]; and that I would give her my company for a week or so, upon the forest. It seems she has a seat upon Windsor forest.

Mr. B. says, added she, you cannot ride a single horse; but we will teach you there. 'Tis a sweet place for that purpose.

How came Mr. B., thought I, to tell *you* I could not ride? I suppose you know more of me, than I do of myself. Indeed, my dear Lady Davers, this may be too true; for she may know what is to become of me?

I told her, I was very much obliged to her ladyship; and that Mr. B. directed all my motions.

What say *you*, sir? asked the lady.

I cannot promise that, madam; for Mrs. B. wants to go down to Kent, before we go to Bedfordshire; and I am afraid I cannot give her my company to Kent.

Allow me, sir, to say, I shall not chuse to go without you.

I suppose not, my dear. But, if you are disposed to oblige Lady S. for a week, as you never were at Windsor—

I believe, sir, interrupted I, what with my little nursery, and *one* thing or *other*, I must deny myself that honour, for this season.

Well, madam, then I will expect you in Pall-mall.

I bow'd my head, and said, Mr. B. would command me.

They took leave with a politeness natural to them.

Mr. B. as he handed them to their chariot, said something in Italian to the Countess: the word Pamela was in what he said: she answer'd him, in the same language, with a down-cast look, half pleased, half serious; and the chariot drove away.

I would give, said I, a good deal, sir, to know what Lady S. said to you, as my name was mention'd by you to her.

I will tell you, truly, Pamela : I said to her, Well, now your ladyship has seen my Pamela : is she not the charming'st girl in the world ?

She answer'd, Mrs. B. is very grave, for so young a lady : but I must needs say she is a lovely creature.

And did you say so, sir ? And did her ladyship so answer ? And my heart was ready to leap out of my bosom for joy.

But my folly spoil'd all again ; for, to my own surprise, and great regret, I burst out into tears ; tho' the endeavour to suppress them, made me sob ; and so I lost a fine opportunity to have talked to him while he was so kind : for he was more angry with me than ever.

What made me such a fool, I wonder ! But I had so long struggled with myself ; and not expecting so kind a question from him, or such a favourable answer from her, I had no longer any command of myself.

What fails the little fool ? said he, with a wrathful countenance. This made me worse, and he added, Take care, take care, Pamela ! You will drive me from you in spite of my own heart.

He hastened from me into another parlour, put on his sword, and took his hat. I follow'd him. Sir, sir ! with my arms expanded, was all I could say ; but he avoided me, putting on his hat with an air ; and out he went, bidding Abraham follow him.

This is the dilemma, into which, as I hinted, at the beginning of this letter, I have brought myself with Mr. B. How irresistible is the passion of jealousy, that thus it will shew itself uppermost, when it *is* uppermost, in spite of one's most watchful regards !

My mind is so perplex'd, that I must lay down my pen : and, indeed, your ladyship will wonder, all things consider'd, that I could write the above account as I have done, in this cruel suspense, and with such apprehensions. But writing is all the diversion I have, when my mind is oppress'd. 'Tis a temporary relief ; and this interview was so interesting, that it took up a great deal of my attention while I wrote : but now I am come to a period of it, (and so unhappy an one, as has resulted from my un govern'd passion) my apprehensions are return'd upon me with double strength. Why did I drive him from me upon such a promising appearance ? But all this had been prevented, had not this vile Turner put into my head worse thoughts. For now I can say with the poet :

Since knowledge is but sorrow's spy,
'Twere better NOT to know.

How shall I do to look up to him on his return ! Undoubtedly he now plainly sees, to what my emotion is owing : yet I dare not tell him either my information, or my informant, because if he knows the one, he will know the other ; and then, as I have before said, what may be the consequence !

Past ten o'clock at night.

I have only time to tell your ladyship, (for the postman waits) that Mr. B. is just come in. He is gone into his closet, and has shut the door, and taken the key on the inside ; so I dare not go to him there. In this uncertainty and suspense, pity and pray for Your Ladyship's afflicted Sister and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER CIV.

I WILL now proceed with my melancholy account.

Not knowing what to do, Mr. B. not coming near me, and the clock striking twelve, I ventur'd to send this billet to him, by Polly.

“DEAR SIR,—I know you chuse not to be invaded, when you retire into your closet ! and yet, being very uneasy, on account of your heavy displeasure, and abrupt departure, I take the liberty to write these few lines.

“I own, sir, that the sudden flow of tears which involuntarily burst from me, at your kind expressions to Lady S. in my favour, when I had thought for more than a month past, you were angry with me, and which had distress'd my weak mind beyond expression, might appear unaccountable to you. But had you kindly waited but one moment, till this fit, which was rather owing to my gratitude, than to perverseness, had been over, (and I knew the time when you would have generously soothed it !) I should have had the happiness of a more serene and favourable parting.

“Will you suffer me, sir, to attend you ? (Polly shall wait your answer.) I dare not come *without* your permission ; for should you be as angry as you was when you went out, I know not how I shall bear it. But if you say I may come down, I hope I shall be able to satisfy you, that I intended not any offence. Permit me, dear sir, to attend you. I can say no more, than that I am Your ever-dutiful

“P. B.”

Polly return'd with the following.—So, thought I, a letter ! I could have spar'd that, I am sure. I expected no favour from it. So, tremblingly, open'd it.

“I WOULD not have you sit up for me. We are getting apace into the matrimonial recriminations. *You knew the time !*—So did I, my dear !—But it seems that time is over with both ; and I have had the mortification, for some past weeks, to come home to a very different Pamela, than I used to leave all company and all pleasure for. I hope we shall better understand each other. But you cannot see me at present with any advantage to yourself ; and I would not, that any thing farther should pass, to add to the regrets of both. I wish you good rest. I will give your cause a fair hearing, when I am more fit than at present to hear all your pleas and excuses. I cannot be insensible, that the reason for the concern you have lately shown, lies much deeper than, perhaps, you will own, at present. As soon as you are prepared to speak all that is upon your mind, and I, too, hear it with temper, then, we may come to an *éclaircissement*. Till when I am, &c.”

My busy apprehension immediately suggested to me, that I was to be terrified, with a high hand, into a compliance with some new scheme or other that was projecting. But I had resolv'd to make their way as clear to one another as was in my power, if they would have it so ; and so I try'd to allay my grief as much as I could ; and it being near one, and hearing nothing from Mr. B., I bade Polly go to bed, thinking she would wonder at our intercourse by letter, if I should send again.

So down I ventur'd, my feet, however, trembling all the way, and tapp'd at the door of his closet ; yet I found myself strongly affected at the time—I don't know how ; nevertheless, not being sure of admission, I studied not for what I should say if I were.

Who's there ?

Your Pamela, sir; one word, if you please. Do not however, sir, add displeasure to displeasure, on the liberty I take.

He open'd the door; thus poor Hester, said I, to her royal husband, ventur'd her life, to break in upon him unbidden. But that Eastern monarch, great as he was, extended to the fainting suppliant the golden sceptre!

He took my hand; I hope, my dear, by this tragedy speech, we are not to expect any sad catastrophe to our present misunderstanding.

I hope not, sir. But it is all as GOD and you shall please. I am resolved to do my duty, sir, if possible. But, indeed, I cannot bear this cruel suspense! Let me know what is to become of me. Let me know but what is design'd for me, and you shall be sure of all the acquiescence, that my duty and conscience can give to you pleasure.

What *means* the dear creature! What *means* my Pamela! Surely your head, child, is a little affected.

I cannot tell, sir, but it may!—But let me have my trial, that you write about. Appoint my day of hearing, and speedily too; for I would not bear such another month, as the last has been, for the world.

Come, my dear, said he, let me attend you to your chamber. Your mind has taken too solemn a turn, for me now, to enter further upon this subject. Think as well of me, as I do of you, and I shall be as happy as ever.

I wept. A kindly relief! Be not angry, dear sir; your kind words have just the same effect upon me now, as they had in the afternoon.

Your apprehensions, my dear, must be very strong, that a kind word, as you call it, has such an effect upon you! But let us wave the subject for a few days, because I am to set out on a little journey at four, and had not intended to undress for so few hours.

When we were in my chamber, I said, I owned to you, sir, that I was very bold to break in upon you; but I could not help it, if my life had been the forfeit: and you receiv'd me with more goodness than I could have expected. But will you pardon me, if I ask, whither you go so soon? and if you had intended to have gone without taking leave of me?

I go to Tunbridge, my dear. I should have step'd up, and taken leave of you before I went.

Well, sir, I will not ask you, who is of your party?—I will not—No, putting my hand to his lips, as if to stop his answer—Don't tell me, sir: it may not be proper.

Don't fear, my dear: I will not tell you: nor am I certain whether it be *proper* or not, till we are come to a better understanding. Only, once more, think as well of me, as I do of you.

Would to heaven, thought I, there was the same reason for the one, as for the other.

I intended (for my heart was full) to enter further into a subject so fatal to my repose: but he had no sooner laid his head on the pillow, but he fell asleep, or feign'd to do so: and that was as prohibitory of my talking, as if he had bid me be silent. So I had all my own entertaining reflections to myself: which gave me not one wink of sleep; but made me do so much service to him, as to tell him, when the clock struck four, that he should not (tho' I did not say so, you may think, madam) make my ready rival (for I doubted not her being one of the party) wait for him.

He arose, and was dress'd instantly; and saluting me, bad me be easy and happy, while it was *yet* in my own power to be so.

He said, he should be back on Saturday night, as he believed. And I wish'd him, most fervently, health, pleasure, and safety.

Here, madam, must I end this letter. My next will, perhaps, contain my trial, and my sentence : GOD give me but patience and resignation, and then, whatever occurs, I shall not be unhappy : especially when I can have, in the last resource, the pleasure of calling myself Your ladyship's most obliged Sister, and Servant,
P. B.

LETTER CV.

I WILL be preparing to write to you, my dear lady, as I have opportunity, not doubting that this present letter must be a long one ; and having some apprehensions, that, as things may fall out, I may want either head or heart to write to your ladyship, were I to defer it till the catastrophe of this cruel suspense is known.

What a happiness am I sunk from !—And in so few days too ! O the wicked, wicked masquerades ! They shall be always followed with the execrations of an injur'd wife in me, who, but for that wretched diversion, had still been the happiest of her sex !

But I was too secure ! It was fit, perhaps, that I should be mortified ; and I must try to make a virtue of the cruel necessity, and see, if, by the divine grace, I cannot bring *real* good out of this *appearing* evil.

The following letter, in a woman's hand, and sign'd, as you will see, by a woman's name, and spelt as I spell it, will account to your ladyship for my beginning so heavily. It came by the penny-post.

“MADAME,—I am unknowne to you ; but you are not so altogether to me, because I have been edefy'd by your pious behavior at church, whir I see you with plaisir everie Sabboth day. I am well acquaintid with the famely of the Coumptesse of S. ; and you maie possiblie haue hard what you wishid not to haue hard concerninge hir. But this verie morning, I can assur you, hir ladishippe is gon with your spowse to Tonbrigge ; and theire they are to take lodgings, or a hous ; and Mr. B. is after to come to towne, and settel matters to goe downe to hir, where they are to liue as man and wife. Make what use you pleas of thiss informasion : and belieue me to haue no other motife, than to serue you, because of your vartues, whiche make you deserue a better retorne. I am, thof I shall not sett my trewe name, Yowur grete Admirer and Seruant,
“THOMASINE FULLER.

“Wednesday Morning, 9 o'clock.”

Just above I called my state, a state of *cruel suspense* ; but I recall the words ; for now it is no longer suspense ; since if this letter says truth, I know the worst : and there is too much appearance, that it does, let the writer be who it will, or his or her motive what it will ; for, after all, I am apt to fancy this a contrivance of Mr. Turner ; tho' for fear of ill consequences, I will not say so.

And now, madam, I am endeavouring, by the help of religion, to bring my mind to bear this heavy evil, and to recollect what I *was*, and how much more honourable an estate I *am in*, than I could ever have expected to be in ; and that my virtue and good name are secured ; and I can return innocent to my dear father and mother ; and these were once the only wishes of my heart.

Then, additional to what I was, at that time (and yet I pleased myself with my prospects, poor as they were), I have honest parents bountifully provided for, thank God, and your ever dear brother, for this blessing !

And not only provided for, but made useful to him, to the amount of their provision, well nigh. There is a pride, my dear lady !

Then I shall have better conditions from his generosity to support myself, than I can wish for, or make use of.

Then I have my charming Billy——O be contented, too lovely, and too happy rival, with my husband ; and tear not from me my dearest baby, the beloved pledge of our happier affections ! But if, my dear Mr. B., you doubt the education I can give him, fit for the heir to your great fortune (for such he *must* be, despised and abandon'd as his poor mother may be !) and will remove him from me, and grief kill me not before that sad hour, let me have some office, not incompatible with that of a tutor, that I may endeavour to instil virtue into his ductile mind ; for tutors, altho' they may make youth learned, do not always make them virtuous ; and let me watch over his steps, and wherever *he* goes, let *me* go : I shall value no dangers ; the most distant clime shall be native to me, wherever my Billy is ; so that I may be a guard, under GOD, to his morals, that he make no virgin's heart sigh, nor mother's bleed, as mine has done in both states.

But, how I rave ! will your ladyship be apt to say.—This is no good proof, you will think, that I have yet reap'd that consolation from religious considerations, which they will afford to a right turned mind in the heaviest misfortunes. But this impatience arose from my apprehensions of their taking my Billy from me. A thousand pleasing prospects, that had begun to dawn on my mind, I can bear to have dissipated ; but I cannot, indeed I cannot, permit my dear Mr. B.'s son and heir to be torn from me.

I hope, however, they will not be so cruel ; for I will give them no provocation to do it, if I can help it. No law-suits, no complainings, no asperities of expression, much less bitter reflections, shall they ever have from me. I will be no conscience to them ; they will be punished greatly too much, in their own, for what I wish ; and they shall always be follow'd by my prayers. I shall have leisure for that exercise, and shall be happy and serene, when, I am afraid, they will not be so !

But still I am running on in a strain that shews more of impatience, than resignation : yet some struggles must be allow'd me ; I could not have loved Mr. B. as I ought to love him, if I could easily part with my interest in him. And yet, madam, I *will* part with my interest in him, and will sooner die, than live with a man, who has another wife, tho' I am the first. Let ladies of birth, let Countesses, if they can, choose to humble themselves to this baseness ; the low-born Pamela cannot stoop to it. Pardon me, madam : you know I only write this with a view to this poor lady's answer to her noble uncle, of which you wrote me word.

Friday

Is now concluding. I hope I am calmer a great deal. For, being disappointed, in all likelihood, in twenty agreeable schemes and projects, I am now forming new ones, with as much pleasure to myself, as I may. It is one's duty, you know, madam, to suit one's mind to one's condition ; and I hope I shall be enabled to do good in Kent, if I cannot in London, and Bedfordshire, and Lincolnshire. GOD everywhere provides us with objects, on which to exercise our beneficence.

I am thinking to try to get good Mrs. Jervis with me to Kent.

Come, madam, you must not be too much concern'd for me. After a while, I shall be no unhappy person ; for tho' I was thankful for my splendid fortunes, and should have been glad of continuing in them, with

so dear a husband ; yet a high estate had never such dazzling charms with me, as it has with some : if it had, I could not have resisted so many temptations, possibly, as I was enabled to resist.

Saturday Night

Is now come. 'Tis nine, and no Mr. B. O why, as Deborah makes the mother of Siera say, is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?

I have this note now at eleven o'clock :—

“MY DEAREST PAMELA,—I dispatch this messenger, lest, expecting me this night, you should be uneasy. I shall not be with you till Monday, when I hope to dine with my dearest life.—Ever affectionately yours.”

So I'll go up and pray for him, and then to rest ; rest ! did I say? I have had but poor rest for a great while ; nor shall have any till my fate is decided. Hard-hearted Mr. B. ; he knows under what uneasiness he left me !

Monday, Eleven.

IF the Almighty hears my hourly prayers, Mr. B. will be good still ; but my aking heart, every time I think what company he is in (for I find Lady S. is *certainly* one of the party) bodes me little satisfaction.

He is come ! He is come ! now, just now come ! I will have my trial over before this night be passed, if possible. I will go down, and meet him with love unfeigned, and a duty equal to my love, altho' he may forget his to me. If I conquer myself on this occasion, I conquer nature, as your ladyship says ; and then, by God's grace, I can conquer every thing. They have taken their house, I suppose :—but what need they, when they will have one in Bedfordshire, and one in Lincolnshire ! But they know best. God bless *him*, and reform *her* ! That's all the harm I wish them, or will wish them !—But yet, methinks, I grudge them the Lincolnshire house, because of my dear Miss Darnford's sweet society : O my Miss Darnford—But Sir Simon will be pleased with the exchange.

O madam, my dear Mr. B. has receiv'd me with great tenderness. Sure he cannot be so bad !

I know, my dear, said he, I left you in great anxiety ; but it is an anxiety you have brought upon yourself ; and I have not been easy ever since I parted from you.

I am sorry for it, sir.

There is still, my dear love, a melancholy air in your sweet aspect ; indeed it seems mingled with a kind of joy ; I hope it is for my return to you. But it is easy to see which of the two predominates.

You should see nothing, sir, that you would not wish to see, if I could help it.

I am sorry you cannot. But I am come home to hear all your grievances, and to redress them, if in my power.

When, sir, am I to come upon my trial? I have a great deal to say to you. I will tell you every thing I think. And as it may be the last *grievances*, as you are pleased to call them, I may ever trouble you with, you must promise to answer me not one word till I have said all I have to say. For I have great courage if it does but hold ; I have indeed—You don't know half the sauciness that is in your girl yet : when I come upon my trial, you will wonder at my boldness.

What means my Pamela? taking me into his arms. You alarm me exceedingly by this moving sedateness. And he looked at me with concern. My head seemed to myself to be in a strange way.

Do not let it alarm you, sir ! I mean you nothing but good : but I have been preparing myself to tell you all my mind. And, as an instance of what you may expect from me, I will sometimes, sir, be *your* judge, and put home questions to you ; and sometimes you shall be *my* judge, and at last shall pronounce sentence upon me ; or, if you will not, I will upon myself ; a severe sentence to me, it shall be, but an agreeable one, perhaps, to you !—When comes on the trial, sir ?

He looked steadily upon me, but was silent. But do not be afraid, sir, proceeded I, that I will invade your province ; for tho' I shall count myself your judge, in some cases, you shall be judge paramount still.

Dear charmer of my heart, said he, and clasped me to his bosom, what a *new* PAMELA have I in my arms ! A mysterious charmer ! Let us instantly go either to my closet or to yours, and come upon our mutual trial ; for you have fir'd my soul with impatience.

No, sir, if you please, we will dine first. I have hardly eaten any thing these four days ; and your company will perhaps give me an appetite. I shall be pleas'd to sit down at table with you, sir, taking his hand, and trying to smile upon him ; for the moments I shall have of your company, may be, some time hence, very precious to my remembrance.

I was forced then to turn my head, to hide from him my eyes, brimful, as they were, of tears.

He took me again into his arms : my dearest Pamela, if you love me, distract not my soul thus, by your dark and mysterious speeches. You are displeas'd with *me*, and I thought *I* had reason, of late, to take something amiss in your conduct ; but, instead of your suffering by my anger, your words and manner penetrate my very soul.

O sir, sir, treat me not thus kindly ! Put on an angry brow, or how shall I retain my purpose !

Dear, dear creature ! make not use of *all* your power to melt me ! *Half* of it is enough. There is an eloquence in your eyes I cannot resist ; and by the solemnity of your air, and affecting periods, you will mould me to every purpose of your heart.

Dear, kind sir, how you revive my heart by your goodness ! Perhaps I have only been in a frightful dream, and am but just now awaken'd ! I recollect, that I put my hand to my aching forehead. But we will not anticipate our trial. Only, sir, give orders, that you are not to be spoken with by any body, when we have din'd ; for I must have you *all* to myself, without interruption.

Just as I had said this, a gentleman called on him, and I retir'd to my chamber, and wrote down to this place.

Mr. B. dismiss'd his friend, without asking him to dine with him : so I had him all to myself at dinner. But we said little, and sat not above a quarter of an hour ; looking at each other, he with impatience, and some seeming uneasiness ; I with more steadiness, I believe ; but now-and-then a tear starting.

I could eat but little, tho' I try'd all I could, and especially as he help'd me, and courted me in words of tenderness—O why were ever such things as *masquerades* introduced here !

I chose to go into *my* closet rather than into *his* ; and here I sit, waiting his coming up to me. I hope I shall keep my courage. I know the *worst*, and that will help me ; for he is too noble to use me cruelly, when he sees I mean not to provoke him by upbraidings ; yet will I not act **beneath** the character I ought to maintain as his wife,

For, my dear lady, is not my situation a critical one? It has touch'd and rais'd my soul beyond its pitch: I am a *new* Pamela, as he says, and a *proud* Pamela, as he will find—For, madam, the person who can support herself under an injury like this, and can resolve to forgive it, has a superiority to the injurer, let him be a prince, tho' she were but a beggar-born. But the difficulty will be, how to avoid being melted by my love of the man, more dear to me than life; yea, more dear to me than my Billy; and than all my hopes in the charming boy.—But here he comes!

Now, Pamela—Now, see what thou canst do! Thou knowest the worst! Remember that! And may'st not be unhappy, even *at* the worst, if thou trustest in providence.

I am commanded, my dear lady, now to write particularly my trial, for a reason I shall mention to you in the conclusion of this letter; and I must beg you to favour me with the return of all my letters to you, on this affecting subject.—The reason will appear in its place—And, oh! congratulate me, my dear, dear lady; for I am happy, and shall be happier than I ever was; and that I thought, and so did every body, was impossible. But I will not anticipate the account of my trial, and the effects, the blessed effects, it has produced. Thus, then, it was:

Mr. B. came up, with great impatience in his looks. I met him at my chamber-door, with as sedate a countenance, as I possibly could put on; and my heart was high with my purpose, and supported me better than I could have expected. Yet, on recollection, now, I impute to myself something of that kind of magnanimity, that was wont to inspire the innocent sufferers of old, for a still nobler cause than mine; though their motives could hardly be more pure in that one hope I had, to be an humble means of saving the man I love and honour from errors that might be fatal to his soul.

I took his hand with boldness: Dear sir, leading him to my closet, here is the bar, at which I am to take my trial, pointing to the backs of three chairs, which I had placed in a join'd row, leaving just room to go by on each side. You must give me, sir, all my own way; this is the first, and perhaps the last time, that I shall desire it. Nay, dear sir, turning my face from him, look not upon me with an eye of tenderness: If you do, I may lose my purpose, important to me as it is. My behaviour may seem to you, sir, fantastic; I want to move your *reason* and not your *passions*, for the impressions made upon them, may be too easily dissipated, by the winds of *sense*: and if that can be done, I am safe, and shall fear no relapse.

What means all this parade, my dear? Let me perish, that was his word, if I know how to account for *you* or your *humour*.

You *will*, presently, sir. But give me all my way: I pray you do, this once—this one time only!

Well,—so;—this is your bar, is it? There is an elbow-chair, I see; take your place in it, Pamela, and here I will stand to answer all your questions.

No, sir, that must not be. So I boldly led *him* to the elbow-chair. You are the judge, sir; it is I that am to be try'd. Yet, I will not say I am a criminal. I know I am not. But that must be proved, sir, you know.

Well, take your way; but I fear for your head, my dear, in all this.

I fear only my heart, sir, that is all: but there you must sit—So,—

here (retiring to the three chairs, and leaning on the backs)—here I stand.

And now, my dearest Mr. B., you must begin first : When you shew'd me the house of peers, their bar, at which causes are heard, and sometimes peers are try'd, look'd awful to me ; and the present occasion requires, that this should. Now, dear sir, you must be my accuser, as well as my judge.

I have nothing, my dear, if I *must* give into your moving whimsy, to accuse you of. You are every thing I wish you to be. But for the last month you have seem'd to be uneasy, and have not done me the justice to acquaint me with your reasons for it.

I was in hopes, my reasons might prove to be no reasons ; and I would not trouble you with my ungrounded apprehensions. But now, sir, we are come directly to the point ; and methinks I stand here as Paul did before Felix ; and, like that poor prisoner, if I, sir, reason of *righteousness, temperance and judgment to come*, even to make you, as Paul made the great Felix, tremble, do not put me off *to another day*, to a *more convenient season*, as that governor did him ; for you must bear patiently with all I have to say.

Strange, uncommon girl ! how unaccountable is all this !—My dearest love, and he pulled a chair by him, come and sit down by me, and let me, without these romantic airs, hear all you have to say, and perplex me not with this parade.

No, sir, let me stand, if you please, while I *can* stand ; when I am weary, I will sit down at my bar.

Now, sir, since you are so good as to say you have nothing but change of temper to accuse me of, I am to answer to that, and assign a cause ; and I will do it without evasion or reserve : but I beseech you, say not one word, but yes or no, to my questions, till I have said all I have to say : and then you shall find me all silence and resignation.

Well, my strange dear ?—But, sure, your head is a little turn'd !—What is your question ?

Whether, sir, the nun—I speak boldly : the case requires it—who follow'd you at the masquerade every-where, is not the Countess of S. ?

What then, my dear ? (speaking with quickness)—I *thought* the occasion of your sullenness and reserve was this !—But, Pamela—

Nay, sir, interrupted I, only yes, or no, if you please : I will be all silence by and-by.

Yes, then.

Well, sir, then let me *tell* you, for I *ask* you not (it may be too bold in me to multiply questions) that she *loves* you ; that you correspond by letters with her—Yes, sir, *before* that letter from her came, which you took from my hand in so short and angry a manner, as if you had thought I had presumed to open it. An inexcusable presumption if I had. You have talked over to this lady all your polygamy notions, and she seems so well convinced by them, that she has declar'd to her uncle, that she had rather be a certain gentleman's *second* wife, than the *first* of the greatest man in England ; and you are but just return'd from a journey to Tunbridge, in which that lady was a party : and the motive for it, I am acquainted with, by a letter here in my hand.

He was displeas'd, and frowned : I look'd down, and not at him, that I might not be terrified, if I could help it.

I have caution'd you, Pamela—

I know you have, sir, interrupted I ; but be pleased to answer me, Has not Lady S. taken a house or lodgings at Tunbridge ?

She has—And what then ?

And is she there, or in town ?

There—And what then ?

Are you to go to Tunbridge, sir, soon, or not ? Be pleased to answer me but that one question.

I will know, rising up in anger, your informants, Pamela.

Dear sir, so you shall in proper time : you shall know all, as soon as I am convinc'd that your wrath will not be attended with bad consequences to yourself and others. That is wholly the cause of my reserve in this point ; for I have not a thought, and never had, since I have been yours, that I would conceal from you.—But, dear sir, your knowledge of the informants makes nothing at all as to the truth of the information.—Nor will I press you too home. I doubt not, you are soon to go down to Tunbridge again ?

I am : and what then ?—Must the consequence be criminal ? Take care, take care, Pamela.

Dear sir, don't be angry, still looking down ; for I durst not yet trust myself to look up. I am not actuated by what you, in your billet to me, called a spirit of matrimonial recrimination ; if you do not tell me of your *own* accord, that you see the lady I have named with pleasure, I *ask* it not of you ; nor have I any thing to say by way of upbraiding. It is my misfortune that she is too lovely and too attracting ; and it is the less wonder, that a fine young gentleman as you are, and a fine young lady as she is, should engage each other's affections.

He looked perplexed. I proceeded.

I knew every thing, sir, except what this letter, which you shall read presently, communicates, when you brought the two noble sisters to visit me : hence proceeded my grief ; and should I, sir, have deserv'd to be what I am, if I had *not* been griev'd ? God has answer'd my supplications, and enabled me to act this uncommon part before you, at this imaginary bar. You shall see, sir, that as, on one hand, I want not, as I said before, to move your passions in my favour : so, on the other, I shall not be terrify'd by your displeasure, dreaded by me as it used to be, and as it will be again, the moment that my raised spirits sink to their usual level ; and when I have executed my long meditated purpose, to tell you all my mind.

I repeat then, sir, that I knew all this when the two noble sisters came to visit me, and to see your Billy. Yet, *grave*, as Lady S. call'd me (dear sir ! might I not well be grave, knowing what I knew ?) did I betray any impatience of speech or action, any discomposure ?

No, sir, patting my hand on my breast, *here* all the discomposure lay, struggling, vehemently struggling, now-and-then, and wanting that vent at my eyes, which, it seems (overcome by my joy to hear myself favourably spoken of by you and the lady) it *too soon* made itself. But I could not help it—You might have seen, sir, I could not !

But I want neither to recriminate nor expostulate, nor yet, sir, to form excuses for my general conduct ; for that you censure not in the main. But be pleased, sir, to read this letter. It was brought by the penny-post, as you will see by the mark. Who the writer is, I know not. And did *you*, sir, that knowledge, and your resentment upon it, will not alter the fact, or give it a more favourable appearance.

I stepp'd to him, and giving him the letter, came back to my bar, and sat down on one of the chairs while he read it, drying my eyes ; for they would overflow as I talked, do what I could.

He was much mov'd at the contents of this letter ; call'd it d——n'd malice, and hop'd he might find out the author of it, saying he would advertise 500 guineas reward for the discoverer.

He put the letter in his pocket : well, Pamela, you believe all you have said, no doubt ; and this matter has a black appearance, if you do. But who was your *first* informant ? Was that by letter, or personally ? That d——n'd Turner, I doubt not, is at the bottom of all this. The vain coxcomb has had the insolence to imagine that Lady S. would favour his address to her : he is enraged to meet with a repulse ; and has taken liberties upon it, that have given birth to all the scandals which have been scatter'd about on this occasion. Nor do I doubt but he has been the serpent at the ear of my Eve.

I stood up at my bar, and said, Do not be too hasty, sir, in your judgment—You *may* be mistaken.

But *am* I mistaken, Pamela ? You never yet told me an untruth. *Am* I mistaken ?

Dear sir, if I should tell you it is *not* Mr. Turner, you will guess at somebody else : and what avails all this to the matter in hand ? You are your own master, and must stand and fall by your own conscience. God grant that *that* may acquit you !—But my intention is not either to accuse or upbraid you.

But, my dear, to the fact then : this is a malicious and a villanous piece of intelligence ; given you, perhaps, for the sake of designs and views, that may not yet be proper to be avow'd.

By God's grace, sir, I defy all designs and views of any one, upon my honour.

But, my dear, the charge is basely false : we have not agreed upon any such way of life.

Well, sir, all this implies that the intelligence may be a little premature. But now let me, sir, sit down one minute or two, to recover my failing spirits ; and then I will tell you all I purpose to do, and all I have to say, and that with as much brevity as I can, for fear neither my head nor my heart should perform the parts I have been so long endeavouring to prevail upon them to perform.

I sat down then. He took the letter out of his pocket, and looked upon it again, with much vexation and anger in his countenance : and I, after a few tears and sobs, which I would have restrained, if I could, rose up to speak ; but my feet trembled so, that I was forced to steady my knees against the seat of one of the chairs which made my bar, as my hand held by the back, and thus, tolerably supported, I wiped my eyes, cleared my voice, and said :

You have all the excuses, dear Mr. B., that a frail man (excuse me, sir) can have, in the object of your present passion.

Present passion, Pamela ?

Dear, sir, hear me out.

Lady S. is a charming woman. She excels your poor Pamela in all those outward graces of form, which your kind fancy (more valued by me than the opinion of all the world besides) had made you attribute to me. And she has all those additional advantages, as nobleness of birth, of alliance, and deportment, which I want (happy for you, sir, if you had known her

ladyship some months ago, before you disgrac'd yourself by the honour you have done me !) This, therefore, frees you from the aggravated crime of those who prefer to their own wives less amiable women ; and I have not the sting which those must have who are contemn'd and ill-treated for the sake of their inferiors. Yet cannot this Countess love you better than your Pamela loves you ; not even for your person, which must, I doubt, be *her* principal attachment : when I can truly say, all noble and attracting to the outward eye as it is, that is the least consideration by far with me : no, sir, it is your mind, your generous and beneficent mind, that is the principal object of my affection : and the pride I took in hoping that I might be an humble means, in the hands of providence, to bless you *hereafter* as well as *here*, gave me more pleasure than all the blessings I reaped from your name or your fortune. Judge then, my dearest Mr. B., what my grief and my disappointment must be !

But I will not expostulate : *I will not*, because it *must* be to no purpose ; for could my tender love, and my chearful duty, have kept you steady, I should not now have appear'd before you in this solemn manner ; and I know the charms of my rival are too powerful for me to contend with them. Nothing but divine grace can touch your heart ; and I expect not, from the nature of the case, that your self-conquest should be instantaneous.

I will therefore, sir, dear as you are to me [Do not look with such tender surprise upon me !] give up your person to my happier rival. For, since such is your will, and such seem to be your engagements, what avails it to oppose them ?

I have only to beg that you will be so good as to permit me to go down to Kent, to my father and mother, who, with many more, are daily rejoicing in your bounty.

I will there (holding up my folded hands) pray for you every hour of my life ; and for every one, who shall be dear to you, not excepting the Countess of S.

I will never take your name into my lips, nor suffer any other in my hearing, but with reverence and gratitude, for the good I and mine *have* reap'd at your hands ; nor will I wish to be freed from my obligations to you, except you shall chuse to be divorced from me ; and if you should, I will give your wishes all the forwardness that I honourably can with regard to my own character, and yours, and that of your beloved infant.

But you must give me something worth living for along with me : you must give me your Billy ! If you tear from my arms my *second* earthly good, after I am depriv'd of you, my *first*, my death must soon follow.

I will, there, sir, dedicate all my time to my first duties ; happier far, than *once* I could have hoped to be ! And if, by any accident, any misunderstanding, between you and the lady, I can pity, and being able to pity, forgive, (pardon your proud Pamela) you should part by consent, and you will have it so, my hopes shall be resum'd of being an instrument still of your future good, and my heart, which never knew, nor can ever know another lord, will receive your returning heart, as if nothing had happen'd, the moment I can be sure you will be wholly mine.

For, think not, dear sir, whatever be your notions of polygamy, that I will, were my life to depend upon it, consent to live with a husband dear as, GOD is my witness, (lifting up my tearful eyes) you are to me, who lives in what I cannot but think open sin with another ! You *know*, sir, and I appeal to you for the purity, and I will aver, piety of my motives,

when I say this, that I *would not*; and as you do know this I cannot doubt, but my proposal will be agreeable to you both. And I beg of you, dear sir, to take me at my word; and do not let me be tortur'd, as I have been for weeks, with an anguish of mind, which religious considerations only have made supportable to me.

And are you in earnest, Pamela? coming to me, and folding me in his arms over the chair's back: can you so easily part with me?

I can, sir, and I will, (tho' not easily, Heaven is my witness!) rather than divide my interest in you, knowingly, with any woman upon earth. But say not, however, Can I part with you, sir; it is you that part with me: and tell me, sir, tell me but, what you had intended should become of me?

You talk to me, my dearest life, as if all you had heard were true; and you would have me answer you, (would you!) as if I owned it to be so?

I am convinced, sir, that the lady loves you: you know the rest of my information: judge for me, what I can, what I ought to believe!—You know the rumours of the world concerning you both; even I, who stay so much at home, and have not taken the least pains to find out my wretchedness, nor to confirm it, since I heard of it, have come at the knowledge of it; and if you know the licence taken with both your characters, and yet correspond so openly, must it not look to me, that you value not your honour in the world's eye, nor the lady hers? I told you, sir, the answer she made to her uncle.

You told me, my dear, as you were told. Be tender of a lady's reputation—for your own sake. No one is exempt from calumny; and even words said, and the occasion of saying them not known, may bear a very different construction from what they would have done, had the occasion been told.

This may be all true, sir: I wish the lady would be as tender of her reputation as I would be. But can you say, sir, that there is nothing between you and her, that should *not* be, according to *my* notions of virtue and honour, and according to your *own*, which I took pride in, before that fatal masquerade?

You answer me not, continued I; and may I not fairly presume you are not able to answer me as I wish to be answered? But come, dearest sir, (and I put my arms round his neck) let me not urge you too boldly, I will never forget your past benefits and kindness to me. I have been a happy creature: no one, till within these few weeks, was ever so happy as I. I will love you still with an unabated passion: absence shall not, it cannot, lessen such a love as mine. I see your difficulties. You have gone too far to recede. If you can make it easy to your conscience, I will wait with patience my happier destiny; and I will wish to live, (if I can be convinc'd you wish me not to die) in order to pray for you, and to be a directress to the first education of your Billy.—You sigh, dear sir; repose your beloved face on my fond heart. It is all your own: and ever shall be, let it, or let it not, in your estimation, be worthy of a return. But yet, my dear Mr. B., if one could as easily, in the prime of youth, look twenty years forward, as one can as many backward, what an empty vanity, what a mere nothing, would be all those grosser gratifications that now give wings of desire to a debased appetite? Motives of religion *will* have their due force upon your mind one day, I hope; as, blessed be GOD, they have enabled *me* to talk to you on such a touching point (after infinite struggles, I own) with so much temper and resignation; and then, my dearest Mr.

B., when we come to that last bed, from which the piety of our friends shall lift us, but from which we shall never be able to raise ourselves; for, dear sir, your Countess, and you, and your poor Pamela, must all come to this!—we shall find what it is will give us the true joy, and enable us to support the pangs of the dying hour. Think you, my dearest sir, (and I pressed his forehead with my lips, as his head was reclin'd on my throbbing bosom) that *then*, in that important moment, what now gives us the greatest pleasure, will have any part in our consideration, but as it may give us woe or comfort in the reflection?—But I will not, I will not, O best beloved of my soul, afflict you further! Why should I thus overcloud your gaudy prospects? I have said enough to such a heart as yours, if divine grace touches it: and if not, all I can say, will be of no avail. I will leave you therefore to that, and to your own reflections. And after giving you ten thousand thanks for your kind, indulgent patience with me, I will only beg, that I may set out in a week for Kent with your Billy; that you will receive one letter, at least, from me, of gratitude and blessings; it shall not be of upbraidings and exclamations. But you must not deny me my child! If you do, I shall haunt like a shadow, every place where he is. And if, moreover, you will permit me to have Miss Goodwin with me (you had almost given me room to hope you would) I will read over all the books of education, that are in English, and digest them as well as I am able, in order to send you my scheme, and to shew you how fit I hope your *indulgence*, at least, will make you think of me, of having two such precious trusts reposed in me.

I was silent, waiting in tears his answer. But his generous heart was touch'd, and seem'd to labour for expression.

After a few moments silence, he pushed the chairs aside, and took me in his arms: Exalted goodness! said he; noble-minded Pamela! Let no bar be put between us henceforth! I wonder not when I look back to your first promising dawn of excellence that your fuller day should thus irresistibly dazzle such weak eyes as mine. Whatever it costs me, and I have been inconsiderately stimulated by blind passion for an object too charming, but which I never thought equal to my Pamela, I will (for it is yet, I bless God, in my power) restore to your virtue a husband all your own.

O sir, sir! (and I should have sunk down with joy, had not his kind arms supported me) what have you said! Am I so happy as to behold the lord of my heart innocent as to deed; GOD, of his infinite goodness, continue you and the lady *both* so! Oh! that she would make me as truly love her for the graces of her mind, as I admire her for her personal excellence!

You are virtue itself, my dearest life; and from this moment I will reverence you as my tutelary angel. I shall behold you with awe, and implicitly give up myself to your counsel; for what you *say*, and what you *do*, must be ever right. Dearest creature! What apprehensions of a disordered mind have your uncommon manner, and raised sentiments, given me! By your manner, and by those sentiments, I see how dear I am to you. Forget the pain I have given you. We have been very happy. I still love you above all the women in the world. I solemnly assure you, that I will break off a correspondence, that has given you so much uneasiness: and my beloved wife, my Pamela, may believe, that if I can be as good as my word in this point, she will never be in danger from any rival whatever.

But say, my sweet love, proceeded the dearest of men, say you forgive me; and resume but your former cheerfulness (else I shall suspect the sin-

cerity of your forgiveness) and you shall indeed go to Kent ; but not without me, nor your Billy neither ; and, if you insist upon it, the poor girl you have so often, and so generously wished to have in your protection, shall be given up absolutely to your care.

Do you think, madam, I could speak any one distinct sentence ? Indeed I could not—Pardon, pardon *you*, dear sir ! (and I sunk down on my knees, from his arms)—All I beg—All I hope—*Your* pardon—*my* thankfulness—O spare me, spare me, but words—And indeed I was just choak'd with my joy : I never was so particularly affected before.

We were forced to separate soon after : for there was no bearing our mutual sensibilities. He left me, and went down to his own closet.

I am sure, my dear lady, you will judge of my employment, I had new ecstasy to be bless'd with in a thankfulness so exalted, that it left me all light and pleasant, as if I had shook off body, and trod in air ; so much heaviness had I lost, and so much joy had I received ! From two such extremes how was it possible I could presently enjoy the medium ! For when I had given up my beloved husband, as lost to me, and had dreaded the consequences to his future state ; to find him not only untainted as to deed, but, in all probability, mine upon better and surer terms than ever ; O madam ! must not this give a joy beyond all joy, and surpassing all expression !

About eight o'clock Mr. B. sent me up these lines from his closet, which will explain what I meant, as to the papers I must beg your ladyship to return me.

“MY DEAR PAMELA,—I have so much real concern for the anguish I have given you, by my inconsideration, and am so much affected with the recollection of the uncommon scenes which passed between us just now, that I write, because I know not how to look so excellent a creature in the face. You must therefore sup without me, and as your spirits may be too much raised, take your Jervis to rest with you ; who, I doubt not, knows all this affair ; and you may tell her the happy event.

“You must not interfere with me just now, my dear, while I am writing upon a subject which takes up all my attention ; and which requiring great delicacy, I may possibly be all night before I can please myself in it.

“I am determin'd, absolutely, to make good my promise to you. But if you have written to your mother, to Miss Darnford, or to Lady Davers, any thing of this affair, you must shew me the copies of your letters, and let me into every tittle how you came by your information. I solemnly promise you, on my honour (which has not been violated to you, and I hope never will), that not a soul shall know or suffer by the communication, not even Turner ; for I am confident he has had some hand in it. This request you must comply with, if you can confide in me ; for I shall make some use of it (as prudent a one as I am able), for the sake of every one concerned, in the conclusion of the correspondence between the lady and myself. Whatever you may have said, in the fervour of your spirit, in the letters I require to see, or whatever any of those to whom they are directed shall say, on the evil appearance, shall be forgiven, and looked upon as deserved by

“YOUR EVER-OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL, &c.”

I return'd the following :

“DEAREST, DEAR SIR,—I will not break in upon you while you are so importantly employed. Mrs. Jervis has indeed seen my concern for some time past, and I believe has heard rumours : but her prudence, and my

reserves, have kept us from saying any thing to each other of it. Neither my mother, nor Miss Darnford, know a tittle of it from me. I have received a letter of civility from Miss Darnford, and have answered it, taking and giving thanks for the pleasure of each other's company, and best respects from her, and the Lincolnshire families, to your dear self. These, my copy, and her original, you shall see when you please. But, in truth, all that has passed is between Lady Davers and me, and I have not kept copies of mine ; but I will dispatch a messenger to her ladyship for them, if you please, in the morning, before 'tis light ; not doubting your kind promise of excusing every thing and every body.

"I beg, dear sir, you will take care your health suffers not by your sitting up ; for the night is cold and rainy.

"I will, now you have given me the liberty, let Mrs. Jervis know how happy you have made me ; and that there is no foundation for the rumours spread by people delighting in scandal.

"GOD bless you, dear sir, for all your goodness to Your ever-dutiful

"P. B."

He was pleased to return me this :

"MY DEAR LIFE,—You need not be in such haste to send. If you write to Lady Davers, how the matter has ended, let me see the copy of it : and be very particular in the account of *your*, or rather *my* trial. It shall be a standing lesson to me for my future instruction ; and it will be a fresh demonstration of your excellence. I am glad Lady Davers only knows the matter. I think I ought to avoid seeing you, till I can assure you, that every thing is accommodated to your wishes. Longman has sent me some advices, which will make it proper for me to meet him either at Bedford or Gloucester. I will not go to Tunbridge till I have all your papers : you will have three days' time to procure them. Your Billy, and your pen, will find no disagreeable employment till I return. Nevertheless, on secondary thoughts, I will do myself the pleasure of breakfasting with you in the morning, to re-assure you of my unalterable purpose to approve myself, my dearest life,

"EVER FAITHFULLY YOURS."

Thus, I hope, is happily ended this dreadful affair. My next shall inform your ladyship of the particulars of our breakfast conversation. But I would not slip this post, without acquainting you with this blessed turn ; and to beg the favour of you to send me back my letters ; which will lay a new obligation upon—Dear Madam, Your obliged Sister, and humble
 P. B.

LETTER CVI.

MY DEAREST LADY,—Your joyful correspondent has obtained leave to get every thing ready to quit London by Friday next, when your kind brother promises to carry me down to Kent, and allows me to take my little charmer with me. There's happiness, madam ! To see, as I hope I shall see, upon one blessed spot, a faithful husband, a beloved child, and an indulgent father and mother !

Mr. B. told me this voluntarily this morning at breakfast. And now, according to my promise, let me give your ladyship the particulars of what passed at the time.

I bid Polly withdraw, when her master entered ; and as soon as I heard his well-known and welcome step at the door, I ran to meet him, and throwing myself on my knees, Forgive me, dearest dear sir, said I all my

boldness of yesterday! My heart was strangely affected, or I could not have acted as I did.

But never fear, my dearest Mr. B., that my future conduct will be different from what it used to be, or that I shall retain a spirit, which you hardly thought had place in your dutiful Pamela, till she was thus severely tried.

I have weighed well your conduct, my dear life, raising me; and I find a surprising uniformity in it. There is in your composition, indeed, the strangest mixture of meekness and high spirit that ever was found in woman. Never was there a saucier dear girl than you, in your maiden days, when you thought your honour in danger; never a more condescending one, when your fears were at an end. Now, again, when you had reason, as you believed, to apprehend a conduct in me unworthy of my obligations to you, and of your virtue, you rise in your spirit with a dignity that becomes an injured person: and yet you forget not, in the height of your resentment, that angelic sweetness of temper, and readiness to forgive, which so well become a woman who practises what you practise. My dearest Pamela, I see, continued he, serves not GOD for nought: in a better sense I speak it than the maligner spoke it of Job: since in every action of yours, the heavenly direction you so constantly invoke shews itself thus apparently.

He led me to the tea-table, and sat down by me. Polly came in. If every thing, said he, is here that your mistress wants, you may withdraw; and let Colbrand and Abraham know, I shall be with them presently.

Polly withdrew.

You are all goodness, sir: how generously do you account for that mixture in my temper you speak of!—Depend upon it, dear sir, I will never grow upon your indulgence.

I have *loved* you, my dear, said he, with a passionate fondness, that has not, I dare say, many examples in the married life: but I *revere* you now. And so great is my reverence for your virtue, that I chose to sit up all night, as I now do to leave you for a few days, until, by disengaging myself from all intercourses that have given me uneasiness, I can convince you that I have rendered myself as worthy as I can be of such an angel. I will account to you, continued he, for every step I *shall* take, and will reveal to you every step I *have* taken: for this I *can* do, because the lady's honour is untainted, and wicked rumour has treated her worse than she could deserve.

I rejoiced, as I told him, for her own sake, to hear this. Changing the subject a little precipitately, as if it gave him pain, he told me that I might prepare on Friday for Kent: and I parted with him with greater pleasure than ever I did in my life. So necessary sometimes are afflictions, not only to teach one how to subdue one's passions, and to make us, in our happiest states, know we are still on earth, but even when they are over-blown, to augment and redouble our joys!

I am now making preparations for my desirable journey, and for quitting this undelightful town. My next will be from Kent, I hope. I am, my dearest lady, with the deepest gratitude for the kind share you have taken in my past afflictions,—Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER CVII.

INCLOSED, my dearest Pamela, are all the letters you send for. I re-

joyce with you upon the turn this threatening affair has taken, through your inimitable prudence, and a courage I thought not in you. A wretch! to give you so much discomposure!—But I will not, if he be good now, rave at him, as I was going to do. I am impatient to hear what account he gives of the matter. I hope he will be able to abandon this—I will not call her names; for she loves the wretch; and that, if he be just to *you*, will be her punishment.

What care ought these young widows to take of their reputations? And how watchful ought they to be over themselves? She was hardly out of her weeds, and yet must go to a masquerade, and tempt her fate, with all her passions about her, with an independence and affluence, that made her able to think of nothing but gratifying them.

Her lord and she had been married but barely two years; and one of those, with the gayest temper in the world, she was forced to be his nurse, in a consumptive disorder, of which he died.

She has good qualities; is generous, noble; but has strong passions, and is thoughtless, not to say giddy.

My lord came home to me last Tuesday, with a long story of my brother and her; for I had kept the matter as secret as I could, for my brother's sake and yours. It seems he had it from Sir John Colvert, who is very earnest to bring on a treaty of marriage between her and his nephew, the young Lord C., who is a fine young gentleman, and deeply in love with her; but has held back, on the liberties she has lately given herself with my brother.

But I would not alarm you. We will wait, my dear, for his account of this dark affair. In the mean time I congratulate you upon the leave you have obtained to quit London, for a place which tho' nearer to Tunbridge, must be so much more delightful to you, on every account, than *that* can be. Assure yourself, that I am, in all cases, and will be in all events, Your affectionate Sister,

B. DAVERS.

P.S. Your *bar*, and some other parts of your conduct in your *trial*, as you call it, make me (as, by your account, it seemed to do him) apprehensive, that you would hardly have been able to keep your head, had this affair proceeded. As this would have been the most deplorable misfortune that could have befallen us, who love and admire you so justly, my joy is redoubled that it is likely to end so happily, as I hope it will.

LETTER CVIII.—MRS. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

MR. B., my dearest lady, came back from Bedfordshire to his time. Every thing being in readiness, we set out for Kent.

We were met by my father and mother in a chaise and pair, which your kind brother had presented to them, unknown to me, that they might often take the air together, and go to church, which is at some distance from them. The driver is cloathed in a good brown cloth suit, but no livery; for that my parents could not have borne, as Mr. B.'s goodness made him consider.

Your ladyship must needs think, how we were all overjoy'd at this meeting: for my own part, I cannot express how much I was transported when we arrived at the farm-house, to see so many whom I justly delighted in, upon one happy spot together!

Mr. B. is much pleased with the alterations made here. It is a truly rural, and convenient house.

We were welcomed into these parts by the bells, and by the minister, and people of most note; and were at church together on *Sunday*.

Mr. B. is to set out on *Tuesday* for Tunbridge, with my papers. May a happy issue attend that affair! He has given me the following particulars of it, to the time of my trial, beginning at the masquerade: his ingenuousness will convince you, my dear lady, that I have not the more reason for apprehensions, for being as you was pleased to hint, so much *nearer* to Tunbridge, than I was at London.

He says, that at the masquerade, when, pleased with the shape, air, and voice, of the faulty nun, he had followed her to a corner most unobserv'd, she said, in Italian, Why are my retirements invaded, audacious Spaniard?

Because, my dear nun, I hope you would have it so.

I can no otherwise, returned she, strike dead thy bold presumption, than to shew thee my scorn and anger thus—And unmasking, she surpris'd me, said Mr. B., with a face as beautiful, but her features not so truly feminine, as my Pamela's.—And I, (said Mr. B.) to shew I can defy your resentment, will shew you a face as intrepid, as yours is lovely. And then he also drew aside his mask.

He says, He observed his fair nun followed, wherever she went, by a mask habited like *Testimony* in Sir Courtly Nice, whose attention was fixed upon her and him; and he doubted not, that it was Mr. Turner. He therefore and the nun took different ways, to avoid him, and then it was that he joined me and Miss Darnford, and found me engaged in the manner I related to your ladyship, in a former letter; and his nun unexpectedly at his elbow.

As he was afterwards engag'd in French with a lady who had the dress of an Indian princess, and the mask of an Ethiopian, his fair nun said, in broken Spanish, Art thou at all complexions? By St. Ignatius, I believe thou art a rover!

I am endeavouring, replied he, in Italian, to find in this multitude of fine women one comparable to my lovely nun.

And what is the result?

Not one; no, not one.

I wish you could not help being in earnest, said she; and slid from him.

He engag'd her next at the side-board, drinking under her veil a glass of champaign. You know, Pamela, said he, there never was a sweeter mouth in the world, than Lady S.'s, except your own. She drew away the glass, as if, unobserv'd by any body, to shew me the lower part of her face.

I cannot but say, continued he, that I was struck with her manner, and an unreservedness of air and behaviour, that I had not before seen so becoming. The place, and the freedom allowed there, gave her great advantages in my eye, tho' her habit requir'd from her, as I thought, a little more reserve, at least affectation of reserve. And I could not tell how to resist a secret pride and vanity, which is but too natural to both sexes, when they are taken notice of by persons they think worthy of regard.

Naturally fond of every thing that carry'd the face of an intrigue, I long'd to know, proceeded he, who this charming nun was. And next time I engag'd her, My good sister, said I, how happy should I be, if I might be admitted to a conversation with you at your gate!

Answer me, said she, thou bold Spaniard (bold, on different occasions, she seem'd fond to call me, which gave me to imagine, that boldness was

a qualification with which she was not displeas'd : it is not unusual with our vain sex, observ'd he, to construe even reproaches to our advantage) ; is the lady here, whose shackles thou wearest ?

Do I look like a man shackled, my fairest nun ?

N—No ! not *much* like such an one. But I fancy thy wife is either a *widow*, or a *quaker* ?

Neither, reply'd I, taking, by equivocation, her question literally.

And art thou not a marry'd wretch ? Answer me quickly ! We are observ'd.

No, said I.

Swear to me, thou art not.

By St. Ignatius then : for, my dear, I was no *wretch*, you know.

Enough ! said she ; and slid away ; and the fanatic would fain have engag'd her ; but she avoided him as industriously.

Before I was aware, continued Mr. B., she was at my elbow, and, in Italian, said, That fair quaker yonder is the wit of the assemblée : her eyes seem always directed to your motions.

Dost thou, said she, hate shackles ? Or is it, that thy hour is not yet come ?

I wish, reply'd he, this be not the hour, the very hour ; pretending to sigh.

She went again to the side-board, and put her handkerchief upon it. Mr. B. follow'd her, and observ'd all her motions. She drank a glass of lemonade, as he of burgundy ; and a person in a domino, who was supposed to be the King, passing by, took up every one's attention but Mr. B.'s, who eyed her handkerchief, not doubting but she laid it there on purpose to forget to take it up. Accordingly she left it there ; and slipping by him, he, unobserv'd, as he believes, put it in his pocket, and at one corner found the cover of a letter, To the Right Honourable the Countess Dowager of S.

After this, she was so shy, so reserved, and seem'd so studiously to avoid him, that he had no opportunity to return her handkerchief ; and the fanatic, observing how she shunn'd him, said, in French, What, monsieur, have you done to your nun ?

I found her to be a very coquet, replied Mr. B. ; and told her so ; and she is offend'd.

How could you affront a lady, interrogated he, with such a *charming face* ?

By that, I had reason to think, said Mr. B., that he had seen her unmask ; and I said, it becomes not any character, but that you wear, to pry into the secrets of others, in order to make ill-natur'd remarks, and perhaps to take ungentlemanlike advantages.

No man would make that observation, returned he, whose views would bear prying into.

I was nettled, said Mr. B., at this free retort, and drew aside my mask : nor would any man, who wore not a mask, tell me so !

He took not the challenge, and slid from me, and I saw him no more that night.

So ! thought I, another instance this might have been of the glorious consequences of masquerading. O my lady, these masquerades are abominable things !

The King, they said, met with a free speaker that night : in truth, I was not very sorry for it ; for if monarchs will lay aside their sovereign

distinctions, and mingle thus in masquerade with the lowest, and perhaps worst, of their subjects, let them take the consequence. Perhaps they might have a chance to hear more truth here than in their palaces; the only good that possibly can accrue from being present at such an amusement: yet that is according to the use they make of the freedoms taken with them; since, you see, my monarch, tho' told the truth, as it happen'd, receiv'd the hint with more resentment than thankfulness!—So, too likely, it might be with the monarch of us both.

And now, madam, you need not doubt, but so polite a man would find an opportunity to return the nun her handkerchief! For what man of honour would rob a lady of any part of her apparel? And should he who wanted to steal a heart, content himself with a handkerchief? The very next day, therefore, after dinner, the earliest opportunity he could well take, because of the late hours the night before, he went to the lady's house: asked for her: was shewn into an outward parlour: her woman came down; required his name, and business. His name he mention'd not. His business was, to restore into her lady's own hands, something she had dropp'd the night before. The lady's woman went up to her mistress.

I should have told your ladyship, that he was richly dressed in an olive-coloured velvet, and fine brocaded waistcoat; having no design at all to make conquests; not he! (O this wicked love of intrigue!) I said, when he took leave of me, you look charmingly, Mr. B.—but little did I think, when I plaited so smooth his lac'd ruffles, and bosom, to go thither, what he had in his plotting heart.—He went, indeed, in his own chariot: so that he had no design absolutely to conceal who he was. But intrigue, a new conquest, vanity, pride!—O these men! They had need talk of women! But we are not a little in fault, to encourage their vanity.

He waited till his stateliness was moved to send up again. And then down she came, in a rich undress; but with a very reserved and stately air—He approached her—Methinks I see him: you know, madam, what a noble manner of address he has!

He took the handkerchief, from his bosom, with an air; and kissing it, presented it to her, saying, This snow-white estray, thus restored, begs, by me, to be acknowledged by its lovely owner!

What mean you, sir? Who are you, sir? What mean you?

Your ladyship will excuse me: but I am incapable of meaning any thing but what is honourable. [*Honourable!* I fancy is the first word used on these occasions by such as think there is reason to suspect their honour.] This, madam, proceeded he, you left last night, when the domine took up every one's attention but mine, which was much better engag'd.

She turn'd to the mark; a coronet, at one corner. 'Tis true, sir, I see now it is one of mine: but such a trifle was not worth being brought by such a gentleman as you seem to be; nor of my trouble to receive it, in person. Your servant, sir, might have deliver'd the bagatelle to mine.

Nothing should be called so, that belongs to the Countess of S.

She was no Countess, sir, that dropp'd that handkerchief; and a gentleman would not attempt to penetrate, *unbecomingly*, through the disguises a lady thinks proper to assume; especially at such a place, where enquiry should begin and end.

This, my dear Lady Davers, from a lady who had unmasked—because *she would not be known!*—Oh! these slight cobweb airs of

modesty, so easily seen thro' ! From such marks of inconsideration are men encouraged to reflect on our sex.

She had looked out of her window, and seen no arms quarter'd with his own ; for you know, madam, I would never permit any to be procured for me : so, she doubted not, it seems, but he was a single man, as he had intimated to her the night before.

He told her, it was impossible, after having had the happiness of seeing the finest woman in the world, not to wish to see her again : he hop'd he did not, *unbecomingly*, intrude : nor had he made any enquiries either on the spot, or off of it, after the owner of the handkerchief ; having had a much better direction by accident.

As how, sir ? said she, as he told me, with so bewitching an air, bewtween attentive and pleasant, that the bold man, forgetting all manner of decorum, clasped his arms about her, and saluted her, struggling with anger and indignation, he says : it might be so.

Whence this insolence ? How now, sir ? Begone ! were her words, and she rung the bell ; but he set his back against the door, and would stay there till she forgave him. It was plain she was not so angry as she pretended ; for her woman coming, she was calmer : Aylmer, said she, fetch my snuff-box, with the lavender in it.

Her woman went ; and then she said, You told me, sir, last night, of your intrepidity : I think you are the boldest man I ever met with : but surely, sir, you ought to know, that you are not now in the *Hay-market*.

Her irresistible loveliness serv'd for an excuse, that she could not disapprove from a man she disliked not ; and his irresistible——may I say, assurance ?——found too ready an excuse.

Well, but, sir, said I, pray, when her ladyship was made acquainted, that you were a marry'd man, how then ? Pray, did *she* find it out, or did *you* tell her ?

Patience, my dear ! I then, proceeded he, put on a more respectful and tender air : I would have taken her hand indeed, but she would not permit it ; and when she saw I would not go, till her lavender snuff came down, (for so I told her, and her woman was not in haste) she seated herself ; and I took my place by her, and began upon a subject of a charming woman I saw the night before, after I had parted with her ladyship, but not equal by any means to her. I was confident this would engage her attention ; for I never knew the woman, who thought herself handsome, that was not taken by this subject. Flattery and admiration, Pamela, are the engines by which our sex make their first approaches to the hearts of yours ; and if you listen to us, we are sure to succeed, either by the sap or the mine, and blow you up, when ever we please.

When the snuff came down, continu'd he, we were engaged in an agreeable debate, which I had raised on purpose to excite her attention : and in order to give it up, when she was intent upon it, as a mark of my consideration for her.

But did she not ask you, sir, who you were ?

She did : but in such a hurry, that the question gave way to another. Her servants, however, asked mine : and her woman (for I knew all when we were better acquainted) came, and whisper'd her lady, that I was Mr. B. of Bedfordshire ; and had a great estate ; to which they were so kind as to add two or three hundred pounds a year, out of pure goodwill to me : I thank them.

But pray, dear sir, what had you in view in all this? Did you from the first intend to carry this matter as far as you could?

I had, at first, my dear, no view, but such as pride and vanity suggested to me. I was carried away by inconsideration, and the love of intrigue, without so much as giving myself any thought about the consequences. The lady, I observed, had abundance of fine qualities. I thought I could converse with her on a very agreeable foot; and her honour, I knew, would preserve mine. But all this time, I prefer'd my Pamela to all the women on earth; and question'd not, but my affection for you, and your virtue, would be another barrier to my fidelity.

As to the notion of polygamy, I (like other lively young fellows, who think they have wit to shew, when they advance something out of the common way) never but in the levity of speech, had it my head. I thought myself doubly bound by the laws of my country, to discourage that doctrine, as I was a five hundredth part of one of the branches of the legislature; and, inconsiderable as that is, yet it makes one too considerable, in my opinion, to break those laws, one should rather join to enforce.

In a word, therefore, proceeded he, pride, vanity, thoughtlessness, as I have owned, were my misguiders. The lady's honour and character, and your virtue and merit, and my obligations to you, were as I thought, my safeguards: but I find that we should avoid the first appearances of evil. Where there are wit and beauty on one side, and youth and strong passions on the other, it is presumptuous to rely upon our own strength.

You certainly, sir, say right. But be pleased to tell me what her ladyship said, when she knew you were marry'd?

Her woman was in my interest, and let me into some of her lady's secrets: and particularly acquainted me, how loth her lady was to believe I was married. I had paid her three visits in town, and attended her once to her seat upon the forest, before she heard that I was. But when she was assured of it, and directed her Aylmer to ask me about it, and I readily own'd it, she was greatly incensed, tho' nothing but general civilities had passed between us. The consequence was, she forbade me ever visiting her again, and set out with her sister, and Lord T. for Tunbridge, where she stay'd three weeks.

I thought I had already gone too far, and blam'd myself for permitting her so long to believe me a single man; and here the matter had dropp'd, in all probability, had not a ball, given by Lord P., to which, unknown to each other, we were both, as also Lady T. invited, brought us again into each other's company.

The lady, after a while, withdrew with her sister to another apartment; and sent for me; being resolved upon a personal recrimination; and, having spoken all her mind, never to see me more. Now, my Pamela, this, I must own, was an inconsiderateness in Lady S., and the greater condescension in her as our meeting was accidental. But, indeed, a woman in general cases, even where the man and she are both single, should never allow herself to meet the lover she is determined to break with, for the purpose of recriminating: because she shews by it, that he is of consequence with her; and because it gives him an opportunity to gloss over, perhaps to a too credulous ear, a conduct, that to an unprejudiced one, possibly, could not be defended.

She upbraided me with warmth on my having passed to her as a single man: and her sister joined in the reproach.

I own'd frankly, that it was rather gaiety than design, that made me give cause, at the masquerade, for her to think I was not marry'd; for that I had a wife, who had a thousand excellencies, and was my pride and my boast: that I held it very possible for a man and woman to carry on an innocent and honourable friendship, in a *family* way; and I was sure, when she and her sister saw my wife, they would not be displeas'd with her acquaintance. I own'd that it was a fault, even in gallantry at the masquerade, to have given reason for her ladyship to think I was a single man: but having so done, I was loth officiously tell the truth, tho' it never was my intention to conceal it.

She answer'd: I replied; and, in short, acquitted myself so well to both ladies, that a family intimacy was consented to.

I renew'd my visits, and we account'd to each other's punctilio, by entering into a kind of *platonick* engagement.

But, my dear Pamela, I must own myself extremely blameable, because I knew the world, and human nature, I will say, better than the lady could do; she never before had been trusted into the world upon her own feet; and, notwithstanding that wit and vivacity which every one admires in her, gave herself little time for consideration, as she had met with a man whose person and conversation she did not dislike, and whose circumstances and spirit set him above sordid or mercenary views: and besides, I made myself useful to her in some of her affairs, whereto she had been grossly impos'd upon; which brought us into more intimate and frequent conversations, than otherwise we should have had pretences for.

I ought therefore to have more carefully guarded against inconveniences, which I knew were so likely to arise from such familiar intercourses; and the rather, as I hinted, because the lady had no apprehension at all of any: so that, my dear, if I have no excuse from human frailty, from youth, and the charms of the object, I am entirely destitute of any.

I see, Mr. B., said I, there is a great deal to be said for the lady. But such a fine woman, with all her inconsideration, had been safe, and so, pardon me, sir, would the gentleman, with all his intriguing spirit, had it not been for these vile masquerades. Never, dear sir, think of going to another.

A masquerade, replied he, is a diversion, I own, that I was pleas'd with; but I now think I should, for that very reason, have restrain'd myself; since those, I am convinc'd, are least of all to be trust'd at them, who are most desirous to go to them.

This generous openness, cannot, sir, but be grateful to me; and the more as it tends to convince me, that the lady was less blameable than I apprehended she was: for dearly do I love, for the honour of my sex, to find women of birth and quality, who have so many opportunities of knowing and practising their duties, above what meaner persons can have, innocent. Else, while the *one* fails from ignorance, it will look as if the *others* were faulty from inclination: and what a disgrace is that upon the sex in general? And what a triumph to the wicked ones of yours?

Well observ'd, my dear!

But, dear sir, proceed if you please. Your reconciliation is now effected: a fourfold friendship is commencing. And Lady T. and myself are to find cement for the erecting of an edifice, that is to be devoted to *platonick* love. What, may I ask, came next? And what did you design should be the result of all?

The Oxford journey, my dear, follow'd next: and it was my fault, that

you were not a party in it : for both ladies were very desirous of your company : but it being about the time of your going abroad, after your lying-in, I excused you to them. Yet they both long'd to see you ; especially, as by this time, you may believe, they knew all your story ; and besides, whenever you were mention'd, I always did justice, as well to your mind, as to your person ; and this, not only for the sake of justice, but to say truth, because it gave the two sisters, and Lord T. less cause of suspicion, that I had any dishonourable designs upon the dowager lady.

Now I have mention'd the justice I always did your character and merit, proceeded he, you will have no reason, my dear, to be displeas'd, in the main, with a comparison, which once the lady's curiosity drew from me, between your features and hers.

She and I were alone at the bow-window of her closet, which commands a fine view over Windsor forest, but which view we could not enjoy ; for it rain'd, and blew a hurricane almost, which detained us within, tho' we were ready dress'd to go abroad.

I began a subject, which never fails to make the worst of weather agreeable to a fine woman ; that of praising her beauty, and the symmetry of her features, telling her, how much I thought every graceful one in her face adorn'd the rest, as if they were all form'd to give and receive advantage from each other.

Keep your distance, Mr. B., said she. Does your magnifying thus egregiously the graces you impute to my outward form, agree with your *platonic* scheme ? Your eye, penetrating as you imagine it to be, pierces not deep enough for a *platonic*, if you cannot look farther than the white and the blue, and discover the circulation of the spirit ; for our friendship is all mind, you know.

True, madam ; but if the face is the index of the mind, when I contemplate yours, I see and revere the beauties of both in one. And what *platonic* law forbids us to do justice to the one, when we admire the other ?

Well, sit you down, Mr. B., sit you down, and answer me a question or two on this subject, since you will be always raising my vanity upon it.

I did, lifting *only* her hand to my lips—[*Only*, my dear Lady Davers ! I said nothing to his word *only* ; but thought the word meant too much for a *platonic*.]

Tell me now of a truth, proceeded she, with all the charms your flattery gives me, Which is the most lovely, your Pamela, or I ?

I told her you were both incomparable, in a different way.

Well, said she, I give up person and air in general, because I have heard, that she has advantages in both above most women : but for a few particulars, as to *face* (invidious as the comparison may be, and concern'd as you are to justify your choice) I will begin with the hair, Mr. B., Whose hair is of most advantage to her complexion ?

Your ladyship's delicate light brown is extremely beautiful, and infinitely better becomes your complexion and features, than would that shining auburn, which suits best with my girl's.

You must know, Pamela, I always called you *my girl*, to her, as I do frequently to yourself and others.

So she excels me there, I find, said the lady.

I do not say so.

The forehead, Mr. B. ?

My girl, madam, has a noble openness and freedom, yet dignity, in her forehead, which bespeaks her mind, and every body's favour, the moment

she appears : your ladyship's allow me to say, next to hers, is the finest I ever saw.

So !—*Next* to her's ! rubbing her forehead.

—Well, Brow, Mr. B. ?

Your ladyship's fine arch'd brow is a beauty in your fair face, that a pencil cannot reach : but then your fairer hair shews it not to that advantage, I must take the liberty to say, which her darker hair gives to hers ; for, as to COMPLEXION, you are both so charmingly fair, that I cannot, for my life, tell to which to give the preference.

Well, well, foolish man, said she peevishly, thou art strangely taken with thy girl ! I wish thou wouldst go about thy business ! What signifies a little bad weather to men ?—But if my complexion is as good as hers, hers must look fairer, because of her dark hair.—I shall come poorly off, I find !—The eyes, however.

For black eyes in my girl, and blue in your ladyship, they are both the loveliest I ever beheld. And, Pamela, I was wicked enough to say, That it would be the sweetest travelling in the world, to have you both placed at fifty miles distance from each other, and to pass the prime of one's life from black to blue, and from blue to black ; and it would be impossible to know which to prefer, but those of the person present.

Fine *platonick* travelling ! thought I to myself. But I only said, Ah Mr. B., was you not worse than the lady a great deal ?

Lady S. is not bad, my dear. I was only in fault.

But what, sir, did she say to you ?

Say ! why, the saucy lady did what very few ladies have ever done : she made the powder fly out of my wig with her nimble fingers.

Well, sir, did you proceed further in your comparison ?

I knew, my dear, you would not let me finish at half your picture. O Pamela, who says you are absolutely perfect ? Who says, there is no *sex* in your *mind* ? and tapp'd my shoulder.

All is owing, sir, to the pride I take in your opinion of me. I care not, but for your credit, how indifferent I appear in the eyes of all the world besides.

The cheek came next, proceeded he. I allow'd her ladyship to have a livelier carmine in hers ; and that it was somewhat rounder, her ladyship being a little plumper than my girl ; but told her that *your* face being rather smaller featur'd of the two, there was an inimitably finer turn in yours, than I had ever seen in my life, in any woman's.

She stroked her cheek. Very well, sir, said she ; you are determin'd to mortify me. But, if you have a *view* in this, you will be greatly mistaken, I assure you : for, let me tell you, sir, the lady who can think meanly of herself, is any man's purchase. *Platonick* love would have excused this speech in the lady, I imagine.

Her chin is a sweet addition to her face, by that easy soft half round, that looks as if nature had begun at top, and gave that as her finishing stroke to the rest : while, my dear lady, yours is a little, a very little, too prominent for perfect symmetry ; but it so infinitely becomes your face, that my girl's chin would not have half the beauty upon yours.

I had a smart rap on my knuckles with her fan. And she would hear no more. But was resolv'd she would see you, she said.

I am the more particular, proceeded he, in repeating this comparative description of the two most charming women in England, because you will see my reason, why I gave way to the importunity of Lady S. to see you ;

for I little thought you were so well acquainted with our intimacy ; much less, that we had been made more intimate to you, than ever, in truth, we were, or might have been. As I had no reason to doubt, but Lady S. would come full dressed, I asked you why you were not dressed, because I was not willing my girl should give way to the noble emulatrix in any thing ; being concern'd for your honour, as well as my own, to justify the superiority of beauty, which I had so justly given you.

This, sir, was kind, very kind ; but as I could not know your motive, and knew what I knew of another nature, I was, I own, too little disposed to pass so favourable a construction on your intention, as now it appears I ought to have done.

My question to her, said Mr. B., at going away, Whether you were not the charming'st girl in the word, which, seeing you together at one view, rich as was her dress, and plain as was yours, gave me the double pleasure (a pleasure she said afterwards I exulted in) of deciding in your favour ; and my readiness to explain to you what we both said, and her not ungenerous answer, I thought would have entitl'd me to a better return than a flood of tears ; which confirm'd me, that your past uneasiness was a jealousy I was not willing to allow in you ; tho' I should have been more indulgent to it, had I known the grounds you thought you had for it ; and this was the reason of my leaving you so abruptly as I did.

Here, madam, Mr. B. broke off, referring to another time the conclusion of his narrative. And I, having written a great deal, will here close this letter, with the assurance that I am Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and Servant,
P. B.

LETTER CIX.

I WILL now, my dear lady, proceed with my former subject ; and with the greater pleasure, as what follows makes still more in favour of Lady S.'s character, than what went before, altho' that set it in a better light, than it had once appeared to me in. I began, as follows :

Will you be pleas'd, sir, to favour me with the continuation of our last subject ?—I will, my dear.—You left off, sir, with acquitting me (as knowing what I knew) for breaking into that flood of tears, which occasion'd your abrupt departure. But, dear sir, will you be pleas'd to satisfy me about that affecting information, of your intention and the lady's, to live at Tunbridge together ?

It is absolutely malice and falsehood. Our intimacy had not proceeded so far. The lady would have spurn'd at such a proposal, I dare say.

Well, but then, sir, as to the expression to her uncle, that she had rather have been a certain gentleman's second wife——

I believe, she might, in a passion, say something like it to him : he had been teasing her (from the time that I held an argument in favour of that foolish topic *polygamy*, in his presence, with his niece, and Lord and Lady T.) with cautions against conversing with a man, who, having, as he was pleas'd to say behind my back, marry'd beneath him, wanted to engage the affections of a woman of birth, in order to recover, by doubling the fault upon her, the reputation he had lost.

She told him, that she despis'd his insinuation : yet, to vex him, being vex'd herself at him, answer'd, That she thought my arguments in behalf of *polygamy* were convincing. This set him a raving, and he threw some coarse reflections upon her, which could not be repeated, if one may guess at them, by her being unable to tell me what they were ; and then, to vex

him more, and to revenge herself, she said something like what was reported. This was handle enough for her uncle, who took care to propagate it with an indiscretion peculiar to himself ! for I heard of it in three different companies, before she owned it to me herself ; and when she did, she so repeated it, as you, my dear, would hardly have censur'd her for it, the provocation consider'd.

Well, but then, dear sir, there is nothing at all amiss, at this rate, in the correspondence between Lady S. and you ?

Not on her side, I dare say, if she can be excused to punctilio, and your niceness, for having an esteem for a marry'd man.

Well, sir, this is very noble in you. But, pray, what then was there on *your* side, in that matter, that induced you to give me so patient and so kind a hearing ?

Now, my dear, you come to the point : at first it was, as I have said before, nothing in me but vanity, pride, and love of intrigue, to try my strength, where I had met with some encouragement, as I thought, at the masquerade ; where the lady went farther too than she would have done, had she not thought I was a single man. For, by what I have told you, Pamela, you will observe, that she endeavour'd to satisfy herself on that head, as soon as she well could. Mrs. Aylmer acquainted me afterwards, when we were better known to each other, That her lady was so partial in my favour, [Who can always govern their fancies, my dear !] as to think, so early as at the masquerade, that if every thing answer'd appearances, and that I were a single man, she, who has a noble and an independent fortune, might possibly be induc'd to make me happy in marriage.

But, when she found I was a married man, she avoided me, as I have told you, till the accident I mention'd threw us again into each other's company ; which renew'd our intimacy upon terms that you will be ready to think too inconsiderate on one side, and too designing on the other.

For myself, continued he, what can I say ? Only that you gave me disgust (without cause, as I thought) by your unwonted reception of me : ever in tears and grief ; Lady S. ever cheerful and lively ; and apprehending, that your temper was entirely changing, I believ'd I had no bad excuse to endeavour to make myself easy and cheerful abroad, since my home became more irksome to me, than ever I believ'd it could be. Then, as we naturally love those who love us, I had vanity, and some reason for my vanity, (indeed all vain men believe they have) to think Lady S. had more than an indifference for me. She was exasperated by the wrong methods taken to induce her to break off acquaintance with me, and in resentment, she deny'd me less than ever opportunities of her company. The pleasure we took in each other's conversation, was reciprocal. The world's reports had united us in one common cause ; and you, as I said, had made home less delightful to me, than it us'd to be : what might not then have been apprehended from so many circumstances concurring with the lady's beauty, and my frailty ?

I waited on her to Tunbridge. She took a house there. When people's tongues will take a liberty without foundation, and where the utmost circumspection is us'd, what will they not say, where so little of the latter is observ'd ? No wonder then, that terms were said to be agreed upon between us : from her uncle's story of *polygamy* propos'd by me, and seemingly agreed to by her, no wonder that all your Thomasine Fuller's information was surmised.

And thus stood the matter, when I was determin'd to give your cause

for uneasiness a hearing, and to take my measures according to what should result from that hearing.

From this account, dear sir, said I, it will not be so difficult, as I was afraid it would be, to end this affair even to the lady's satisfaction.

I hope not, my dear.

But, if, now, sir, she should still be desirous not to break with you ; from so charming a woman, who knows what may happen !

Very true, Pamela : but, to make you still easier, I will tell you, that Lady S. has a first cousin marry'd to a person going with a publick character to several of the Italian courts ; and had it not been for my persuasions, she would have accepted of their earnest invitations, and pass'd a year or two in Italy, where she once resided for three years together, which makes her so perfect a mistress of Italian.

Now I will let her know, additionally to what I have written to her, the uneasiness I have given you, and, so far as it is proper, what is come to your ears, and your generous opinion of her, and of the loveliness of her person, of which she will not be a little proud. She has really noble and generous sentiments, and thinks well (tho' her sister, in pleasantry, will have it, a little enviously) of you : and when I shall propose to her, for the sake of her own character, to go to a place and country of which she was always fond, I am apt to think she will come into it ; for she has a greater opinion of my judgment, than it deserves : and I know a young lord, who may be easily persuaded to follow her thither, and will rejoice to bring her back his wife, if he can obtain her consent. What say you, Pamela, to this ?

O, sir ! I believe I shall begin to love Lady S., and that is what I never thought I should. I hope this will be brought about. But I see, give me leave to say, sir, how dangerously you might have gone on, both you and the lady, under the notion of this *platonick* love, till two souls might have been lost : and this story shews one, from what slight beginnings the greatest mischiefs sometimes spring ; and how easily at first a breach may be stopp'd, which, when neglected, the waves of passion will widen, till they bear down all before them.

Your observation is just, reply'd Mr. B., and tho' I was confident the lady was more in earnest than myself in the notion of *platonick* love, yet am I convinc'd, and always was, that *platonick* love is *platonick* nonsense : the persons pretending to it may, where the best is meant, be compared to the fly buzzing about the blaze, till its wings are scorch'd : or, to speak still stronger, it is a bait of the grand deceiver, to catch the unexperienc'd and thoughtless : nor ought such notions to be pretended to, till the parties are five or ten years on the other side of their grand climacteric : for age, old age, and nothing else, must establish the barriers to *platonick* love. And what can be a stronger proof of the danger of this pretension, than that it is hardly ever set on foot, but among young people ? But, continu'd he, this was my comparative consolation, tho' a very bad one, that had I swerv'd, I should not have given the only instance, where persons more scrupulous than I pretend to be, have begun friendships even with spiritual views, and ended them as grossly as I could have done, were the lady to have been as frail as her tempter.

Here, madam, Mr. B. finished his narrative. He is now set out for Tunbridge with all my papers. I hope my next will be a joyful letter ; and that I shall be able to inform you in it, that the affair which went so near to my heart, is absolutely concluded not only to my satisfaction, but

to that of Mr. B., and even of the lady; since if it be so to all three, my happiness, I doubt not, will be founded on a permanent basis. I am, my dear good lady, Your most affectionate and obliged Sister and Servant,
P. B.

LETTER CX.

A NEW misfortune, my dear lady! But this is of God Almighty's sending; so we must bear it patiently. My dear baby is taken with the small-pox! To how many troubles are the happiest of us subjected, in this life! We need not multiply them by our own wilful mismanagements!

I had so much joy (as I told your ladyship in the beginning of my last letter but one) to see, on our arrival at the farm-house, my dearest Mr. B., my beloved baby, and my good father and mother, all upon one happy spot together, that I fear I was too proud—Yet I was truly thankful—I am sure I was!—

I told your ladyship, in my last, that your dear brother set out on Tuesday morning for Tunbridge with my papers: and that I was impatient to know the result, hoping every thing would be concluded to the satisfaction of all three; not doubting in that case but my happiness would be permanent: but, alas! alas! there is nothing permanent in this life. I feel it by experience now!—I knew it before by theory! But that was not so near and so interesting by half.

For, in the midst of all my pleasures and hopes, the poor infant was taken ill. Taken ill on the very Tuesday afternoon that his papa set out for Tunbridge: but we knew not it would be the small-pox till Thursday. O madam! how are all the pleasures I had form'd to myself, sicken'd now upon me! My Billy is very bad.

They talk of a kind sort; but, alas! they talk at random: for they hardly come out at all! how then can they say they are kindly?—I fear the nurse's constitution is too hale and too rich for the dear infant. Had I been permitted—But, hush'd be all my repining *ifs*!—Except one *if*; and that is, *if* it be got happily over, it will be best he had it so young, and while at the breast.

Madam, madam! The small apparence that there was, is gone in again: and my child, my dear child, will die. The doctors seem to think so.

They want to send for Mr. B. to keep me from him! But I forbid it!—For what signifies life, or any thing, if I must be secluded from my baby, while he is so dangerously ill?

My father and mother are, for the first time, cruel to me; they forbid me, and I never was so desirous of disobeying them before, to attend the darling of my heart: and why? For fear of this poor face! For fear I should get it myself! But I am living low, very low, and have taken proper precautions by bleeding, and the like, to lessen the distemper's fury, if I should have it: the rest I leave to Providence. And if Mr. B.'s value is confined to a poor transitory sightliness, he must not break with his Countess, I think; and if I am ever so plain in person, my reason, I hope, will not be impaired, and I shall, if GOD spare my Billy, be useful in his first education, and be helpful to Miss Goodwin. How peevish, sinfully so, I doubt, does this accident, and their affectionate contradiction, make me! Indeed I am very peevish.

I have this moment received the following from Mr. B.

“Maidstone.

“MY DEAREST LOVE,—I am deeply affected with the dear boy’s malady, of which I heard this moment. I desire you instantly to come to me hither, with the bearer, Colbrand. I know what your grief must be : but as you can do the child no good, I beg you will oblige me. Every thing is in a happy train ; but I can think of nobody but you, and (for *your* sake principally, but not a little for *my own*) of my boy. I will set out to meet you : for I choose not to come myself, lest you should endeavour to persuade me to permit your tarrying about him ; and I should be sorry to deny you anything. I have taken here handsome apartments for you, till the event, which I pray GOD may be happy, shall better determine me what to do. I will be ever

“YOUR MOST AFFECTIONATE AND FAITHFUL.”

Maidstone indeed is not so very far off, but one may hear every day once or twice, by a man and horse ; I will therefore go, to shew my obedience, since Mr. B. is so intent upon it.—But I cannot live if I am not permitted to come back.—Oh ! let me be enabled, gracious Father, to close this letter more happily than I have begun it !

I have been so dreadfully uneasy at Maidstone, that Mr. B. has been so good as to return with me hither ; and I find my Billy’s case not yet quite desperate. I am easier now I see him, in presence of his beloved papa ; who lets me have all my way, and approves of my preparative method for myself. And he tells me that, since I will have it so, he will allow of my attendance on the child, and endeavour to imitate *my* reliance on the Supreme, that is his kind expression, and leave the issue to Him. And on my telling him that I feared nothing in the distemper, but the loss of his love, he said, in presence of the doctors, and my father and mother, pressing my hand to his lips, My dearest life, make yourself easy under this affliction, and apprehend nothing for yourself : I love you more for your mind than for your face. That and your person will be the same ; and were that sweet face to be covered with seams and scars, I will value you the more for the misfortune : glad I am, however, that I had your picture drawn in town, that shall satisfy me as to your person : what is a beautiful form but a fine picture ? And, leading me to the other end of the room, he said, whisperingly, The last uneasiness between us, I now begin to think, was necessary, because it has turned all my delight in you, more than ever to the perfections of your mind ; and if GOD preserves to me the life of my Pamela, I care not, for my own part, what ravages the distemper makes here ; tapping my cheek.

How generous, now noble, how comforting was this ! I will make this use of it ; I will now be resigned more and more to this dispensation, and prepare myself for the worst ; for it is the dispensation of that GOD who gave me my Billy and all I have !

But, my dear lady, my spirits are so weak : I have such a violent headache, and have such a strange shivering disorder running down my back, and I was so hot just now, and am so cold at this present (aguishly inclin’d ; I don’t know how !) that I must leave off, with the assurance, that I am, and will be to the last hour of my life, Your Ladyship’s grateful and obliged Sister, and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER CXI.—MR. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

I TAKE very kindly, my dear sister, your solicitude for the health of my

Pamela. The last time she wrote, was to you ; for she took to her bed the moment she laid down her pen.

I told her your kind message, and wishes for her safety ; and she begg'd I would write a line to thank you in her name for your affectionate regards to her.

She is in a fine way to do well : for, with her accustomed prudence, she had begun to prepare herself by a proper regimen, the moment she knew the child's illness was the small pox.

The worst is over with the boy, which keeps up her spirits ; and her mother is so excellent a nurse to both, and we are so happy likewise in the care of a skilful physician (who directs and approves of everything the good dame does) that it is a singular providence this malady seized them here ; and affords no small comfort to the dear creature herself.

When I tell you, that, to all appearance, her charming face will not receive any disfigurement by this cruel enemy to beauty, I am sure you will congratulate me upon a felicity so desirable.

Whatever your notions have been, my ever-ready censuring Lady Davers, of your brother, on a certain affair, I do assure you, that I never did, and never can, love any woman, as I love my Pamela.

It is indeed impossible I can love her better than I do ; and her outward beauties are far from being indifferent to me ; yet, if I know myself, I am sure I have justice enough to love her *equally*, and generosity enough to be *more tender* of her, were she to suffer by this distemper. But, as her humility, and her affection to me, would induce her to think herself under greater obligation to me, for such my tenderness to her, were she to lose any the *least* valuable of her perfections, I rejoice, that she will have no reason for mortification on that score.

My respects to Lord Davers, and all your noble neighbours. I am
Your affectionate Brother, and humble Servant, W. B.

LETTER CXII.—LADY DAVERS IN ANSWER.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I do most heartily congratulate you on the recovery of your Billy, and the good way my sister is in. I am the more rejoic'd, as her sweet face is not likely to suffer by the malady ; for, be the beauties of the mind what they will, those of person are no small recommendation, with some people ; and I began to be afraid, that when it was hardly possible for *both conjoined* to keep a roving mind constant, that *one only* would not be sufficient.

This news gives me the more pleasure, because I am well inform'd, that a certain gay lady was pleased to give herself airs upon hearing of my sister's illness ; as, that she could not be sorry for it ; for now she should look upon herself as the prettiest woman in England. She meant only, I suppose, *outward* prettiness, brother !

You give me the name of a *ready censurer*. I own, I am not a little interested in all that regards the honour of my brother : but when some people are not readier to *censure*, than others are to *trespass*, I know not whether they can with justice be stiled *ensorious*.

But however that be, the rod seems to have been held up, as a warning—and that the blow, in the irreparable deprivation, is not given, is a mercy, which I hope will be deserved ; though you never can those very signal ones you receive at the divine hands, beyond any man I know. For even (if I shall not be deemed *ensorious* again) your very vices have been turned to your felicity, as if GOD would try the nobleness of the heart he

has given you, by overcoming you (in answer to my sister's constant prayers, as well as mine) by mercies rather than by judgments.

I might give instances of the truth of this observation, in almost all the actions and attempts of your past life : and, take care, (if your *are* displeas'd, I *will* speak it ; take care) thou bold wretch, that if this method be ungratefully slighted, the up-lifted arm fall not down with double weight on thy devoted head !

I must always love and honour my brother ; but cannot help speaking my mind : which, after all, is the natural result of that very love and honour, in Your truly affectionate Sister,
R. DAVERS.

LETTER CXIII.—MRS. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAREST LADY,—MY first, and most ardent devoirs, after due thankfulness to that gracious GOD, who has so happily conducted me thro' two such heavy trials, must be directed to your ladyship, with all due acknowledgment of your generous and affectionate concern for me.

We are now preparing for our journey to Bedfordshire ; and there, to my great satisfaction, I am to be intrusted with Miss Goodwin.

After we have resided about a month there, Mr. B. will make a tour with me thro' several counties, and shew me what is remarkable everywhere as we pass ; for this, he is pleas'd to think, will better contribute to my health, than any other method ; for the distemper has left upon me a kind of weariness and listlessness. He intends to be out with me till the Bath season begins ; and hopes by the aid of those healing and balsamick waters, that I shall be quite established. He proposes to take the hall into the tour, and I shall let my dear Miss Darnford know it ; and afterwards go to Bedfordshire for a little while ; then to London ; then to Kent ; and, if nothing hinders, he will carry me over to Paris.

Thus most kindly does he amuse and divert me with his agreeable schemes and proposals. But I have made one amendment to them ; and that is, that I must not be deny'd to pay my respects to your ladyship, at your seat, and to the good Lady C., in the same neighbourhood ; and this will be far from being the least of my pleasures.

I have had congratulations without number, upon my recovery ; and among the rest, one I did not expect, from Lady S. : could you have thought it, madam ? Be pleas'd to read here her letter.

“DEAR MRS. B.—Among the congratulations of your numerous admirers, on your happy recovery, I hope my very sincere ones will be acceptable. I have no other motive for making you my compliments on this occasion, on so slender an acquaintance, than the pleasure it gives me, that the public, as well as your private friends, have not been deprived of a lady whose example, in every duty of life, is of so much concern to both. May you, madam, long rejoice in an uninterrupted state of happiness, answerable to your merits, and to your own wishes, are those of
“YOUR MOST OBEDIENT HUMBLE SERVANT.”

To this kind letter I return'd the following :

“MADAM,—I am under the highest obligation to your ladyship, for your congratulation on my recovery. There is something so noble and so condescending in the honour you have done me, on so slender an acquaintance, that it will for ever engage me to pray, that the Almighty will be graciously pleas'd to bless you, my dear Lady S., with all the good you

wish me, and with increase of honour here, and everlasting happiness. I am, madam, Your Ladyship's humble and obedient Servant, "P. B."

This leads me to mention to your ladyship, what my illness would not permit me to do before, that Mr. B. met with such a reception and audience from Lady S., when he attended her, in all he had to offer and propose to her, and in her patient hearing of what he thought fit to communicate to her from your ladyship's letters and mine, that he said, Do not be jealous, my dear Pamela ; but I must admire her, as long as I live.

He gave me the particulars, so much to her honour, that I told him, He should not only be welcome to admire her, but that I would admire her too.

They parted very good friends, and with great professions of esteem for each other—And as Mr. B. had undertaken to inspect into some exceptionable accounts and managements of her bailiff, one of her servants brought a letter for him on Monday last, wholly written on that subject. But she was so kindly considerate, as to send it unsealed, in a cover directed to me. When I open'd it, I was frighted, to see it begin to Mr. B. I read no further, and hasten'd to find him, which I did, in the walk that leads to the new-rai's'd mount. Dear sir, said I, here is some mistake : you see the direction is to Mrs. B. It is very plain : but, upon my word, I have not read it.

Do not be uneasy, my love. I know what the subject must be, but I dare swear there is nothing, nor will there ever be, but what you or any body may see.

He read it, and giving it to me to peruse, said, Answer yourself the postscript, my dear—That was ; "If, sir, the trouble I give you, is likely to subject you or Mrs. B. to the least uneasiness, I beg you will not be concerned in it. I will then set about the matter myself. I will not trouble my uncle : yet, women enter into these particulars with as little advantage to themselves, as inclination."

I told him, I was entirely easy and unapprehensive ; and, after all his goodness to me, should be so, if he saw Lady S. every day.—I shall be obliged, said he, to correspond with her for a month or so, on this occasion. But I will not for some time to come pay her a personal visit. If I did she would make a difficulty of admitting me to her presence. I know, proceeded he, that she will always, now she has begun, send in a cover to you, what she will write to me, unseal'd ; and whether I am at home or abroad, I shall take it unkindly, if you do not read her letters. She expects that you will.

He went in with me, and wrote an answer, which he sent by the messenger ; but would make me, whether I would or not, read it, and seal it up with his seal. But all this needed not to me now, who think so much better of the lady, than I did before ; and am so well satisfy'd in his honour, and generous affection for me.

I really am better pleased with this correspondence, than I should have been, had it not been carry'd on ; because the servants, on both sides, will see, by my behaviour on the occasion, (and I will officiously, with a smiling countenance, throw myself into their observation) that it is quite innocent ; and this may help to silence the mouths of those who have so freely censur'd the conduct of both.

Indeed, madam, I think I have received no small good myself by that affair, which once lay so heavy upon me : for I do not believe I shall ever

be jealous again. The bee, let me say, is not the only creature that may make honey out of the bitter flowers, as well as out of the sweet.

My best respects and thanks to my good Lord Davers; to Lord and Lady C.; and, most particularly, to Lady Betty, for her and their kind compliments. What obligations do I lie under to such noble and generous wellwishers!—I can make no return, but by my prayers, that God will reward you and them an hundred-fold. I have the honour to be, Your Ladyship's ever-obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

Mr. H. is just arrived. He says, He comes a special messenger, to make a report how my face has come off. He makes me many compliments upon it. How kind your ladyship is, to enter into the minutest concern, which you think may any way affect my future happiness in your dear brother's opinion!—Your ladyship's Billy is charmingly well; quite strong, and very forward, for his months; and his papa more and more delighted with him.

LETTER CXIV.

MY DEAR MISS DARNFORD,—I hope you are happy and well. You kindly say you cannot be so, till you hear of my perfect recovery. Be happy; be well; for, I bless God, I am quite so.

As to your hint of the fair nun, there is not the least room for apprehension. Mr. B. is every day more and more kind, fond, endearing. Indeed, my dear, I have no notion how anybody in this life can be happier than I am.

My Billy improves every day: And my father and mother seem to have their youth renew'd like the eagle's. How many blessings have I to be thankful for!

We are about to turn travellers, to the northern counties, I think, quite to the borders; and afterwards to the western, to Bath, to Bristol, and I know not whither myself; but, among the rest, to Lincolnshire, that you may be sure of. Then how happy shall I be with my dear Miss Darnford!

I long to hear whether poor Mrs. Jewkes is better or worse for the advice of the doctor, whom I order'd to attend her from Stamford; and in what frame her mind is.

Do, my dear friend, vouchsafe her a visit, in my name; tell her, if she be low-spirited, what GOD has done for me, as to *my* recovery, and comfort her all you can; and bid her not spare for any thing her heart can wish that may conduce to her ease and comfort.

If she is in her *last stage*, poor soul! how kind will it be in you to give her comfort and consolation in her dying hours!

Altho' we can merit nothing at the hand of GOD, yet I have a notion, that we cannot better please HIM, than in our charities on so trying' an exigence! When the poor soul stands shivering, as it were, on the brink of eternity, and has nothing strong, but its fears and doubts; then a little comforting advice to rely on GOD's mercies, from a *good* person, how consolatory must it be!

But, my dear Miss Darnford, the great occasion of my writing to you just now, is, by Lady Davers's desire, on a quite different subject. She knows how dear we two are to each other. And she has sent me the following lines by her kinsman, who came to Kent, purposely to enquire how my face fared in the small-pox; and accompany'd us from Kent hither, [*i.e.*, to Bedfordshire] and sets out to-morrow on his return to his aunt.

“MY DEAR PAMELA,—Jackey will tell you the reason of his journey my curiosity, on your own account : and I send this letter by him ; but he knows not the contents. My Lord Davers wants to have his nephew marry'd, and settled in the world : and his father leaves the whole matter to my lord, as to the lady, settlements, &c.

“Now I, as well as my Lord, think so highly of the prudence, the person, and family, of your Miss Darnford, that we shall be obliged to you to sound that young lady on this subject.

“I know Mr. H. would wish for no greater happiness. But if you think the young lady is engaged, that she cannot love my nephew, I do not care, nor would my Lord, that such a proposal should be made, lest it should be received with undue slight. His birth, and the title and estate he is heir to, are advantages that require a lady's consideration. He has not indeed so much wit as she ; but he has enough for a Lord, whose friends are born before him, as the phrase is : he is very good-humour'd, no fool, no sot, no libertine : and, let me tell you, that this is saying something for a young man of quality in this age.

“As to settlements, fortune, and the like, I fancy there would be no great difficulties on those subjects. If the young lady thinks she can love him well enough for a husband, we will directly begin a treaty with Sir Simon on that subject. I am, my dearest Pamela, Your ever-affectionate Sister,
“B. DAVERS.”

Now, my dear Miss Darnford, as her ladyship has so well stated the case, I beg you to enable me to return an answer. I will not say one word for or against till I know your mind : only, that I think he is good-humour'd, and might be easily persuaded to any thing a prudent wife should think reasonable.

And now, I must tell you another piece of news in the matrimonial way. Mr. Williams has been here to congratulate us on our multiply'd blessings ; and he has acquainted Mr. B. that an overture has been made him by his new patron, of a kinswoman of his lordship, a woman of virtue and merit, with a fortune of 3,000*l.*, to make him amends, as the Earl tells him, for quitting a better living to oblige him ; and that he is in great hope of obtaining the lady's consent, which is all that is wanting. Mr. B. is very much pleased with so good a prospect in Mr. Williams's favour. He was once in the lady's company at a ball at Gloucester ; and he says she was spoken of there, by several of her neighbours, as a person of prudence.

I suppose you know that all is adjusted according to the scheme I formerly acquainted you with, between Mr. Adams and that gentleman ; and both are settled in their respective livings. But I ought to have told you, that Mr. Williams, upon mature deliberation, declin'd the stipulated 80*l.* *per annum* from Mr. Adams, as he thought it would have a simoniacal appearance.

But now I am upon this subject, let me tell you of a third matrimonial proposal ; and that is, from Mr. Adams, who yesterday, with great reluctance, and after abundance of bashful apologies, ask'd me, If I had any objection to his making his addresses to Polly Barlow ? A motion which he had not yet made, he said, to her ; nor would without my leave.

This unexpected question perplex'd me a good deal. He is a worthy and a pious man. He has now a very good living ; but is but just enter'd

upon it ; and I should hardly have expected from his accustom'd prudence that he would have been in so much haste to marry.

Then, she has not applied her thoughts to that sort of œconomy which the wife of a country clergyman ought to know something of : and has such a turn to dress, that I can see, if indulg'd, she would not be one that would help to remove the scandal which some severe remarkers are apt to throw upon the wives of *parsons*, as they call them.

The girl, I believe, likes Mr. Adams not a little. She is very courteous to every body, but most to him of any body, and never has missed being present at our *Sunday* duties ; and five or six times, Mrs. Jervis tells me, she has found her desirous to have Mr. Adams expound this text, and that difficulty ; and the good man is taken with her piety : I hope she is sincere in it ; but she is very sly, very subtle, as I have found in several instances. But I will hope the best : I will only repeat to you, that I was perplexed what to do in this affair ; having had such just cause to be diffident of her conduct, I should be glad, thought I, to have the young creature well married ; as it might be a security to her virtue. Yet Polly would not, I am afraid, make a good wife to a poor man.

I told him I should be alone in the afternoon ; and invited him to drink tea with me. He came. Polly attended, as she generally does when I have no company ; for I can't say I love men attendants in these womanly offices.—A tea-kettle in a man's hand, that would be fitter to hold a plough or wield a flail, or handle a scythe, has *such* a look with it. This is like my low breeding, some would say, perhaps ; but I cannot call things polite that I think unseemly ; and, moreover, let me tell you, Lady Davers keeps me in countenance in this my motion ; and who doubts *her* politeness ?

Well, but Polly attended, as I said ; and there were strange simperings, and bowing, and courtesying between them ; the honest gentleman seeming not to know how to let his mistress wait upon him, while she behaved with as much respect and officiousness as if she could not oblige him too much.

I have such an opinion of your veracity, Mr. Adams, thought I, that I dare say you have not, because you told me you have not, mention'd the matter to Polly ; but, between her officiousness, and your mutual simperings and complaisance, I see you have found out a language between you, that is full as significant as plain English words. Polly, thought I, sees no difficulty in *this* text ; nor need you, Mr. Adams, have much trouble to make her understand you, when you come to explain yourself upon it.

I was forced, however, to put on a more reserved air than usual, to make them avoid acts of complaisance for one another, that might not be proper to be shewn before me, from one who sat as my companion, to my servant.

When she withdrew, the modest gentleman hem'd, and looked on one side, and turn'd to the right and left, as if his seat were uneasy to him, and I saw knew not how to speak ; so I began, in mere compassion to him, and said, Mr. Adams, I have thought of what you mention'd to me about Polly Barlow.

Hem ! hem ! said he : and pull'd out his handkerchief, and wip'd his mouth - I hope no offence, madam !

None at all, sir. But I am at a loss how to answer, till I know whether your motive may not arise from a too humble gratitude, as you may suppose her a favourite of mine ; or whether it be your value for her person

and qualities, that makes her more agreeable in your eyes than any other woman would be?

Madam—madam, said the bashful gentleman, hesitatingly—I do—I must needs say—I can't but own—that—Mrs. Mary—is a person—whom I think very agreeable; and very modest and virtuous.

You know, sir, your own circumstances. You have, it is true, a good living, and a very pretty house, to carry a wife to. And a gentleman of your prudence and discretion wants not any advice: but you have reaped no benefits by your living. It has been an expense to you, rather: do you propose an early marriage, sir? Or were it not better that you suspended your intentions for a year or two?

Madam, if you choose not to part with—

Nay, Mr. Adams, interrupted I, I say not any thing for my own sake in this point; *that* is out of the question with me. I can willingly part with Polly, were it to-morrow, for her good.

Madam, I humbly beg pardon; but—but—delays—may breed dangers.

Very well, thought I; I dare say the artful girl has let him know, by some means or other, that she has another humble servant.

And so it has proved—For, dismissing the gentleman with assuring him that I had no objection at all to the matter, or to parting with Polly, as soon as it suited with their mutual convenience; I sounded her, and asked, If she thought Mr. Adams had any affection for her?

She said, He was a very good gentleman.

I know it, Polly; and are you not of opinion he loves you a little?

Dear ma'm—love *me!*—I don't know what such a gentleman as Mr. Adams should see in me to love me!

Oh, thought I, does the doubt lie on *that* side?—I see 'tis not of *thine*.

Well, but, Polly, if you have *another* sweetheart, you should act fairly by both: it would be wrong, if you encouraged any body else, if you thought of Mr. Adams.

Indeed, ma'am, I had a letter sent me—A letter that I received—from—from a young man in Bedford; but I never gave an answer to it.

This was as plain a declaration as I wanted.

But how came Mr. Adams, Polly, to know of this letter!

How came Mr. Adams to know of it, ma'm—repeated she—half surpris'd—Why, I don't know; I can't tell how it was—but I dropp'd it near his desk—pulling out my handkerchief, I believe, ma'm; and he brought it after me; and gave it me again.

Delays may breed dangers, said the poor gentleman!—Ah! girl, girl! thought I, but did not say so, thou deservest to have thy plot spoiled: but if thy forwardness should expose thee afterwards to evils, which thou mayest avoid if thy scheme take place, I should very much blame myself. And I see he loves thee—So let the matter take its course; I will trouble myself no more about it. I only wish, that thou may'st make Mr. Adams as good a wife as he deserves.

I dismiss'd her, telling her, That whoever thought of being a clergyman's wife, should resolve to be as good as himself; to set an example to all her sex in the parish, and shew how much his doctrines had weight with her; should be humble, circumspect, gentle in her temper and manners, frugal, not proud, nor vying in dress with the wives of the laity; should resolve to sweeten his labours, and to be obliging in her deportment to poor as well as rich; and to be careful that her husband got no discredit thro' her means, which would weaken his influence upon his au-

ditors; and that she must be most of all obliging to him, and study his temper, that his mind might be more at liberty to pursue his studies with effect.

And so much, my dear Miss Darnford, for Mr. Williams's and Mr. Adams's matrimonial prospects. Whether you will like Mr. H. as well as Polly docs Mr. Adams, is the question. But I leave that to your own decision.

My best wishes and respects attend all your worthy neighbours. I hope, ere many months are past, to assure them, severally, how much I am obliged to them for their kind congratulations, and particularly, my dear Miss Darnford, how much I am Your ever-affectionate and faithful P. B.

LETTER CXV —MISS DARNFORD, IN ANSWER.

MY DEAR MRS. B.,—I have several times accompanied Mr. Peters in his visits to Mrs. Jewkes. The poor woman cannot live many days. We comfort her all we can; but she often accuses herself on her past behaviour. She is continually begging blessings upon you and her master, and your charming little boy; but declares that the sense she has of your unexampled goodness to her aggravates her former faults in her own eyes, and makes her hateful to herself.

She has her sister-in-law and her niece with her, and has settled all her affairs.

Her distemper is an inward decay, all at once, as it were, from a constitution that seem'd like one of iron; and she is a mere skeleton: you would not know her.

I will see her every day. She has given me up all her keys, and accounts, to give to Mr. Longman; who is daily expected, and I hope will be here soon; for her sister-in-law, she says herself, is a woman of *this world*, as *she* has been.

Mr. Peters calling upon me to go with him to visit her, I will break off here.

Mrs. Jewkes is much as she was; but your faithful steward is come. I am glad of it, and so is Mrs. Jewkes. Nevertheless I will go every day, and comfort her all I can.

I thank you, my dear Mrs. B., for your communication of Lady Davers's letter. I am much obliged to my lord, and her; but, with all Mr. H.'s good qualities, as my lady paints them, and his other advantages, I could not, for the world, consent to be his wife.

I will tell you one of my objections (in confidence, however; for you are only to *sound* me, you know); and I would not have it mention'd, that I have taken any thought about the matter; the less, as a still stronger reason may be given, such a one as my Lord and Lady Davers will both allow; which I will communicate to you by-and-by.

My objection arises even from what you intimate of Mr. H.'s good humour, and his persudcableness, if I may so call it. Now, madam, were I of a boisterous temper, and high spirit, such a one as required great patience in a husband, to bear with me, then Mr. H.'s good humour might have been a consideration with me. But when I have (I pride myself in the thought) a temper not wholly unlike your own, and such a one as would not want to contend for superiority with a husband, it is no recommendation to me, that Mr. H. is so good-humour'd a man, and will bear with faults I design not to be guilty of.

But, my dear Mrs. B., my husband must be a man of sense, and must give me reason to think, he has a superior judgment to my own. He will otherwise do wrong-headed things: I shall be forced to oppose him in them: he will be tenacious and obstinate, and will be taught to talk of prerogative, and to call himself a *man*, without knowing how to behave as one, and I to despise him of course; and so be deemed a bad wife, when, I hope, I have qualities that would make me a tolerable good one, with a man of sense for my husband. You know who says,

For fools, (pardon me this harsh word, 'tis in my author)
 For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' alloy;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief.

Now you must not think I would dispense with real good-humour in a man. No, I make it one of my *indispensables* in a husband. A good-natur'd man will put the best constructions on what happens: but he must have sense to *distinguish* the best. He will be kind to little, unwillful, undesigned failings: but he must have judgment to distinguish what *are* or *are not* so.

But Mr. H.'s good-humour is *softness*, as I will call it, to avoid a harsher word; and my husband must be such a one, as I need not be ashamed to be seen with in company; one, who being my head, must not be beneath all the men he may happen to fall in with; and who, every time he is adjusting his mouth for speech, will give me pain at my heart, and blushes in my face, even before he speaks.

I could not bear, that every man, and every woman, we encounter'd, should be prepar'd, whenever he offer'd to open his lips, by their contemptuous smiles, to expect some weak and silly things from him; and when he *had* spoken, that he should, with a booby grin, seem pleased that he had not disappointed them.

The only recommendatory quality in Mr. H. is, that he dresses exceedingly smart, and is no contemptible figure of a man. But, my dear Mrs. B. knows that is so much the worse, *when* the man's talent is not taciturnity, except before his aunt, or before Mr. B., or you; *when* he is not conscious of internal defect, and values himself upon outward appearance.

This is one of my infallible rules, and I know it is yours too. That he who is taken up with the admiration of his own person, will never admire a wife's. His delights are centered in himself; and, in my opinion, he should keep no company, but that of tailors, wig-puffers, and pretty fellows, such as himself.

But I will now tell you a reason, which you *may* give to Lady Davers, (those I have mentioned you cannot) why her kind intentions to me cannot be answer'd: and that is, my father has had a proposal made to him, from a gentleman you have seen, and have thought polite. It is from Sir William Geresby, of this County, who is one of *your* great admirers; and that, you must suppose, makes me not have the worse opinion of him, or of his understanding.

Every thing was adjusted between my father and Sir William, on condition we approv'd of each other, before I came down; which I knew not, till I had seen him here four times; and then Sir Simon surpris'd me into a half approbation of him: and this, it seems, was one of the reasons of hurrying me down from you.

I cannot say, but I like Sir William as well as most men I have seen:

he is a man of sense and sobriety, to give him his due, and is in very easy circumstances, and much respected by all who know him; and that is no bad earnest, you are sensible, in a marriage prospect.

But, hitherto, he seems to like me better than I do him. I do not know how it is; but I have often observ'd, that when any thing is in our own power, we are not half so much taken with it, as we should be, perhaps, if we were kept in suspense! Why should this be?

But of this I am convinc'd. There is no comparison between Sir William and Mr. Murray.

Now I have nam'd this brother-in-law of mine, what do you think?

Why, that good couple have had their house on fire three times already, and that very dangerously too. Once it was put out by Mr. Murray's mother, who lives near them; and twice Sir Simon was obliged to carry water to extinguish it; for, truly, Mrs. Murray would go home again to her father: she would not live with such a surly wretch: and it was, With all his heart! A fair riddance! for there was no bearing the house with such an ill-natur'd wife:—Her sister was worth a thousand of her!

I am heartily sorry for their unhappiness! But could she think that every body must bear with her petulance?

They will jangle on, I reckon, till they are better us'd to one another; and when he sees she cannot help her temper, he will bear with her, as husbands generally do with ill-natur'd wives; that is to say, he will try to make himself happy abroad, and leave her to quarrel with her maids, instead of him. Somebody poor Nancy must have to vent her spleen upon!

Do not be surpris'd, if you should hear, that poor Jewkes is given over!—She made a very exemplary—Full of blessings—And more easy and resign'd than I apprehended she would be.

I know you will shed a tear for the poor woman.—I cannot help it myself. But you will be pleas'd, that she had so much time given her, and made so good use of it.

Mr. Peters has been every thing that one would wish one of his function to be, in his attendances and advice to the poor woman. Mr. Longman will take proper care of every thing.

I will only add, That I am, with the sincerest respects, in hopes to see you soon (for I have a multitude of things to talk to you about), Your ever faithful and affectionate

MARY DARNFORD.

LETTER CXVI.—MRS. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS,—I understand from Miss Darnford, that before she went down from us, Sir Simon had encourag'd a proposal made by Sir William Gresby, whom you saw, when your ladyship was a kind visitor in Bedfordshire. We all agreed, if your ladyship remembers, that he was a polite and sensible man, and I find it is countenanc'd on all hands.

Poor Mrs. Jewkes, as Miss Darnford informs me, has paid her last debt. I hope she is happy! Poor, poor woman!

Your ladyship was once mentioning a sister of Mrs. Worden, whom you could be glad to see placed in some worthy family.—Shall I beg of you, madam, to oblige Mr. B.'s family in this particular? I am sure she must have merit, if your ladyship thinks well of her; and your commands in this, as well as in every other particular in my power, shall have their due weight with Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

Just now Mr. B. tells me, I shall have Miss Goodwin brought me hither to-morrow!

LETTER CNVII.—LADY DAVERS TO MRS. B. IN ANSWER.

MY DEAR PAMELA,—I am glad to hear Miss Darnford is likely to be happy in a good husband, as Sir William Greresby will certainly make her. I was *afraid*, that the proposal I made, would not do, had she *not* had so good an offer. I want, however, to have the foolish fellow marry'd ; for several reasons ; one of which is, He is continually teasing us to permit him to go up to town, and to reside there for some months, in order to *see the world*, as he calls it. But we are convinc'd he would *feel* it, as well as *see* it, if we gave way to his request : for, he is so exactly cut out and siz'd for a town fop, coxcomb, or pretty fellow, that he will undoubtedly fall into all the vices of those people ; and, perhaps, having such expectations as he has, will be made the property of rakes and sharpers. He complains, that we use him like a child in leading-strings, and that we will not trust him out of our sight. 'Tis a sad thing, that these *bodies* will grow up to the stature of men, when the *minds* improve not at all with them, but are still those of boys and children. Yet, he would certainly make a fond husband ; for, at present, he has no very bad qualities. But is *such* a Narcissus ! This, however, between ourselves ; for his uncle is wrapp'd up in the silly creature ; and why ? Because he is good-humour'd, that is all. He has vex'd me lately, which makes me write so angrily about him. But it is not worth troubling you with the particulars.

I hope Mrs. Jewkes is happy, as you say !—Poor woman ! she seem'd to promise for a longer life ! But what shall we say ?

Your compliment to me, about my Worden's sister, is a kind one. I am greatly obliged to you for it. Mrs. Amhurst is a sober, grave young widow, a little beforehand in the world, but not much ; has liv'd well ; understands household management on occasion ; yet is mistress of her needle, and has all the qualifications that you would wish the person to have, who shall be favoured with an immediate attendance on your person. She is also genteel, diligent, obliging, and has a turn to serious things, which will make you like her the better. She is not more than four and twenty ; has no child ; lost her husband in the first year of her marriage. I will order Worden and her to wait on you, and she will satisfy you in every thing, as to what you may, or may not, expect of her.

You cannot think how kindly I take this motion from you. You forget nothing that can oblige your friends.

Worden is all joy and gratitude upon it ; and her sister, she says, had rather serve you than the princess. You need be under no difficulty about terms : she would serve you for nothing, if you would accept of her service.

I am glad, because it pleases you so much, that Miss Goodwin will be soon put into your care. It will be happy for the child. I hope she will be a good girl, and not give you pain in return for your goodness to her. Her mamma has sent me a present of some choice products of the climate she lives in, with acknowledgments of my kindness to her child. I will send part of it to you by your new servant ; for so I call her already.—Your truly affectionate and obliged Sister,
B. DAVERS.

I thank you for your book upon the plays you saw. Inclosed is a list of some others, which I desire you to give me your remarks upon at your leisure.

LETTER CXVIII.—FROM MRS. B. TO LADY DAVERS.

I HAVE a valuable present made me, my dear Lady Davers, by Mrs. Wrightson: and therefore hope you will not take it amiss, that, with abundance of thanks, I return yours by Mrs. Worden; whose sister I greatly approve of. We begin with so much liking to one another, that I doubt not we shall be very happy together.

A moving letter, much more valuable to me, than the handsome present, was put into my hands, at the same time with that: I inclose it. Your ladyship will be pleased to return it.

FROM MRS. WRIGHTSON (FORMERLY MISS SALLY GODFREY) TO
MRS. B.

“HAPPY, DESERVEDLY HAPPY, DEAR MRS. B.,—Permit these lines to kiss your hands, from one, who, tho’ she is a stranger to your person, is not so to your character: *That* has reach’d us here, in this remote part of the world, where you have many admirers: but *I*, more particularly, am bound to be so, by an obligation, which I can never discharge, but by my daily prayers for you, and the blessings I continually implore upon you and yours.

“I can write my whole mind *to* you, tho’ I cannot, from the most deplorable infelicity, receive *from* you the wish’d for favour of a few lines in return, written with the same *unreservedness*: so unhappy am I, from the effects of an inconsideration and weakness on one hand, and temptations on the other, which you, at a tenderer age, most nobly, for your own honour, and that of your sex, have escaped: whilst I——But let my tears in these blots speak the rest—as my heart bleeds, and has constantly bled ever since, at the grievous remembrance——But, believe me, however, that ’tis shame and sorrow, and not pride and impotence, that make me loth to acknowledge to so much purity of life and manners, my own odious weakness.

“Nevertheless, I ought, and I *will* accuse myself by name. Imagine then, illustrious lady (illustrious for virtues which are infinitely superior to all the advantages of birth and fortune!), that in this letter, you see before you the *once* guilty, and therefore, I doubt, *always* guilty, but *ever penitent*, Sarah Godfrey; the unhappy, tho’ fond and tender mother of the poor infant, whom you, as I am inform’d, are desirous to take into your worthy protection: GOD for ever bless you for it! prays an indulgent mother, who admires, at awful distance, that virtue in you, which she could not practise herself.

“And will you, madam, take into your own immediate protection, the poor unguilty infant? Will you love her, tho’ you know not her mother, for the sake of the man, now so dear to you, and so worthy of you, as I hear, with pleasure, he is? And will you, by the best example in the world, give me a moral assurance, that she will never sink into the fault, the weakness, the *crime* (I ought not to scruple to call it so), of her poor, inconsiderate——But YOU are her mamma *now*. What a joy is it to me, in the midst of my heavy reflections on my past misconduct, that my beloved Sally will be able to boast a *virtuous* and *innocent mamma*, and whose example, and instructions, next to God’s Grace, will be the strongest fence, that can be wish’d for, to her virtue! Once more I pray GOD, and on my knees, to bless you here, and augment your joys hereafter, for your generous goodness to my poor, and, till *now*, *motherless* infant.

“I hope the dear child, by her duty and obligingness, will do all in her little power to make you amends, and never give you cause to repent of this your *unexampled* kindness. She cannot, I hope (except her mother's crime has had an influence upon her, too much like that of an original stain), be of an ungrateful nature. And, O my poor Sally! if you *are*, and if ever you fail in your duty to your new mamma, to whose care and authority I transfer my *whole* right in you, remember that you have no longer a mamma in me, nor can you be entitled to my blessing, or to the fruits of my prayers for you; which I make now, on that *only* condition, your implicit obedience to all your new mamma's commands and directions.

“You may have the curiosity, madam, to wish to know how I live: for no doubt you have heard all my sad, sad story;—Know then, that I am as happy as a poor creature can be, who has once so deplorably, so inexcusably fallen. I have a worthy man for my husband, who marry'd me as a widow, whose only child by my former, was the care of her father's friends, particularly of good Lady Davers, and her brother.—Poor, unhappy I! to be under such a *sad* necessity, to disguise the truth!—Mr. Wrightson (whose name I am unworthily honour'd by) has several times earnestly entreated me to send for the poor child, and to let her be join'd, as his (killing thought, that it cannot be!), with two children I have by him! Judge, madam, how that very generosity, which, had I been guiltless, would have added to my joys, must wound me deeper, than even ungenerous or unkind usage from him, did he know the truth, could do! How heavy does that crime lie upon me, which turns my very pleasures to misery, and fixes all the joy I *can* know, in repentance for my past misdeeds! How happy are YOU, on the contrary! YOU, who have nothing of this sort to pall, nothing to mingle with your felicities! who, bless'd in an honour untainted, and a conscience that cannot reproach you, are enabled to enjoy every well-deserv'd comfort, as it offers itself; and can *improve* it too, by reflection on *your* past conduct! While *mine*—alas!—like a winter-frost, nips in the bud every rising satisfaction!

“Mr. Wrightson is rich, as well as generous, and very tender of me—Happy, if I could think *myself* as deserving, as *he* thinks me! My principal comfort, as I hinted, is in my penitence for my past faults; and that I have a merciful GOD for my Judge, who knows that penitence to be sincere!

“You may guess, madam, from what I have said, in what light I *must* appear here; and if you would favour me with a line or two, in answer to the letter you have now in your hand, it will be one of the greatest pleasures I *can* receive: a pleasure next to that which I *have* receiv'd, in knowing, that the man you love best, has so early seen his errors, and had the grace to repent of them; and has thereby, I hope, freed *two* persons from being, one day, mutual accusers of each other.

“May the good GOD, who has not suffer'd me to be abandon'd entirely to my own shame, continue to shower down upon you those blessings, which a virtue like yours may expect from his graciousness! May you long be happy in the possession of all you wish! And late, very late, (for the good of many, I wish this!) may you receive the reward of your piety, your generosity, and your filial, your social, and conjugal virtues! are the prayers of Your unworthy Admirer, and obliged humble Servant,

“SARAH WRIGHTSON.

“Mr. Wrightson begs your acceptance of a small present, part of which can have no value, but what its excelling qualities, for what it is, will

give it at so great a distance as that dear England, which I once left with so much shame and regret : but with a laudable purpose, *however*, because I would not incur still *greater* shame, and, of consequence, give cause for still *greater* regret !”

To this letter, my dear Lady Davers, I have written the following answer, which Mr. B. will take care to have convey'd to the good lady.

“ I EMBRACE, dear madam, with great pleasure the opportunity you have so kindly given me, of writing to a lady, whose person, tho' I have not the honour to know, yet whose character and noble qualities I truly revere.

“ I am infinitely obliged to you, madam, for the precious trust you have reposed in me, and the right you make over to me, of your maternal interest in a child, on whom I set my heart the moment I saw her.

“ Lady Davers, whose love and tenderness for Miss, as well for her mamma's sake, as for that of your late worthy spouse, had, from her kind opinion of me, granted me this favour ; and I was, by Mr. B.'s leave, in actual possession of my pretty ward, about a week before your kind letter came to my hands.

“ As I had been for many months solicitous for this favour, judge how welcome the signification of your kind concurrence was to me ; and the rather, as, had I known that a letter from you was on the way to me, I should have apprehended, that you would have insisted upon depriving the surviving friends of her dear papa, of the pleasure they take in the sweet child. Indeed, madam, I believe we should one and all have join'd to disobey you, had *that* been the case ; and it is a great satisfaction to us, that we are not under so hard a necessity, as to dispute with a tender mother the possession of her own child.

“ Assure yourself, madam, that the little boy GOD has given me, shall not be more my care than Miss Goodwin shall be ; and that as well with regard to her mind as person.

“ We all rejoice, dear madam, in the account you give of your present happiness. It was impossible, that GOD Almighty should desert a lady so exemplarily pious : how has he rewarded your trust in his providence, by giving you as a blessing to Mr. Wrightson, who so well deserves it !

“ Miss Goodwin is a sweet temper'd child ; and, I hope, loves me. I will endeavour to make her love me still better ; as on that love will depend the regard, which, I hope, she will pay to all I shall say and do for her good.

“ She is very fond of my little Billy : she is lovely in her features ; easy and genteel in her shape. She dances finely, and is improving every day in musick ; she works very prettily with her needle, (as you will see by a sampler all of her own doing ;) reads admirably ; and takes a delight in both : but she takes not equal pleasure, at present, in writing, as you will see in the inclosed address to yourself ; tho' the inditing is wholly her own.

“ I repeat my acknowledgments for the kind trust you repose in me ; and return you thanks for your valuable present. We all here join in respects to Mr. Wrightson ; and in wishing you, madam, a continuance and increase of worldly felicity : and I, particularly, beg leave to subscribe myself, dear madam, An affectionate Admirer of your Piety, and your obliged humble Servant,

“ P. B.”

TO MY HONOURED MAMMA. IN HUMBLE DUTY PRESENT.

“DEAREST, DEAR MADAM,—Your Sally is full of joy, to have any commands from her honoured mamma. I promise to follow all your directions. Indeed, and upon my word, I will. You please me mightily in giving me so dear a new mamma here. Now I know, indeed, I have a mamma, and I will love and obey her, as if she was you your own self. Indeed I will. You must always bless me, because I will be always good. I hope you will believe me, because I am above telling fibs. I send you, madam, some of my needle-works. I know you will love it for your Sally’s sake. I am, my honoured mamma on the other side of the water, and ever will be, as if you was here, Your dutiful Daughter, “SALLY GOODWIN.”

Your ladyship will see, in the copy of my letter to Mrs. Wrightson, how I was circumscrib’d; otherwise I would have told the good lady (what I have mention’d more than once) how I admire and honour her for her penitence, and for that noble fortitude, which enabled her to abandon her country, her relations, friends, infant, and all that was dear to her, to avoid repeating a sin which she had been unhappily drawn into.

Miss Goodwin deserves the character I have given of her to her mother; but, permit me to say, she has a little of her papa’s spirit; hasty, yet generous and acknowledging, when she is convinc’d of her fault; a little haughtier and prouder than I wish her to be.

She is very fond of fine cloaths, is a little too lively to the servants. She told me once, when I took notice, that gentleness and mildness of speech became a young lady, That they were *but* servants; and she could say no more, than *pray*, and *I desire*, and *I wish you would be so kind*—to her uncle, or to me.

I told her, Our servants were not common ones; and that they deserved kind treatment; and that so long as they were ready to oblige her in every thing, by kind words, it would be wrong to give them imperious ones, which could serve no other end, but to shew the haughtiness of our own temper; and looked, as if we thought our commands not reasonable enough to be complied with, if we were not to exact their observance of them with a high hand.

Besides, my dear, said I, you do not consider, that if you speak as haughtily and commandingly to them on common, as on extraordinary occasions, you weaken your own authority, if ever you should be permitted to have any, and they will regard you no more in the one case, than in the other.

She takes great notice of what I say, and when her little proud heart is subdu’d by reasonings she cannot answer, she will sit as if she were studying what to say, that she may come off as flyingly as she can: and, as the case requires, I let her go off easily, or I push her to her last refuge, and there make her quit her post, and yield up her spirit, captive to reason and discretion: two excellent commanders, with whom, I tell her, I must make her intimately acquainted.

Yet, after all, till I can be sure, that I can inspire her with the love of virtue, for *its own* sake, I will rather try to conduct her spirit to proper ends, than endeavour totally to subdue it; being sensible that our passions are given us for excellent purposes; and that they may, by proper direction, be made subservient to the noblest.

Mr. B., whom, now-and-then, she says, she loves as well as if he were

her own papa, sees, with pleasure, how we go on ; and loves us both, if possible, for it.

There is a pride, you know, madam, in some of our sex, that serves to useful purposes, and is a good defence against improper matches, and mean actions ; and this, I imagine, is not wholly to be subdu'd, for that reason ; for, tho' it is not *virtue*, yet, if it can be *virtue's substitute*, in high, rash, and inconsiderate minds, it may turn to good account. So I will not quite discourage my pupil neither ; but will see what discretion, and riper years, may add to her distinguishing faculty. For, as some have no notion of pride, separate from imperiousness and arrogance ; so others know no difference between humility and meanness.

Upon the whole, if it please God to spare us both, I will endeavour to point her passions, and such even of those foibles, which seem too deeply rooted to be soon eradicated, to laudable ends ; chusing to imitate physicians, who in certain chonical maladies, as I have read in Lord Bacon, rather proceed by gentle palliatives, than by harsh extirpatives, which, by means of the resistance given to them by the habit, may create such ferments in the constitution as may utterly defeat their intention.

But, whither am I running ?—Your ladyship, I hope, will excuse this parading freedom of my pen : for tho' these notions are well enough with regard to Miss Goodwin, they must be very impertinent to a lady, who can so much better instruct Miss's Tut'ress, than that vain Tut'ress can her pupil. And therefore, with my humblest respect to my good Lord Davers, and your noble neighbours, I hasten to conclude myself Your Ladyship's obliged Sister, and obedient Servant,

P. B.

I long to have you see your Billy. He sends you a kiss upon this paper.

He has cut two teeth, and is about more : so you'll excuse the pretty, slabbering boy. Miss Goodwin is exceedingly fond of him. She begs me to present her humble duty to your ladyship and my good lord. I told her I was writing about her to Lady Davers. She asked me if you both loved her. I told her you did. And you love me, madam, said she ; my uncl B. loves me : do you think there is such another happy girl in the world, as I am ? GOD always blesses good misses, said I, and makes them every day happier than the other.

LETTER CXIX.

MY DEAR LADY DAVERS,—I have three marriages to acquaint you with in one letter.

The first is notified in a very obliging letter, written by the particular desire of my dear friend, by Sir William Gresesby ; who tells me, that on the 18th past, he was made one of the happiest men in England. So I have no longer any Miss Darnford to boast of. I have a very good opinion of the gentleman ; but if he make but half so good a husband, as I am sure she will a wife, they will be exceedingly happy in each other.

Mr. Williams's marriage to a kinswoman of his noble patron, (which you have heard was in treaty) is the next ; and there is great reason to believe, from the character of both, that they will likewise do credit to the state.

The third is Mr. Adams and Polly Barlow ; and I wish them, for both their sakes, to be as happy as either of the former. They are set out to his living, highly pleas'd with each other.

I should have written to your ladyship before ; but have been favour'd with Mr. B.'s company into Kent, on a visit which I made to my mother,

who was indispos'd. We stay'd there a week, and, God be praised, left both my dear parents in perfect health.

Mrs. Judy Swynford, or Miss Swynford, (as she refuses not being call'd) has been with us for this week past; and she expects her brother, Sir Jacob, to fetch her away about a week hence.

It does not become me to write the least word, that may appear disrespectful of any person, who has the honour to bear a relation to your ladyship and Mr. B. Otherwise I should say, That the B.s and the Swynfords are directly the opposites of one another. But yet, as she never saw your ladyship, nor you her, but once, as she tells me, you will forgive me if I write a few words about her, because she is a character that is in a manner new to me.

She is a maiden lady, as you know, madam; and tho' she will not part with the green leaf from her hand, one sees by the grey-goose down on her brows and head, that she cannot be less than fifty-five: but so much pains does she take, by powder, to have not one dark hair in her head, because she has one half of them white, that I am sorry to see that what is a subject for reverence, should be deem'd by her matter of concealment.

She is often in conversation, indeed, seemingly reproaching herself, that she is an *old maid*, and an *old woman*; but it is very discernible, that she expects a compliment, that she is *not so*, every time she is so free with herself: and if nobody makes her one, she will say something of that sort in her own behalf.

She takes particular care, that of all the publick transactions which happen to be talked of, her memory will never carry her back above thirty years; and then it is, about thirty years ago, when I was a girl, or, when I was in hanging sleeves; and so she makes herself, for twenty years of her life, a very useless and insignificant person.

If her teeth, which, for her time of life, are not bad, tho' not over-white, (and which, by the cares she takes of them, she seems to look upon as the last remains of her younger days) would but fail her, I imagine it would help her to a conviction, that would set her ten years forwarder at least. But, poor lady! she is so *young*, in spite of her wrinkles, that I am really concern'd for her affectation; because it exposes her to the remarks and ridicule of the men.

Surely, these ladies do not act prudently at all; since, for every year Mrs. Judy would take from her age, her censors add two to it; and, behind her back, make her going on towards seventy; whereas, if she would lay claim to her *reverentials*, as I may say, and not endeavour to conceal her age, she would have a great many compliments for looking so well at her time of life. And many a young person would hope to be the better for her advice and experience, who now are afraid of affronting her, if they suppose she has lived much longer in the world than themselves.

Then she laughs back to the years she owns, when more flippant ladies, at the laughing-time of life, delight to be frolick: she tries to sing too, altho', if ever she had a voice, she has out-liv'd it; and her songs are of so antique a date, that they would betray her; only, as she tells us, they were taught her by her grandmother, who was a fine lady at the restoration; she will join in a dance: and tho' her limbs move not so pliantly, as might be expected of a woman no older than she would be thought to be, and who would have it supposed that her dancing-days are not entirely over, yet that was owing to a fall from her horse some years ago, which,

she doubts, she shall never recover, so as to be *quite* well ; tho' she finds she grows better and better *every year*.

Thus she loses, as I said, the respect, the reverence, she might receive, were it not for this miserable affectation ; takes pains, by aping youth, to make herself unworthy of her years, and is content to be thought less discreet than she might otherwise be deem'd for fear she should be imagin'd older, if she appear'd wiser.

What a sad thing is this, madam ? What a mistaken conduct ? We pray to live to old age ; and it is promised as a blessing, and as a reward, for the performance of certain duties ; and yet, when we come to it, we had rather be thought as foolish as youth, than to be deemed wise, and in possession of it. And so we shew how little we deserve what we have been so long coveting ; and yet covet on : for what ? Why, to be more and more asham'd, and more and more unworthy of what we covet !

How fantastic a character is this !—Well may irreverent, unthinking youth despise, instead of revere, the hoary head, which the wearer is so much asham'd of.

Will you forgive me, madam ? As the lady boasts a relation to you, and to Mr. B., I think, I am very bold. But my reverence for years, and the disgust I have to see any body behave unworthy of them, makes me take the greater liberty.

GOD knows whether ever I may enjoy the blessing I so much revere in others. For now my thoughtful time approaches. But I was so apprehensive before, and so troublesome to my best friends, with my vapourish fears, that now (with a perfect resignation to the Divine will) I will only add, that I am Your Ladyship's most obliged Sister, and Servant,

P. B.

Let me tell your ladyship, that I am very happy in another young gentleman of the dean's recommending, instead of Mr. Adams.

LETTER CXX.

I AM once more, my dearest lady, blessed be GOD for all his mercies to me ! enabled to dedicate to you the first fruits of my pen, on my upsitting, to thank you, and my lord, for all your kind sollicitudes for my welfare.

I am glad to hear Lady Betty is likely to be so happy. Mr. B. says, her noble admirer is as worthy a man as any in the peerage ; and I beg of your ladyship to congratulate her, and her noble parents, in my name, on the occasion.

I was agreeably surprized last Monday evening, with the receipt of the following billet ; and so will your ladyship with the account I have to give you, of what passed between the writer of it, and me.

“The Countess Dowager of S. being speedily to leave England ; and business having brought her as far as Woburn, will do herself the honour of breakfasting with Mrs. B., if convenient, to-morrow morning.

“Monday afternoon.”

I returned, that I received the notice of her ladyship's intention, as a high favour, and hoped nothing would prevent it ; and that she would be so good as to make Mr. B.'s house hers, till his return from a party of pleasure which he was taking, and I hoped would be on Wednesday.

About ten in the morning she came. Her equipages were suitable to

her quality and magnificent spirit. Our meeting was all that was polite on her side; all (intentionally at least) that was free and easy on mine. As we sat at breakfast, she told me, that she should set out in a few days for Italy: that her residence would be either at Naples or Florence, she was not at present determined which. That two years absence was the least she proposed. She was sorry, she said, Mr. B. was abroad.

After breakfast, when we were alone, she repeated, that she was sorry Mr. B. was not at home, tho' her compliment was principally intended to me; for, Mrs. B., said she, I come to tell you all that passed between Mr. B. and myself, that you may not think worse of either of us than we deserve. I could not leave England, till I had waited on you for this purpose; and yet, perhaps, from the distance of time, you will think it needless now. And indeed I should have attended you before with the same view, had I thought I should have been kept so long on this side of the water.

I said, I was sorry, that the uneasiness I had once laboured under, as I confessed, had ever come to her ladyship's knowledge, and the rather, as I had two persons of so much honour—Nay, said she, interrupting me, you ought not to apologize: things looked bad enough, as they were represented to you, to justify greater uneasiness than you express'd.

She then, with a sweet confusion, which added to her loveliness, said, she would be brief in her story, because she should exact all my attention, and not suffer me to interrupt her till she had done.

She began with acknowledging, "That she thought, when she first saw Mr. B. at the masquerade, that he was the finest gentleman she had ever seen; that the allow'd freedoms of the place had made her take liberties in following him, and engaging him where-ever he went. She blamed him very freely for passing for a single gentleman; for that she said, (since she had so splendid a fortune of her own) was all she was solicitous about; having never, as she confess'd, seen a man she could like so well; her former marriage having been in some sort forced upon her, at an age when she knew not how to distinguish. I was very loth, said she, to believe him marry'd, even when I had no reason to doubt it. Yet, this I must say, I never heard a man, when he owned he was marry'd, express himself of a wife, with more affectionate fondness, than he did of you, whenever he spoke of you to me. This made me long to see you: for I had a great opinion of those personal advantages, which every one flatter'd me with: and was very unwilling to yield the palm of beauty to you.

"I believe you will censure me, Mrs. B., for permitting his visits, after I knew he was marry'd. That, no doubt, was a thoughtless and a faulty part of my conduct. But the world's impertinent censures, and my friends indiscreet interpositions, incensed me; and, knowing the uprightness of my own heart, I was resolved to disregard both, when I found they could not think worse of me than they did: for I am naturally of a high spirit, and always was impatient of controul, or even of contradiction.

"Mr. B. has noble sentiments, and a courage, which all women, who know the weakness of their own sex, and how much they want the protection of the brave, are taken with. He is happy in his address; but with all his advantages of mind and person, would have been no more than any other man, had I at first known him to be a married man. When I did, I resolv'd to see him no more; but accidents, unforeseen, threw him in my way again, and then, I own, I had all my resolves to begin again,

“Yet this I can truly say, whatever his views might be, I never saw in his behaviour to me aught that might make me very apprehensive; saving, that I began to fear, that by his insinuating address and noble manner, I should be too much in his power, and too little in my own, if I went on so little doubting, and he were only to wear the mask of virtue, and should ever dare to take it off.

“I had often lamented,” continued she, “that our sex were prohibited, by the world’s censures, and by the wickedness of many, from conversing with the same ease and freedom with men, as with one another. But, when once I asked myself to what this conversation, in which each took so much pleasure, might tend at last, I resolved to break it off; and told him my resolution. But he stopp’d my mouth with a romantic notion, as I since think it (tho’ a sorry plea will have weight in favour of a proposal, to which one has no aversion) of *platonic* love; and we had an intercourse by letters, to the number of six or eight, on that and other subjects.

“Yet, all this time, I was the less apprehensive, because he always spoke so tenderly, and even with delight, whenever he mention’d his wife; and I could not find that you were at all alarmed at our acquaintance; for I never scrupled to send my letters to your house, sealed with my own seal, and by my own servants.

“At last, indeed, he began to tell me, that from the sweetest and the evenest temper in the world, you seem’d to be leaning towards melancholy: were always in tears, or appeared to have been weeping, when he came home; and that you made not his return to you so agreeable as he used to find it.

“I ask’d, if it were not owing to some alteration in his own temper? If you might not be uneasy at our acquaintance, and at his frequent absence from you, and the like? He answer’d, no!—that you were above disguises, were of a noble and frank nature, and would have taken some opportunity to hint it to him, if you had.

“This, however, when I began to think seriously of the intercourse between him and me, did not satisfy me; and I was more and more convinced that my honour required me to break it off.

“And altho’ I permitted Mr. B. to go with me to Tunbridge, when I went to take a house there, yet I was uneasy, as he saw: so was he, tho’ he tarry’d a day or two longer than he designed, on account of a little excursion my sister T. and her lord, and he and I, made into Sussex, to see an estate which I had thoughts of purchasing; for he was so good as to look into my affairs, and has put them upon an admirable footing.

“His uneasiness, he owned to me, was upon your account. He sent you a letter to excuse himself for not waiting on you on Saturday, and to tell you he would dine with you on Monday. He told me, that he and you had a little misunderstanding. She is so solemn, said he, and so melancholy of late, that I am apprehensive for her mind: and I love her so well, that should any thing disorder her reason, I should hardly keep my own.

“Are there no grounds, think you, said I, to imagine that your acquaintance with me gives her uneasiness. You know, Mr. B., how that villain Turner (a man, madam, whose insolent address I rejected with the contempt it deserv’d) has slander’d us. How know you but he has found a way to your wife’s ear, as he has done to my uncle’s? If so, it is best for us both to discontinue a friendship that may be attended with *disagreeable* consequences.

“ He said, he should find it out on his return to you. And will you, said I, ingenuously, acquaint me with the issue of your enquiries? for, added I, I never beheld a countenance that seem'd to mean more than Mrs. B.'s, when I saw her in town; and notwithstanding her prudence, I could see a reserve and thoughtfulness in it, that, if it was not natural to it, must indicate too much.

“ He return'd to you, madam; he wrote to me, in a very moving letter, the issue of your conference, and referred to some papers of yours, that he would shew me, as soon as he could procure them, they being out of your own hands; and let me know, that Turner, as I had suspected, was the incendiary.

“ In brief, madam, when you went down into Kent, he came to me, and read some part of your account written to Lady Davers, of your informant and information: your apprehensions; your prudence; your affection for him; the reason of your melancholy: and, according to the appearance things bore, reason enough you had, especially from the letter of Thomasine Fuller, which was one of Turner's vile forgeries; for tho' we had often, for argument's sake, talked of polygamy (he arguing for it, I against it); yet had not Mr. B. *dared*, I will say, nor was he inclined, I verily believe, to propose any such thing to me: no, madam, I was not so much lost to a sense of honour, as to give reason for any one, but my impertinent uncle, to impute such a folly to me; and he had so treated me, that I cared not what *he* thought.

“ Then, what he read to me, here and there, from your letters, as he thought fit, gave me reason to admire you for your generous opinion of one you had so much seeming cause to be afraid of: he told me his apprehensions, from your uncommon manner, that your head was in some degree affected, and your strange proposal of parting with a husband every one knows you so dearly love: and we agreed to forbear seeing each other, and all manner of correspondence, except by letter, for one month, till some of my affairs were settled, which had been in great disorder, and were in his kind management then; and I had not one relation whom I cared to trouble with them, because of their treatment of me on Mr. B.'s account. And this, I told him, should not pass but through your hands, and with your consent.

“ And thus, madam, said she, have I laid before you the whole affair.

“ I have seen Mr. B. very seldom since, and when I have, it has been either at a horse race, in the open field, or at some publick diversion, by accident, where only distant civilities have passed between us.

“ I respect him greatly; you must allow me to say that. Except in the article of permitting me to believe, for some time, that he was a single man, which is a fault he cannot be excused for, and which made me heartily quarrel with him, when I first knew him not to be so, he has behaved towards me with so much generosity and honour, that I could have wished I had been of his sex, since he had a wife so much more deserving than I could be; and then, if he had had the same esteem for me, there never would have been a more perfect friendship.

“ I am now going,” continued she, “ to embark for France, as I told you; and on my return from Italy, I hope, shall be so improved as not to be thought unworthy of Mrs. B.'s friendship.”

I told her, That I was greatly obliged to her for the honour she did me in this visit, and the kind and considerate occasion of it: but that Mr. B.

had made me entirely happy in every particular, and had done her the justice she so well deserv'd, having taken upon himself the blame of passing as a single man, at his first acquaintance with her ladyship.

I added, That I could hope her ladyship might be prevented, by the addresses of some happy man, from leaving a kingdom to which she was so great an ornament, as well by her condition and fortune, as by the qualities of her mind.

She had not been, she said, the happiest of her sex in her former marriage : altho' nobody, her youth consider'd, thought her a bad wife ; and her lord's goodness to her, at his death, had demonstrated his own favourable opinion of her, by deeds, as he had done by words, upon all occasions : but that she was yet young, a little too gay and unsettled ; and had her head turned towards France and Italy, having pass'd some time in those countries, which she thought of with pleasure, tho' then but a girl of twelve or thirteen ; that for this reason, and having been on a late occasion still more unsettled, she had refused some handsome offers : that, indeed, Lord E—— threatened to follow her to Italy, in hopes of meeting better success with her there than he had here ; but if he did, tho' she would make no resolutions, she believed she should be too much offended with him to give him reason to boast of his journey, and this the rather, as she had grounds to think he had once entertained no very honourable notions of her friendship for Mr. B.

She wished to see Mr. B., and to take leave of him ; but not out of my company, she was pleased to say.

Your ladyship's consideration for me, reply'd I, lays me under high obligation ; but, indeed, madam, there is no occasion for it, from any diffidences I have in yours or in Mr. B.'s honour. And if your ladyship will give me the pleasure of knowing when it will be most acceptable, I will beg of Mr. B. to oblige me with his company to return this favour, the first visit I make abroad.

You are very kind, my dear Mrs. B., said she : but I think, when I have disposed of every thing for my embarkation, to go to Tunbridge for a fortnight, and so set out from thence. And if you should then be both in Kent, I should be glad to take you at your word.

To be sure, I said, Mr. B. at least would attend her ladyship there, if any thing should happen to deprive me of that honour ; and if it would be agreeable to her ladyship, I made no doubt he would, with as high a pleasure as I should receive in his doing so, attend her ladyship on board, and see her safe on the other side.

You are very generous, said she : I take great blame to myself for having been the means of giving you a moment's uneasiness formerly : but I must now endeavour to be circumspect, in order to retrieve my character, which has been so basely traduced by that presumptuous fellow Turner, who hoped, I suppose, by that means, to bring me down to his level.

Her ladyship would not be prevailed upon to stay dinner, and, saying she should be at Woburn all the next day, took a very kind and tender leave of me, wishing me, as I did her, all manner of happiness.

Mr. B. came home as expected. He rode to Woburn, to pay his respects to her, and came back in the evening.

I should have told you, madam, that Lady S. was very fond of my two boys ; the little man, as she called my Billy ; and the pretty baby, as she called my Davers. I was much more delighted with the tenderness she expressed for my Billy than I was the time she had him on her lap before.

She took great notice of Miss Goodwin also ; who was quite charmed with her. She asked me, as we sat at breakfast, who that pretty genteel miss was ? I told her, a relation of Lord Davers, who was lately entrusted to my care. Then, miss, said she, and kissed her, I congratulate you. You are very happy.

And now, madam, am I not warranted to demand your ladyship's congratulation on the subject of this unexpected and agreeable visit ? I rejoice the more upon it for the lady's sake, who appeared to me thro' the whole of it, as a person telling an agreeable tale, which once had affected her ; but which now (all inconveniences and regrets got over) she could repeat without emotion, and with that ease and dignity which accompany all she says and does.

Permit me now, madam, to enter upon another subject.

Mr. B. asked me last night, How I relish Mr. Locke's *Treatise of Education* ? which he put into my hands some time since, as I told your ladyship. I answer'd, Very well. I thought it an excellent piece, in the main.

I will tell you, said he, what you shall do. You have not shew'd me any thing you have written for a good while. I would be glad you would fill up your leisure time, since you cannot be without a pen, with your observations on that treatise, that I may know what you can object to it ; for you say, *In the main*, which shews that you do not entirely approve of every part of it.

But will it not be presumptuous, sir, for such a one as I, to make remarks on the work of such an author.

I admire Mr. Locke, replied he, for his genius and knowledge ; and I admire my Pamela, for her natural talents. I have no doubt of his excellencies ; but I want to know the sentiments of a young mother, as well as of a learned man, upon the subject of education ; because I have heard several ladies censure some part of his regimen, when I am convinced that the fault lies in their own over-great fondness for their children.

As to myself, sir, who, in the early part of my life, have not been brought up too tenderly, you will hardly meet with any objection to the part which I imagine you have heard most objected to by ladies who have been more indulgently treated in their first stage. But there are a few other things that want clearing up to my understanding, but which, however, may be the fault of that.

Then, my dear, said he, suppose me at a distance from you, cannot you give me your remarks in the same manner as if you were writing to Lady Davers, or to Miss Darnford, that was ?

Yes, sir, depending on your kind favour to me, I believe I could.

Do then ; and the less restraint you write with, the more I shall be pleased with it. But I confine you not to time or place. We will make our excursions as I once proposed to you ; and do you write me a letter now-and-then upon the subject ; for the remarkables you will see will be new only to yourself ; nor will either of those ladies expect from you an itinerary, or a particular description of countries, which they will find better described by authors who have made it their business to treat upon those subjects. By this means you will be usefully employed in your own way, which may turn to good account to us both, and to the children, which it has pleased God to give us.

You do not expect, sir, any thing methodical or digested from me ?

I do not, my dear. Let your fancy and your judgment be both em-

ployed. Method in your easy, natural way, would be a confinement, and give what you write a stiffness that I have not yet found in your letters.

Well, but, sir, altho' I write nothing to the purpose, yet if Lady Davers is desirous to give it a reading, will you allow me to transmit what I shall write, to her hands, when you have perused it yourself? For your sister is so indulgent to my scribble, that she will expect to be always hearing from me; and by this means I shall please her ladyship, while I obey her brother.

With all my heart, he was pleased to say.

So, madam, I shall now-and-then pay my respects to you in the writing way, tho' I must address myself, it seems, to Mr. B.; I hope I shall be indulged on these terms; and the rather as they are such as will convince you how much I wish to approve myself, to the best of my poor ability, Your ladyship's most obliged Sister, and humble Servant, P. B.

LETTER CXXI.

MY DEAREST MR. B.,—I have been considering of your commands, in relation to Mr. Locke's book; and since you are pleased to give me time to acquit myself of the task, I shall take the liberty to propose to include in a little book my humble sentiments, as I did to Lady Davers, in that I shewed you in relation to the plays I had seen and read. And, since you confine me not to time or place, perhaps I shall be three or four years in completing it, because I shall reserve some subjects to my further experience in children's ways and tempers, and in order to benefit myself by those good instructions which I shall be so happy as to receive from your conversation, in that compass of time, if God spare us to each other: and then it will, moreover, be still worthier than it can otherwise be, of the perusal of the most honour'd and best beloved of all my correspondents, greatly honour'd and beloved as they all are.

I must needs say, my dear Mr. B., that this is a subject which I was always particularly attentive; and among the charities your bountiful heart permits me to dispense to the poor and indigent, I have had always a watchful eye upon the children of such, and endeavoured, by questions put to them, as well as to their parents, to inform myself of their little ways and tempers, and how nature delights to work in different minds, and how it might be pointed to their good, according to their respective capacities; and I have for this purpose erected, with your approbation, a little school of seven or eight children, among which are four in the earliest stages, when they can but just speak, and call for what they want, or love; and I am not a little pleased to observe, when I visit them in their school-time, that principles of goodness and virtue may be instilled into their little hearts much earlier than is usually imagined. And why should it not be so? For may not the child, that can tell its wants, and make known its inclination, be easily made sensible of *yours*, and what you expect from it, provided you take a proper method? For, sometimes, signs and tokens (and even looks), uniformly practised, will do as well as words; as we see in such of the young of the brute creation, as we are disposed to domesticate, and to teach to practise those little tricks of which the aptness or docility of their natures makes them capable.

I know not enough, however, dearest sir, of the next stage, the *maturer* part of life, to touch upon that, as I wish to do; and yet there is a natural connection and progression from the one to the other: and I would not be thought a vain creature, who believes herself equal to *every* subject, because

she is indulged with the good opinion of her friends, in a *few*, which are supposed to be within her own capacity.

I humbly conceive, that it is no small point of wisdom to know one's own talent; and for this reason, permit me, dear sir, to suspend, till I am better qualified for it, even my own proposal of beginning my little book; and, in the meantime, to touch upon a few places of the admirable author you have put into my hand, that seem to me to warrant another way of thinking, than that which he prescribes.

But, dear sir, let me premise, that all that your dear little ones can demand of my attention for some time to come is their health; and it has pleased God to bless them, to all appearance, with such good constitutions, that I have very little to do but to pray for them every time I pray for their dear papa, and that is hourly; and yet not so often as you confer upon me benefits, and favours, and new obligations, even to the prevention of all my wishes, were I to sit down to study for what should be the next.

LETTER CXXVIII.*

HAVING now, my dearest Mr. B., said as much as is necessary to let you into my notion of the excellent book you put into my hands, and having touch'd those points, in which the children of both sexes may be concern'd (with some *art* in my intention, I own), in hopes that my observations would not be so much out of the way, as to make you repent of the honour and pleasure you have done me in committing the dear Miss Goodwin to my care; I shall now very quickly set myself about the little book which I have done myself the honour to mention to you.

You have been so good as to tell me (at the same time that you have not disapprov'd these my specimen letters, as I may call them) that you will kindly accept of my intended present, and you encourage me to proceed in it; and as I shall leave one side of the leaf blank for your corrections and alterations, those corrections will be a fine help and instruction to me in the pleasing task, which I propose to myself, of assisting in the early education of the children which it has pleased GOD to give you. And as, possibly, I may be years in writing it, as the dear babies improve, and as I myself improve, by the opportunities which their advances in years will give me, and the experience I shall gain, I shall then, perhaps, venture to give my notions and observations on the more material and nobler parts of education, as well as the inferior: for (but that I think the subjects above my present abilities) Mr. Locke's book would lead me into several remarks, that might not be unuseful, and which appear to me entirely new; tho' that, perhaps, may be owing to my slender reading and opportunities.

But what, my dearest Mr. B., I would now touch upon, is a word or two still more particularly upon the education of my own sex; a topic which naturally rises to me from the subject of my last letter. For there, dear sir, we saw, that the mothers might teach the child particular parts of science; and who, I pray, as our sex is generally educated, shall teach the *mothers*?

Miss Goodwin indeed takes her learning well, and loves reading: she makes very pretty reflections upon all she reads; and asks very pertinent questions; in short, gives all the promises of becoming a fine young lady;

* Letters CXXII. to CXXVII., containing only Pamela's comments on, and, for the most part, her concurrence in Mr. Locke's book on the education of children, form no part of the story, and are omitted in this edition.—ED.

but it is not every one that can boast Miss Goodwin's capacity, and goodness of temper, which have enabled her to get up a good deal of *lost* time, as I must call it ; for the first four years in the dear child were a perfect blank, as far as I can find, just as if the pretty dear was born the day she was four years old : for what she had to *unlearn*, as to temper, and will, set against what little improvements she had made, might very fairly be compounded for, as a blank.

I would indeed have a young lady brought up to her needle ; but I would not have *all* her time employ'd in samplers, and learning to mark, and to do those unnecessary things, which she will never, probably, be call'd upon to practise.

And why, pray, my dear Mr. B., are not girls entitled to the same *first* education, tho' not to the same diversions, as boys ; so far, at least, as it is supposed by Mr. Locke a mother can instruct them ?

Would not this lay a foundation for their future improvement, and direct their inclinations to useful subjects, such as would make them above the imputations of some unkind men, who allot to their parts common tea-table prattle, while they do all they can to make them fit for nothing else, and then upbraid them for it ! And would not the men find us better and more suitable companions and assistants to them in every useful purpose of life ? — O that your lordly sex were all like my dear Mr. B. I don't mean, that they should all take raw, uncouth, low born girls, as I was, from the cottage, and, destroying all distinction, make them their wives. I cannot mean this : because there is a far greater likelihood, that such a one, when she comes to be lifted up into so dazzling a sphere, will have her head made giddy with her exaltation, than that she would balance herself well in it : and then to what a blot, over all the fair page of a long life, would this little drop of dirty ink spread itself ? What a standing disreputation to the choice of a gentleman !

But *this* I mean, That after a gentleman had enter'd into the marriage state with a young creature (saying nothing at all of birth or descent) far inferior to him in learning, in parts, in knowledge of the world, and in all the graces which make conversation agreeable and improving, he would, as *you* do, endeavour to make her fit company for himself, as he shall find her *willing* to improve, and *capable* of improvement : that he would direct her taste, point out proper subjects for her amusement and instruction ; travel with her now-and-then, a month in a year perhaps ; and shew her the world, after he has encourag'd her to put herself forward at his own table, and at the houses of his friends, and has seen, that she will not do him great discredit any-where. What obligations, and opportunities too, will this give her to love and honour such a husband, every hour, more and more ! as she will see his wisdom in a thousand instances, and experience his indulgence to her in ten thousand (for which otherwise no opportunity could have so fitly offer'd) to the praise of his politeness, and the honour of them both ! And then, when select parties of pleasure or business engag'd him not abroad, in his home conversation, to have him, as my dear Mr. B. does, delight to open her views, and inspire her with an ambition to enlarge her mind, and more and more to excel ! What an intellectual kind of marry'd life would such persons find theirs ! And how suitable to the rules of policy and self-love in the gentleman ! For is not the wife, and are not her improvements, all *his own* ? — *Absolutely*, as I may say, *his own* ? And does not every excellence she can be adorned by, redound to her husband's honour, because she is *his*, even more than

to *her own*?—In like manner as no dishonour affects a man so much, as that which he receives from a bad wife.

But look around, would some say, were they to read what I write, and see where, with all the advantages of sex, of education, of travel, of conversation in the open world, is to be found a man of Mr. B.'s abilities to instruct and inform? There are others, also, who, perhaps, will question the capacities or inclinations of our sex in general, to improve in useful knowledge, were they to meet with such kind instructors, either in the characters of parents or husbands.

As to the first, I grant, that it is not easy to find such a man: but for the second (if it would be excus'd in me, who am one of the sex, and so may be thought partial to it), I could, by comparisons drawn from the men and women within the circle of my own acquaintance, produce instances so flagrantly in their favour, as might make it suspected, that it is policy more than justice, in those who would keep our sex unacquainted with that more eligible turn of education, which gives men so many advantages over us in *that*; and which will shew, they have not any in *nature* or *genius*.

I know you will pardon me, dear sir; for you are so exalted above your Pamela, by genius and education too, that you cannot apprehend any inconvenience from bold comparisons. I will take the liberty therefore to mention a few instances among our friends, where women, notwithstanding their cramp'd and confin'd education, make *more* than an equal figure with the men I shall set against them, in all the graceful parts of conversation, in spite of the contempts pour'd upon our sex by some whose writings I have in my eye.

To begin then with Mr. Murray, and Miss Darnford that was: Mr. Murray has the reputation of scholarship, and has travell'd too; but how infinitely is he surpass'd in every noble and useful quality, and in greatness of mind, and judgment, as well as wit, by the young lady I have nam'd? This we saw, when last at the hall, in fifty instances, where the gentleman, you know, sir, visited Sir Simon and his lady.

Ncxt, dear sir, permit me to observe, that my good Lord Davers, with all his advantages, born a councillor of the realm, and educated accordingly, does not surpass his lady, your noble sister.

My Countess, as I delight to call her, and Lady Betty, her eldest daughter, greatly surpass the earl, and my lord, her eldest brother, in every point of knowledge, and even learning, as I may say, altho' both ladies owe that advantage principally to their own cultivation.

Let me presume, sir, to name Mr. H.; and when I *have* nam'd him, shall we not be puzzled to find any-where in our sex, one remove from vulgar life, a woman that will not surpass Mr. H.?

Lady Darnford, upon all useful subjects, makes a much brighter figure than Sir Simon, whose knowledge of the world has not yet made him acquainted with himself.

Mr. Arthur excels not his lady.

Miss Towers, a maiden lady, is an overmatch for half a dozen of the neighbouring gentlemen I could name, in what is call'd wit and politeness, and not inferior to any of them in judgment.

I could multiply instances of this nature, were it needful, to the confutation of that low, and I had almost said *unmanly* contempt, with which a certain celebrated genius treats our sex in general, in most of his pieces that I have seen; particularly in his *letter of advice to a new-marry'd lady*:

a letter, tho' containing many excellent things, written in such a manner, as must disgust, instead of instruct ; and looks more like the advice of an enemy to the *sex*, and a bitter one too, than a friend to the *particular lady*. But I ought to beg pardon for this my presumption, for two reasons ; first, because of the truly admirable talents of this writer ; and next, because we know not what women the ingenious gentleman may have fallen among in his younger days.

Upon the whole, therefore, I conclude, that Mr. B. is almost the only man, who excels *every* lady I have seen ; so *greatly* excels, that even the emanations of his excellence irradiate a low cottage-born girl, and make her pass among women of birth and education for somebody.

Forgive my pride, dear sir ; but it would be almost a crime in your Pamela, not to exult in the mild benignity of those rays, by which her beloved Mr. B. endeavours to make her look up to his own sunny sphere ; while she, by the advantage only of his reflected glory, in *his* absence (which makes a dark night to her) glides along with her paler and fainter beaminess, and makes a distinguishing figure among such lesser planets, as can only poorly twinkle and glimmer, for want of the aid she boasts of.

I dare not, dear sir, conjecture, whence arises this more than parity in the genius of the sexes, among the persons I have mention'd, notwithstanding the disparity of education, and the difference in the opportunities of each. This might lead one into too proud a thought in favour of a sex too contemptuously treated by some *other* wits I could name, who, indeed, are the less to be regarded, as they love to jest upon all GOD Almighty's works ; yet might I better do it, too, than any body, since, as I have intimated above, I am so infinitely transcended by my dear Mr. B., that no competition, pride or vanity, could be apprehended from me.

But, however, I would only beg of the gentlemen, who are so free in their contempts of us, that they would, for *their own* sakes, (and that, with such, generally goes a great way) rather try to *improve* than *depreciate* us : we should then make better daughters, better wives, better mothers, and better mistresses : and who (permit me, sir, to ask these people) would be so much the better for these opportunities, and amendments, as our up-braiders themselves ?

On re-perusing what I have written, I must repeatedly beg your excuse, dear sir, for these proud notions in behalf of my sex. I can truly say, that they are not, if I know myself, owing to partiality, because I have the honour to be one of it ; but to a better motive by far : for what does this contemptuous treatment of one half, if not the better half, of the human species, naturally produce, but libertinism, and abandon'd wickedness ?

You cannot, my dearest Mr. B., I know you cannot, be angry at this ; since you are not affected by it: for when you were at worst, you acted (more dangerously, 'tis true, for the poor innocents) a *principal* part, and were as a lion among beasts—Do, dear sir, let me say, *among*, this one time—You scorn'd to borrow any man's wit, and if nobody had followed your example, till they had your qualities, the number of rakes would have been but small. Yet, dearest sir, do not mistake me neither ; I am not so mean as to bespeak your favour by extenuating your failings : if I *were*, you would deservedly despise me. For, undoubtedly, (I *must* say it, sir) your faults were the greater for your abilities ; and such talents misapply'd, as they made you more capable of mischief, so did they increase the evil of your practices. All then that I mean, by saying you are not affected by this painting, is, that you are not affected by the description

I have given of clumsy and sordid rakes, whose *wit* is *borrow'd*, and their *wickedness* only what they may call *their own*.

Then, dear sir, since that noble conversation, which you held with me at Tunbridge, in relation to the consequences, that might, had not GOD'S grace interven'd, have followed the masquerade affair, I have the pleasure, the inexpressible pleasure, to find a reformation, from the *best* motives, taking place; and your joining with me in my closet (as opportunity permits) in my evening duties, is the charming confirmation of your kind and voluntary, and, I am proud to say, your *pious* assurances! So that this makes me fearless of your displeasure, while I rather triumph in my joy, for your precious soul's sake, than presume to think of recriminating; and when (only this one time for all, and for ever), I take the liberty of looking back to the painful *formerly*, from the delightful *now*.

But what a rambler am I again! You command me, sir, to write to you all I think, without fear. I obey, and as the phrase is, do it without either *fear* or *wit*.

If you are *not* displeas'd, it is a mark of the true nobleness of your nature, and the sincerity of your late pious declarations.

If you *are*, I shall be sure I have done wrong in having apply'd a corrosive to eat away the *proud flesh* of a *wound*, that is not yet so thoroughly *digested*, as to bear a painful application, and requires balsam, and a gentler treatment. But when we were at Bath, I remember what you said once of the benefit of retrospection; and you charg'd me, whenever a *proper* opportunity offer'd, to remind you, by that one word RETROSPECTION, of the charming conversation we had there, on our return from the rooms.

If this be not one of those *proper* opportunities, forgive, dearest sir, the unseasonableness of Your very impertinent, but in intention, and resolution, ever-dutiful,
P. B.

LETTER CXXIX.—MRS. B. TO HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

EVER-DEAR, AND EVER-HONOURED!—I must write this one letter to you, altho' I have had the happiness to see you so lately; because Mr. B. is now about to favour me with the tour he so kindly promised, when with you; and it may therefore be several months, perhaps, before I have again the pleasure of paying you the like dutiful respect.

The task I have undertaken of dedicating all my writing amusements to Mr. B.; the full employment I have, when at home: the frequent rambles he has been so often pleas'd to indulge me in, with my Miss Goodwin, to Kent, to London, to Bedfordshire, to Lincolnshire, and to my Lady Davers's: take from me the necessity of writing to you, to Lady Gresby and to Lady Davers, so often as I formerly thought myself obliged to do, when I saw all my worthy friends so seldom; the same things, moreover, with little variation, occurring this year, with regard to our conversations, visits, friends, employments, and amusements, that fell out the last; as must be the case, in a family so uniform and methodical as ours.

I have, for these reasons, more leisure to pursue my domestick duties, which are increased upon me; and when I have said, that I am every day more and more happy in my beloved Mr. B., in Miss Goodwin, my Billy, and my Davers, and now, newly, in my sweet little Pamela (for so, you

know, Lady Davers would have her called, rather than by her own name) what can I say more ?

As to the tour I spoke of, you know, the first part of Mr. B.'s obliging scheme is to carry me to France ; for he has already travell'd with me over the greatest part of England ; and I am sure, by my passage last year to the Isle of Wight, I shall not be afraid of crossing the water from Dover thither ; and he will, when we are at Paris, he says, take *my* further directions (that was his kind expression) whither to go next.

My Lord and Lady Davers are so good as to promise to accompany us to Paris, provided Mr. B. will give them his and my company to Aix la Chapelle, for a month or six weeks, whither my lord is advised to go. And Mr. H., if he can get over his fear of crossing the salt water, is to be of the party.

Lady Geresby, (who likewise has lately presented Sir William with a fine daughter) and I, are to correspond, as opportunity offers ; and she is so good as to promise to send to you what I write, as formerly : but I have refused to say one word in my letters of the manners, customs, curiosities, &c. of the places we see ; because, first, I shall not have leisure ; and, next, because those things are so much better described in books already printed, written by persons who made stricter and better observations than I can pretend to make ; so that what I shall write will relate only to ourselves, and shall be as brief as possible.

If we are to do as Mr. B. has it in his thought, he intends to be out of England two years ; but how can I bear that, if for your sakes only, and for those of my dear children. But this must be my time, my *only* time, Mr. B. tells me, to ramble, and see distant places and countries ; for, he is pleas'd to say, that as soon as his little-ones are capable of my instructions, and begin to understand my looks and signs, he will not spare me from them a week together ; and he is so kind as to propose, that my dear bold boy (for every one sees how greatly he resembles his papa in his forward spirit) shall go with us ; and this pleases Miss Goodwin highly, who is very fond of *him*, and of my little Davers ; but vows she will never love so well my pretty black-ey'd Pamela.

You see what a sweet girl Miss Goodwin is : did I tell you what she said to me, when she first saw you both, with your silver airs, and reverend countenances ?—Madam, said she, I dare say your parents *honoured their father and mother*—They did, my dear ; but what is your reason for saying so ?—Because, reply'd she, *they have lived so long in the land which the Lord their God has given them*. I took her in my arms, and kiss'd her three or four times. Was not this very pretty in the child ?

I must, with inexpressible pleasure, write you word, how happily God's providence has now, at last, turn'd that affair, which once made me so uneasy, in relation to the Countess of S., of whom you had heard, as you told me, some reports, which, had you known at the time, would have made you very apprehensive for Mr. B.'s morals, as well as for my repose.

I will now because I can do it with the highest pleasure, (by reason of the event which it has produced) give you the particulars of that dark affair, so far as shall make you judges of my present joy ; altho' I had hitherto avoided mentioning that subject to you. For now I think myself morally secure of the affection and fidelity of the best of husbands, and that from the worthiest motives ; as you shall hear.

There was but one thing wanting, my dear parents, to complete all the happiness I wish'd for in this life ; and that was, the remote hope I had en-

tain'd, that one day, my dear Mr. B., who from a licentious man, became a moralist, would be so touch'd by the divine grace, as to become, in time, more than a moral, a *religious* man; and that he would, at last, join in the duties which he had the goodness to countenance.

For this reason I began with mere *indispensables*. I crowded not his gate with objects of charity: I visited them at their homes, and reliev'd them; distinguishing by greater marks of my favour the worthy indigent (made so by unavoidable accidents and casualties) from the wilfully, or perversely, or sottishly such.

I confin'd my morning and evening devotions to my own closet, as privately as possible, lest I should give offence and discouragement to so gay a temper, so unaccustom'd (poor man!) to acts of devotion and piety; while I met his household together, only on mornings and evenings of the sabbath day, to prepare them for their publick duties in the one, and in hopes to confirm them in what they had heard at church in the other: leaving them (after I had suggested to them a method I wish'd to be follow'd by themselves, and in which they constantly oblig'd me) to their own reflections for the rest of the week.

This good order had its desir'd effect, and our sabbath-day assemblies were held with so little parade, that we were hardly any of us miss'd. All, in short, was done with cheerful ease and composure; and every one of us was better dispos'd to our domestick duties by this method: I, to attend my best friend; and they the commands of us both.

In this manner, we went on, very happily, my neighbourly visits of charity taking up no more time than common airings, and passing, many of them, for such; my *private duties* being only between my FIRST, my HEAVENLY BENEFACTOR, and myself, and my family-ones (personally) confin'd to the day, separated for the best of services: and Mr. B., pleas'd with my manner, beheld the good effects, and countenanc'd me by his praises and his endearments, *as acting discreetly, as not falling into enthusiasm, and (as he used to say) as not aiming at being righteous over-much.*

But still I wanted, and I waited for, with humble impatience, and I made it part of my constant-prayers, that the divine grace would at last make him *more* than a countenancer, *more* than an applauder, of my duties: that he might, for his own sake, become a partaker, a partner in them; and then, thought I, when we can, hand in hand, heart in heart, one spirit, as well as one flesh, join, in the same closet, in the same prayers and thanksgivings, what a happy creature shall I be!

I say, *closet*; for I durst not aspire so high, as to hope he would favour me with his company among his servants, in our *Sunday* devotions. I knew it would be going too far, in *his* opinion, to expect it from him. In *me* their mistress, had I been ever so high born, it was not amiss, because I, and they, *every one* of us, were *his*; I in one degree, Mr. Longman in another, Mrs. Jervis in another: but from a man of his high temper, and manner of education, I never hoped for it; so would not lose *every* thing, by grasping at *too much*.

But in the midst of all these hopeful proceedings, and my further charming prospects, a vile masquerade threw into his way a temptation, which, for a time, blasted all my prospects, and indeed made me apprehensive at times for my head. For, judge what my disappointment must be, when from such hopes, I found all my wishes frustrated, all my prayers render'd inefficual; his very morality, which I had flatter'd myself, in time, I should be an humble instrument to exalt into religion, endangered; and

all the good work to begin again, if offended grace should ever again offer itself to the dear wilful trespasser.

But who shall presume to scrutinize into the dealings of the Almighty with his creatures; since out of this *evil appearance* has proceeded the *real good*, I had been so long, and so often, supplicating for!

The dear man *was* to be on the brink of relapsing: it was proper, that I should be so very uneasy, as to assume a conduct not natural to my temper, and to raise his generous concern for me! And, in the very crisis, Divine grace interposed, made him sensible of his danger, made him resolve against his error, before it was vet too late; and his sliding feet, quitting the slippery path he was in, obtained new strength, and he stood the firmer, and more secure, for his peril.

For, my dear parents, having happily put an end to that affair, and, by his uniform conduct, for a considerable length of time, shew'd me, that I had nothing to apprehend from it, he was pleas'd, when we were last at Tunbridge together, and in very serious discourse upon divine subjects, to say to this effect: is there not, my Pamela, a text, *That the unbelieving husband shall be saved by the believing wife, while he beholds her chaste conversation coupled with fear?*

I need not tell you, my dear Mr. B., that there is, nor where it is.

Then, my dear, I begin to hope, *that* will be my case: for, from a former affair, of which this spot of ground puts me more in mind, I see so much reason to doubt my own strength, which I had built, and, as I thought, securely, on *moral* foundations, that I must look out for a *better* guide to conduct me, than the proud word *honour* can be, in the general acceptance of it among us lively young men.

How often, my dearest love, continu'd he, have I promised, (and I never promis'd, but I intended to perform) that I would be faithfully and only yours! How often have I declar'd, that I did not think I could possibly deserve my Pamela, till I could shew her, in my own mind, a purity as nearly equal to hers, as my past conduct would admit of.

But I depended too much upon my own strength: and I am now con-vine'd, that nothing but

RELIGIOUS CONSIDERATIONS,

and a resolution to watch over the very *first* appearances of evil, and to check them as they arise, can be of sufficient weight to keep steady to his good purposes, a vain young man, too little accusom'd to restraint, and too much us'd to play upon the brink of dangers, from temerity, and a love of intrigue, natural to enterprising minds.

I would not, my best love, make this declaration of my convictions to you, till I had thoroughly examin'd myself, and had reason to hope, that I should be enabled to make it good. And now, my Pamela, from this instant, you shall be my guide; and, only taking care, that you do not, all at once, by rules too rigorous, damp and discourage the rising flame, I will leave it to you to direct it as you please, till, by degrees, it may be deem'd worthy to mingle with your own.

Think, my dear parents, how rapturous my joy was upon this occasion, and how ready I was to bless GOD, for a danger (so narrowly escap'd) which was attended with the *very* consequences, that I had so long pray'd for; and which I little thought the Divine providence was bringing about by the very means, that, I apprehended, would put an end to all my pleasing hopes and prospects of that nature.

I cannot find words to express what I felt, on this occasion. I heard

him out with twenty different and impatient emotions; and then threw myself at his feet, embracing his knees, with arms the most ardently clasping! My face lifted up to heaven, and to *his* face, by turns; my eyes overflowing with tears of joy, which half choak'd up the passage of my words.—At last, his kind arms clasping my neck, and kissing my cheek, which was wet with my tears, I could only say, My prayers, my ardent prayers, are at last—at last—heard—May GOD Almighty, dear sir, confirm your pious purposes!—And, Oh! what a happy Pamela have you at your feet!

I wept for joy, till I even sobb'd; and he raising me to his kind bosom, when I could speak, I said, To have this *heavenly* prospect, O best loved of my heart! added to all my *earthly* blessings! how shall I contain my joy! For, Oh! to think that my dear Mr. B. is, and will be mine, and I his, thro' the mercies of GOD, when this transitory life is past and gone, to all eternity; what a rich thought is this! Methinks, I am already, dear sir, ceasing to be mortal, and beginning to taste the perfection of those joys of which this thrice welcome declaration gives me hope hereafter! But what shall I say, oblig'd as I was beyond expression before, and now doubly oblig'd in the rapturous view you have open'd to me, into a happy futurity!

He was pleas'd to say, He was delighted with me beyond expression: that I was his ecstatic charmer: that the love I shew'd for his future good, was an affecting proof of the purity of my heart, and of my affection for him. And that very evening he was pleas'd to join with me in my retired duties; and, at all proper opportunities, favours me with his company in my closet; listening attentively to all my lessons, as he calls my cheerful discourses on serious subjects.

And now, my dear parents, do you not rejoice with me, in this charming, charming appearance? I had *before*, the most generous, the most beneficent, the most affectionate, but, *now*, I am likely to have the most *pious* of husbands! What a happy wife! what a happy daughter, is *his* and *your* Pamela!—GOD, of his infinite mercy, continue and improve the ravishing prospect!

I am under some concern, on account of our going to travel into Roman Catholic countries, for fear we should want the publick opportunities of Divine service: for, I presume, the ambassador's chapel will be the only protestant place of worship allow'd of; and Paris the only city in France where there is one. But we must endeavour to make it up in our private and domestick duties: for, as the phrase is, when we are at Rome, we must do as they do at Rome; that is to say, so far as not to give offence, on one hand, to the people we are among; nor scandal, on the other, by compliances hurtful to one's conscience. But my protector knows all these things so well, (no place that we shall visit in what is called the grand tour, being new to him) that I have no reason to be very uneasy on these accounts.

And now, my dearest dear honour'd parents, let me, by letter, as I did on my knees at parting, beg the continuance of your prayers and blessings, and that GOD will preserve us to one another, and give us, and all our worthy friends, a happy meeting again.

Kent, you may be sure, will be our first visit, on our return, for your sakes, for my dear Davers's, and for my little Pamela's sake, who will be both sent down, and put into your protection: while my Billy, and Miss Goodwin (for, since I began this letter, it is so determin'd) are to be my charming companions; for Mr. B. declar'd, his boy shall not be one day

out of my presence, if he can help it, because, he is pleas'd to say, his temper wants looking after, and because his notices of every thing are equally strong and significant.

Poor little dear! he has indeed something of perverseness and headstrongness, as one may say, in his will: but he is but an infant: and I shall, I hope, manage him pretty well; for he takes great notice of all I say, and of every look of mine, already. He is, besides, very good-humour'd, and willing to part with anything for a kind word; and this gives me hope of a docile and benevolent disposition as he grows up.

I thought, when I began the last paragraph but one, that I was within a line of concluding; but it is *to* you, and *of* my sweet loves I am writing; so shall go on to the bottom of this new sheet, if I do not directly put an end to my scribbling: which I do, with assuring you both, my dear good parents, that where-ever I am, I shall always be thoughtful of you, and remember you in my prayers, as becomes, Your ever-dutiful daughter,

P. B.

My respects to all your good neighbours in general. Mr. Longman will visit you now-and-then. Mrs. Jarvis will take one journey to Kent, she says, and it shall be to accompany my Davers and Pamela, when they are carried down to you. Poor Jonathan, and she, good folks! seem declining in their health, which much grieves me.—Oucc more, GOD send us all a happy meeting, if it be his blessed will!

Adieu, adieu, my dear parents!

LETTER CXXX.

MY DEAR LADY GRERESBY,—I received your last letter at Paris, as we were disposing every thing for our return to England, after an absence of near two years; in which, as I have inform'd you from time to time, I have been a great traveller, into Holland, the Netherlands, through the most considerable provinces of France, into Italy; and, in our return to Paris again (the principal place of our residence) thro' several parts of Germany.

I told you of the civilities and favours we received at Florence, from the Countess Dowager of S., who, with Lord E——, accompany'd us from Florence to Insbruck.

That worthy lord had assiduously attended her for several months in Italy, and was in all her parties; and in about six weeks after they parted from us, she made him as happy as he wished. And the noble pair gave us an opportunity at Paris, in their way to England, to return some of the civilities which we receiv'd from them in Italy: and they are now arriv'd at her seat on the forest.

Her lord is exceedingly fond of her, as he well may; and she behaves to him with equal prudence and respect; and let me add, that both in Italy and at Paris, Mr. B.'s behaviour and hers to each other, was so nobly open, and unaffectedly polite, as well as highly discreet, that neither Lord E., who had once been jealous of Mr. B., nor the *other party*, who had had a tincture of the same yellow evil, as you know, had so much as a shadow of uneasiness on the occasion.

Lord Davers has had his health (which had begun to decline in England) so well, that there was no persuading Lady Davers to return before now; altho' I begg'd and pray'd I might not have another little Frenchman, for fear they should, as they grew up, forget, as I used to say, the obligations which their parentage lays them under to dearer England,

And now, my dearest friend, I have shut up my rambles for my whole life; for three little English folks, and one little Frenchman (but a charming baby, as well as the rest, Charles by name) and a near prospect of a further increase, you will say, are family enough to employ all my cares at home.

I have told you, from time to time, altho' I could not write to you so often as I would, because of our being constantly in motion, what was most worthy of your knowledge relating to our particular, and how happy we have been in one another. And I have the pleasure to confirm to you what I have several times written, that Mr. B., and my Lord and Lady Davers, are all that I could wish or hope for, with regard to their first duties. Indeed, indeed, we are a happy family! united by the best and most solid ties!

Miss Goodwin is a charming young creature!—I cannot express how much I love her. She is a perfect mistress of the French language, and speaks Italian very prettily: and, as to myself, I have improved so well under my dear tutor's lessons, together with the opportunity of conversing with the politest and most learned people of different nations, that I will hold a conversation with you in two or three languages, if you please, when I have the happiness to see you. There's a learned boaster for you, my dear friend! (if the knowledge of different languages makes one learned); but I shall bring you an heart as entirely English as ever, for all that!

We landed on Thursday last at Dover, and directed our course to the dear farm-house; and you can better imagine, than I express, what a meeting we had with my father and mother, and my Davers and Pamela, who are charming children.—But is not this the language of every fond mother?

Miss Goodwin is highly delighted now with my sweet little Pamela, and says, she shall be her sister indeed! For, madam, said she, we see no French beauties like Master Davers and Miss.

Beauty! my dear Miss Goodwin, said I, what is beauty, if she be not a good girl?—Beauty is but a specious, and, as it may happen, a dangerous recommendation, a mere skin-deep perfection; and if, as she grows up, she is not as good as my Miss Goodwin, she shall not be a favourite with me.

What adds to my pleasure, my dear friend, is, to see them both so well got over the small-pox. It has been as happy for them, as it was for their mother and her Billy, that they had it under so skilful and kind a manager in that distemper as my mother. I wish, if it please GOD, it was as happily over with my pretty little Frenchman.

Every body is surpris'd to see what the past two years have done for Miss Goodwin, and my Billy. O my dear friend, they are both of them almost, nay, quite, I think, for their years, all I wish them to be.

In order to make them keep their French, which Miss Goodwin so well speaks, and Billy so prettily prattles, I oblige them, when they talk to one another, and are in the nursery, to speak nothing else: but at table (except on particular occasions when French *may* be spoken) they are to speak in English; that is to say, when they *do* speak: for I tell them, that little boys must do nothing but ask questions for information, and say yes, or no, till their papas or mammas give them leave to speak; nor little girls neither, till they are sixteen; for, my dear loves, say I, you would not speak before you know *how*: and knowledge is obtained by *hearing*, and not by *speaking*. And setting my Billy on my lap, in Miss Goodwin's presence, Here, said I, taking an ear in the fingers of each hand,

are two ears, my Billy ; and then, pointing to his mouth, but one tongue, my love : so you must be sure to mind, that you *hear* twice as much as you *speake*, even when you grow a bigger boy than you are now.

You have so many pretty ways to teach one, madam (said Miss, more than once) that it is impossible we should not regard what you say to us !

Several French tutors, when we were abroad, were recommended to Mr. B. But there is one English gentleman, now on his travels with young Mr. Rowney, with whom Mr. B. has agreed ; and in the mean time, my best friend is pleas'd to compliment me, that the children will not suffer for want of a tutor, while I can take the pains I do : which he will have to be too much for me : especially, that now, on our return, my Davers and my Pamela are added to my cares. But what mother can take too much pains to cultivate the minds of her children ?

I have as great credit as pleasure from my little family. All our neighbours here in Bedfordshire admire us more and more. You will excuse my seeming (for it is but seeming) vanity ; I hope I know better than to have it real.

My Lady Davers is exceeding kind and good to me ; is always magnifying me to every body, and says, she knows not how to live from me ; and that I have been the means of saving half an hundred souls. On an indisposition of my lord's at Montpelier, which made her ladyship very apprehensive, she declar'd, that were she to be depriv'd of her lord, she would not let us rest till we had consented to her living with us ; saying, that we had room enough in Lincolnshire, and she would in that case enlarge the Bedfordshire seat at her own expense.

Mr. H. is Mr. H. still ; and that is saying better of him than he deserves, for, I verily think, he is more an ape than ever. His *whole* head is now French. It was *half* so before. We had great difficulties with him abroad : his aunt and I endeavouring to give him a serious turn, we had like to have made him a Roman Catholic. For he was pleas'd much with the shewy part of that religion, and the fine pictures and decorations in the churches of Italy ; and having got into company with a Dominican at Padua, a Franciscan at Milan, and a Jesuit at Paris, they lay so hard at him, in their turns, that we had like to have lost him to each assailant ; so were forced to let him take his own course ; for, his aunt would have it, that he had no other defence from the attacks of persons to make him embrace a faulty religion, than to permit him to continue as he was ; that is to say, to have none at all. He is now again very urgent to go to London. If complied with, I am afraid it will be found, that any fluttering coxcomb there will do more to make him one of that class, in an hour, than his aunt's lessons, to make him a good man, in a twelve-month. *Where much is given, much is required.* The contrary of this, I doubt, is all the excuse that can be pleaded for poor Mr. H.

Just now we have a messenger to tell us, that his father, who has been long ill, is dead. So, now, he is a lord indeed. He will soon flutter and strut about, I make no question. And there will be no holding of him in ; except his new title of itself has so much virtue in it, as to make him a wiser and a better man.

He will now have a seat in the house of peers of Great Britain ; but I hope, for the nation's sake, he will not meet with many more like himself there ! That assembly, in my notion, is one of the most venerable in the

world; and it appears the more so, since I have been abroad; for an English gentleman is respected, if he be any thing of a man, above a foreign nobleman.

If our travelling gentry duly consider'd this distinction in their favour, they would, for the honour of their country, as well as for their own credit, behave abroad in a better manner, than, I am sorry to say it, some of them do. But what can one expect, from the unlick'd cubs, pardon the free term, sent abroad with only stature, to make them look like men, and equipage to attract respect, without one other qualification to enforce it?

Here let me close this, with a few tears, to the memory of my dear Mrs. Jervis, my other mother, my friend, my adviser, my protectress, in my single state, and my faithful second and partaker in the happiness of my better fortune!

What would I have given to have been present, as it seems, she earnestly wished, to close her eyes! I should have perform'd the last office, with the piety, and the concern, of a truly affectionate daughter. But that melancholy happiness was deny'd to us both; for, as I told you in the letter on the occasion, the dear good woman (who now is in the possession of her blessed reward, and rejoicing in God's mercies) was no more, when the news of her last illness and wishes reached me, so far off, as at Heidelberg.

The servants we brought home with us, and those we left behind us, met in tears at the name of Mrs. Jervis. Mr. Longman too, lamented the loss of her, in the most moving manner. All I can do now, in honour of her memory, and her merit, is to be a friend to those she loved most, as I have already begun to be; and none of them shall suffer in those concerns that can be answer'd, now she is gone. The losing a friend and relation so excellent, is loss enough to all who claim'd kindred with her.

Poor worthy Jonathan too (it is almost a misery to have so soft, so susceptible an heart as I have;) his silver hairs, which I have beheld with so much delight, and thought I had a father in presence, when I saw them adorning so honest and comely a face, how are they now laid low!—Forgive me, my dear Lady Gresby: Jonathan was not a common servant; neither are *any* of ours so: but Jonathan excell'd all that excell'd in his class! I am told, that these two worthy folks dy'd within two days of each other; a circumstance you mention'd not in your letter to me; on which occasion I could not help saying to myself, in the words of David over Saul and his son Jonathan, the namesake of our worthy butler, *They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

O my beloved friend! how the loss of these two worthies of my family affects me at times!

Mr. B. likewise shew'd a generous concern on the occasion: and when all the servants welcom'd us in a body, on our return, methinks, my dear, said he, I miss your Jervis, and my Jonathan. A starting tear, and,—They are happy, honest souls! and a sigh, were the tribute I paid to their memories, on their beloved master's so kindly remembering them.

Who knows, had I been here—But, away, too painful reflection! They lived to a good old age, and fell like fruit fully ripe: they *died the death of the righteous*; I must follow them in time, GOD knows how soon: and, *oh! that my latter end may be like theirs!*

Once more, forgive me, my dear friend, this small tribute to their memories: and believe, that I am not so ungrateful for God's mercies, as to

let the loss of these dear good folks lessen with me the joy, and the delight, I have still (more than any other happy creature) left me, in the health, and the love, of the best of husbands, and now one of the best of men; in the children, charming as ever mother could boast of! charming, I mean principally, in the dawning beauties of their minds, including, my Miss Goodwin, as I always do, and have reason to do, from her *dutiful* love, as I may call it, of me, and observation of all I say to her; in the preservation to me of the best and worthiest of parents, hearty, tho' aged, as they are; in the love and friendship of good Lord and Lady Davers; and my excellent friend Lady Gresby, not forgetting even worthy Mr. Longman. God preserve all these to me, as I am truly thankful for his mercies! And then, notwithstanding my affecting losses, as above, who will be so happy as I?

That you, my dear Lady Gresby, may long continue so, likewise, in the love of a worthy husband, and the delights of an increasing hopeful family, which will make you some amends for the heavy losses you also have sustain'd, in the two last years, of an affectionate father, and a most worthy mother; and of a good neighbour in Mrs. Jones; prays Your ever affectionate Friend and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER CXXXI.

MY BELOVED LADY GREESBY,—You will excuse my long silence, when I shall tell you the occasions of it.

In the first place, I was oblig'd to pay a dutiful and concerning visit to Kent, where my good father was taken ill of a fever, and my mother of an ague: and think, my dear, how this must affect me, at their time of life!—O death! death! thou mayest knock at the doors of tenements so frail, and so beloved: we cannot help ourselves: but we will not let thee in, if we can possibly avoid it; for the lives of my parents are a part of my own life: and, methinks, I know not how to spare them!

Mr. B. kindly accompany'd me, apprehending, that his presence would be necessary, if the recovery of them both (in which I thankfully rejoice) had not happen'd; especially, as a circumstance I am, I think, always in, added more weight to his apprehensions.

I had hardly return'd from Kent to Bedfordshire, and resumed my family duties, when I was oblig'd to set out to attend Lady Davers, who sent me word, that she should *die*, if she saw me not, to comfort and recover, by my counsel and presence, so she was pleased to express herself, her sick lord, who was just got out of an intermitten fever, which left him without any spirits, and was occasion'd by fretting at the conduct of his *stupid* nephew, as she called him.

For, my dear, you must have heard, (every-body hears when a man of quality does a foolish thing!) and it has been in all the newspapers, That —“On Wednesday last the Right Honourable John Lord H., nephew to the Right Honourable William Lord Davers, was marry'd to the Honourable Mrs. P., relict of J. P. of Twickenham, Esq.: a lady of celebrated beauty, and ample fortune.”

Now, my dear friend, you must know, that this celebrated lady is, 'tis true, of the T. family, whence her title of honourable; but is indeed so *celebrated*, that every fluttering coxcomb in town can give some account of her.

In short, my dear, she is quite a common woman; and for fortune has only a small jointure greatly encumber'd, and is much in debt,—She is

moreover a shrew, and the poor wretch is a father already; for he has had a girl of three years old (her husband has been dead seven) brought him home, which he knew nothing of, nor ever enquir'd, whether his widow had a child! And he is now employ'd in paying her debts, and trying to make the best of his bargain.

This is the fruit of a London journey, so long desir'd by him, and his fluttering about there with his new title.

He was drawn in by a brother of his wife, and a friend of that brother's, two town sharpers, gamesters, and bullies.—Poor Sir Joseph Wittol! That was his case, and his character, it seems, in London.

Shall I present you with a curiosity? 'Tis a copy of his letter to his uncle, who had, as you may well think, lost all patience with him, on occasion of his wretched folly.

“MY LORD DAVERS,—For iff you will not call me neffew, I have no reason to call you unkeel; shurely you forget who it was you held up youre kane to: I have as little reason to valcw your displeasure, as you have me; for I am, God be thanked, a lord, and a peere of the realme, as well as you: and as to youre not owneing me, nor youre brother B. not looking upon me, I care not a fardinge; and, bad as you thinke I have done, I have marry'd a woman of family—Take that among you!

“As to youre personall abuses of her, take care what you say. You know the statute will defende us as well as you. And, besides, she has a brother, that won't lett her good name be call'd in question—Mind that!

“Some things I wish had been otherwise—Perhaps I do—Whatt then?—Must you, my lord, make more mischieff, and adde to my plagues, iff I have any?—Is this your unkeelship?

“But I shan't want your advise. I have as good an estate as you have, and am as much a lord as yourselfe. Why the devil then, am I to be treated as I am?—Why the plague—But I won't sware neither.—I desire not to see you, any more than you doe me, I can tell you that. And iff we ever meet under one roofe with my likeing, it must be att the house of peeres, where I shall be upon a parr with you in every thing, that's my comforte.

“As to my Lady Davers, I desire not to see her; for she was always plaguy nimbel with her fingers; but, lett my false stepp be what it will, I have, in other respectes, marry'd a lady, who is as well descended as herselfe, and no disparagement neither; so have nott that to answer for to her pride; and who has as good a spirit too, if they were to come face too face, or I am mistaken: nor will she take affrontes from any one. So, my lord, leave me to make the best of my matters, as I will you of yours. So no more, but that I am Your Servante,

“H.

“P. S. I mene no affront to Mrs. B. She is the best of yee all.”

I will not take up your time with further observations upon this poor creature's bad conduct: his reflection must proceed from *feeling*: and will (that's the worst of it) come too late, come *when* or *how* it will. I will only say, I am sorry for it on his own account, but more for that of Lord and Lady Davers, who take the matter very heavily, and wish he had marry'd the lowest-born creature in England (so she had been honest and virtuous), rather than his now wife.

But, I suppose, the poor man was resolv'd to shun, at all adventures, Mr. B.'s fault, and keep up to the pride of descent and family; and so marry'd the *only* creature, as I hope, that is so great a disgrace to both.

But let me pursue my purpose of excusing my long silence. I had hardly return'd from Lord and Lady Davers's, and recover'd my family management, and resum'd my nursery duties, when my fourth dear boy, my Jemmy, confin'd me to my chamber: and then a journey to Lord Davers's, and that noble pair accompanying us to Kent; and daily and hourly pleasures crowding upon us, narrow and confin'd as our room there was, engrossed *more* of my time. So that I hope you will forgive me, on all these accounts, because, as soon as I return'd, I set about writing this, as an excuse for myself, in the first place; to promise you the subject you insist upon, in the next; and to tell you, that I am incapable of neglecting my dear Lady Geresby; whom I must ever love, as my sister, and dearest friend.—Witness,

P. B.

LETTER CXXXII.

THE remarks, my dear Lady Geresby, which, your cousin Field tells you, I have made on the subject of young men's travelling, and which you request me to communicate to you, are part of a little book upon education, which I wrote for Mr. B.'s correction and amendment, on occasion of his putting Mr. Locke's treatise on that subject into my hands, and requiring my observations upon it.

I cannot flatter myself, that they will answer your expectation: but your requests are so many laws to me; and I will give you a short abstract of what I read to Miss Field, who has so greatly over-rated it to you.

Mr. Locke's treatise contains many excellent rules on the subject of education: but this of travel I will only refer you to at present. You will there see his objections against the age at which young gentlemen are sent abroad, from sixteen to twenty-one, the time in all their lives, he says, in which young men are the least suited to these improvements, and in which they have the least fence and guard against their passions.

The age he proposes, is from seven to fourteen, because of the advantage they will then have to master foreign languages, and to form their tongue to the true pronunciation: as well as that then they will be more easily directed by their tutors or governors. Or else he proposes *that* more sedate time of life, when the gentleman is able to travel without a tutor, and to make his own observations; and when he is thoroughly acquainted with the laws and fashions, the natural and moral advantages and defects of his own country; by which means, as Mr. Locke wisely observes, the traveller will have something to exchange with those abroad, from whose conversation he hopes to reap any knowledge. This gentleman supports his opinion by excellent reasons, to which I refer you.

What I have written in my little book, which I have not yet quite finish'd, on *this* head, relates principally to *home travelling*, which Mr. B. was always resolv'd his sons should undertake, before they enter upon a foreign tour. I have there observ'd, that England abounds with curiosities, both of art and nature, worth the notice of a diligent enquirer, and equal with some of those we admire in foreign parts; and that if the youth be not sent abroad at Mr. Locke's earliest time, from seven to fourteen (which I can hardly think will be worth while, merely for the sake of attaining a perfection in the languages), he may with good advantage begin at fourteen or fifteen, the tour of Great Britain, now-and-then by excursions in the summer months, between his other studies, and as a diversion to him.

This I should wish might be enter'd upon in his father's company, as

well as his tutor's, if it could conveniently be done ; who thus initiating both the governed and the governor in the methods he would have observ'd by both, will obtain no small satisfaction and amusement to himself.

For the father would by this means be an eye-witness of the behaviour of the one and the other, and have a specimen, how fit his young man was to be trusted, or the tutor to be depended upon, when they went abroad, and were out of his sight ; as *they* would of what was expected from them by the father. And hence a thousand benefits, as I humbly conceive, would arise to the young gentleman, from the observations and reflections he would receive from his father, as occasion offer'd, with regard to expence, company, conversation, hours, and such like.

If the father could not himself accompany his son, he might appoint the stages the young gentleman should take, and enjoin both tutor and son to give, at every stage, an account of whatever they observed curious and remarkable, not omitting the minutest occurrences. By this means, and the probability, that he might hear of them, and their proceedings, from his friends, acquaintance, and relations, who might fall in with them, or at whose seats they might sometimes be entertained, they would have a greater regard to their conduct ; and so much the more if the young gentleman were to keep an account of his expences, which, upon his return, he might lay before his father.

By seeing thus the different customs, manners, and economy of different persons and families (for in so mixt a nation as England, there is as great a variety of that sort to be met with, as in most), and from their different treatment at their several stages, a great deal of the world may be learn'd by the young gentleman. He would be prepar'd to go abroad with more delight to himself, as well as more experience, and greater reputation to his family and country. In such excursions as these, the tutor would see the temper and inclination of the young gentleman, and might give proper notices to the father, if any thing was amiss, that it might be set right, while the youth was yet in his reach, and more under his inspection, than he would be in a foreign country : and the observations the young gentleman would make at his return, as well as in his letters, would shew how fit he was to be trusted, and how likely to improve when at a greater distance.

After England and Wales, as well the inland parts, as the sea-coasts, let them, if they behave according to expectation, take a journey into Scotland and Ireland, and visit the principal islands, as Guernsey, Jersey, &c. : the young gentleman continuing to write down his observations all the way, and keeping a journal of occurrences : and let him employ the little time he will be on board of ship in these small trips from island to island, or coastwise, in observing upon the noble art of navigation ; of the theory of which, it will not be amiss, that he has some notion, as well as of the curious structure of a ship, its tackle and furniture : a knowledge very far from being insignificant to an islander, and one who has a stake in the greatest maritime kingdom in the world : and hence he will be taught to love and value that most useful and brave set of men, the British sailors, who are the natural defence and safeguard of the realm.

Hereby he will confirm his theory of the geography of the British dominions in Europe : he will be apprisd of the situation, conveniences, interests, and constitution of his own country ; and will be able to lay a groundwork for the future government of his thoughts and actions, if the interest he bears in his native country should call him to the public service in either house of parliament,

With this foundation, how excellently would he be qualify'd to go abroad? and how properly then would he add to the knowledge he had attain'd of his own country, that of the different customs, manners, and forms of government of others? How would he be able to form comparisons, and to make all his enquiries appear pertinent and manly? All the occasions of that ignorant wonder, which renders a novice the jest of all about him, would be taken away. He would be able to ask questions, and to judge without leading-strings. Nor would he think he has seen a country, and answer'd the ends of his father's expence, and his own improvement, by running thro' a kingdom, and knowing nothing of it, but the inns and stages, at which he stopp'd to eat and drink. For, on the contrary, he would make the best acquaintance, and contract worthy friendships with such as would court and reverence him as one of the rising genius's of his country.

Whereas most of the young gentlemen, who are sent abroad raw and unprepared (as if to wonder at every thing they see, and to be laugh'd at by all that see them) do but expose themselves, and their country. And if at their return, by interest or friends, by alliances or marriages, they should happen to be promoted to places of honour or profit, their unmerited preferment will only serve to make those foreigners, who were eye-witnesses of their weakness and follies, when among them, conclude greatly in disfavour of the whole nation, or, at least, of the prince, and his administration, who could find no fitter subjects to distinguish.

This, my dear friend, is a brief extract from my observations on the head of qualifying young gentlemen to travel with honour and improvement. I doubt you will be apt to think me not a little out of my element; but since you *would* have it, I claim the allowances of a friend; to which my ready compliance with your commands the rather intitles me.

I am very sorry Mr. and Mrs. Murray are so unhappy in each other. Were he a generous man, the heavy loss the poor lady has sustained, of so excellent a mother, and so kind a father, would make him bear with her infirmities more than he does.

But I have seen, on twenty occasions, that all the fine things men say to women before marriage, will not protect them from indifference, and probably, from worse; while the husband, perhaps, thinks *he only*, of the two, is intitled to go backward in acts of kindness and complaisance. A strange and shocking difference, which too many women experience, who, from fond lovers, prostrate at their feet, find surly husbands, trampling on their necks!

You, my dear friend, were happy in your days of courtship, and are no less so, in your state of wedlock. And may you continue to be so to a good old age, prays Your ever affectionate and faithful,
P. B.

LETTER CXXXIII.

MY DEAR LADY GREESBY,—I will cheerfully cause to be transcribed for you the conversation you desire, between Miss Towers, Mrs. Arthur, and the three young ladies their relations, and myself, in presence of the dean and his daughter, and Mrs. Brooks; and glad I shall be, if it may be of use to the two thoughtless young ladies your neighbours; who, you tell me, are great admirers of my story, and my example; and will therefore, as you say, pay greater attention to what I write, than to the more passionate and interested lessons of their mother.

I said, *cause* to be transcribed; because I hope to answer a double end

by it; for, after I had reconsidered it, I set Miss Goodwin to copy it, who writes a very pretty hand, and is not a little fond of the task, nor, indeed, of any task I set her; and will be more affected, as she *performs* it, than she could be by *reading* it only; altho' she is a very good girl at present, and gives me hopes, that she will continue to be so.

MY DEAR LADY GREESBY,—The papers you have mislaid, relating to the conversation between the young ladies, relations of Miss Towers, and Mrs. Arthur, in their presence, and in the presence of Mrs. Brooks, the worthy dean, and Miss Lucas his daughter, (of which, in order to perfect your kind collection of my communications, you request another copy) contained as follows:

I first began with apprising you, that I had seen these three ladies twice or thrice before, as visitors; so that they and I were not altogether strangers to one another: and that their two relations above-named, had acquainted me with their respective dispositions, and given me their histories, preparatory to this visit, to the following effect:

“Miss Stapylton was over-run with the love of poetry and romance. She delighted in flowery language, and metaphorical flourishes: was at the time about eighteen, wanted not either sense or politeness; and had read herself into a vein, that was more *amorous* (Miss Towers's word) than discreet. She had extraordinary notions of a *first-sight* love; and gave herself such liberties, with a pair of fine eyes (in hopes to make sudden conquests in pursuance of that notion) as made those who knew her not, conclude her bold and forward; and was more than suspected, with a mind thus prepared for instantaneous impressions, to have been *struck* by (before she had *stricken*) a man, whom her friends thought not unworthy of her, and to whom she was making some indiscreet advances, under the name of Philocleto Philoxenus, in a letter which he intrusted to a servant of the family, who, discovering her design, prevented her indiscretion for that time.

“Miss Sapyhton, however, had no mean accomplishments; would have a fine fortune, was genteel in her person; yet was not without affectation; she danced well, sung well, and played prettily on several instruments; was fond of reading; but affected the action, and air, and attitude, of a tragedian; and was too apt to give an emphasis in the wrong place, in order to make an author mean more significantly than it was necessary he should, even where the occasion was common, and in a mere historical fact, that required as much simplicity in the reader's accent, as in the writer's style. No wonder, then, that when she read a play, she would put herself into a glow, as Miss Towers said; distorting very agreeable features, and making a *multitude* of wry mouths, with *one* very pretty one, in order to convince her hearers, what a near neighbour her heart was to her lips.

“Miss Cope was then a young lady of nineteen, lovely in her person, with a handsome fortune in possession, and great prospects. She had a soft and gentle turn of mind, which disposed her to be easily imposed upon. She was addressed by a libertine of quality, whose courtship, while permitted, was imperiousness; and whose tenderness, insult; having found the young lady too unreserved, and even seeming to value him the more for treating her ungenerously; always making excuses for his slights and ill-manners.

‘This tameness on her side encouraged his insolence, and her father forbid his visits, and her to receive them,

“This, however, was so much to Miss Cope’s regret, that she was detected in a design to elope with him; which had she effected, in all probability the dishonourable lover would have triumphed over her honour; having given out since, that he intended to revenge himself on the daughter, for the disgrace he had receiv’d from the parents.

“Tho’ she was convinced he had made this vile declaration, it was feared she would throw herself in his way the first opportunity; his threatenings, she pleaded, were the effect only of his hasty temper; she was sure he loved her too well to dishonour her. She could find excuses for his worst behaviour: that roughness of manners which shocked every one else, was owing to the *manliness of his temper*, and to his *sincerity of heart, scorning flattery*. The boasts he made of his former lewdness, she could call *knowledge of the world*: his freedoms, excess of *love*, and undesigning gaiety: and if he *did* resent the prohibition he had met with, *peers of the realm* ought not to be bound down by *narrow rules* like the *vulgar*; for truly their *honour*, which is regarded in the greatest instances, as equal with the *oath* of another man, is a security that a woman may trust to, if he is not a profligate indeed, and that Lord P. *cannot* be.

“Excepting these dangerous weaknesses, Miss Cope had many good qualities: she was charitable, pious, humane, humble: and never was courageous enough to step out of the regular path, till her too flexible heart became touched with a passion, that is said to polish the most brutal temper; and therefore her rough peer has none of it; and to animate the dove, of which Miss Cope has too much.

“Miss Shafton was a young lady of the like age with the two former: she had too airy a turn of mind: she affected to be thought well read in the histories of the kingdoms, as well as in polite literature: he spoke French fluently, talked upon all subjects much; and had a great deal of that flippant wit, which makes more enemies than friends: however, was unsuspectedly virtuous hitherto; but made herself cheap and accessible to fops and rakes, and had not the worse opinion of men for being such. She listen’d eagerly to stories told to the disadvantage of individuals of her own sex; tho’ affecting to be a great stickler for the honour of the sex in general; and would un pityingly propagate such stories: without considering to what the imprudence of her own conduct might subject her. She held inexcusable the woman who suffered herself to be seduced; and declared the seducers to be much less faulty; by this means encouraging the men in their vileness, and giving up the women for their weakness, in a kind of silly affectation, to shew her security in her own virtue; at the very time that she was dancing upon the edge of a precipice, presumptuously inattentive to her own danger.”

The worthy dean, knowing the ladies’ intention in their visit to me, brought his daughter with him, as if by accident: for Miss Lucas, with many good qualities, was of a remarkably soft temper; and tho’ not so inconsiderate as Miss Cope, had however entertained more than a liking to a wild young man, the heir to a noble fortune, who for some time made visits to her full of tenderness and respect, but without declaring himself. He had deceived before two young creatures; and his father had cautioned the dean against him, as a sly, subtle young man, full of stratagems, yet having so much command of himself, as not to precipitate his designs, but could wait with patience till he thought himself secure of his prey, and then would pull off the mask at once, and, if he succeeded, glory in his villainy.

The father had declared to his son, that if he could prefer Miss Lucas to any other woman, he would, notwithstanding the disparity of fortune, give his consent : but still the young man neither would declare himself to him, nor to Miss Lucas, nor yet to the dean, who had questioned him on his visits. But he presumed, in short, on the favour he stood in with the young lady, who, having an opinion of his honour to her, receiv'd and answer'd his letters : for the correspondence between them was then kept up by letters only ; the dean having requested him to forbear his visits, on his returning only general answers to the particular questions put to him ; avowing his honour, and taking it amiss that it should seem to be doubted. The young lady had promised her father from time to time to break with her lover, if he did not by his next letter, and his next, declare himself : but it was a point that she ought to have known could not be directly put to him by *her* ; and if that expectation were hinted in her letters, it was easy for a designing lover to make slight hopes appear strong ones, to an innocent heart, willing to believe what it wished.

The dean is a mild man. He owed his principal preferment to the father. As the old gentleman (who also was an indulgent father) was not unfavourable to the match, wishing only, as he had no other child, that his son would marry, and settle in the world ; the dean was loth to come to extremities, his daughter being also dutiful, and, as he feared, too deeply engaged in her affections : he therefore was very desirous that the young lady, who had a great opinion of my conduct on account of my passed trials, should cultivate my friendship as much as possible.

So here, madam, were four young ladies of like years, and different inclinations and tempers, all of whom may be said to have dangers to encounter with, resulting from their respective dispositions : and who, professing to admire the example I had set, were brought to me, to be benefitted, as Miss Towers was pleased to say, by my conversation : and all was to be as if accidental, none of them knowing how well I was acquainted with their several situations.

We were attended only by Polly Barlow, who was as much concerned as any body, in some of the points ~~that~~ came before us. And as you know this was in the time of the visit paid us by Lord and Lady Davers, and the Countess of C., 'tis proper to say, they were abroad together upon a visit.

The dean was well known to, and valued by, all the ladies ; and therefore was no manner of restraint upon the freedom of our conversation.

I was in my closet when they came ; and Miss Towers, having presented each young lady to me when I came down, said, I can guess at your employment, Mrs. B.—Writing, I dare say? I have often wish'd to have you for a correspondent. But may I ask after the particular subject (if not of a private nature) that at this time engaged you?

I had been writing (you must know, Lady Geresby), for the sake of suiting Miss Stapyilton's flighty vein, a little sketch of the style she is so fond of ; and hoped for some such opportunity as this question gave me to bring it on the carpet ; for my only fear, with her, and Miss Cope, and Miss Shafton, was, that they would deem me too grave ; and so what should fall in the course of conversation would make the less impression upon them. For the best instruction, you know, will be ineffectual if the method of conveying it is not adapted to the taste and temper of the person you would wish to be amended by it. And, moreover, I had a view in it, to make this little sketch the introduction to a future occasion for

some observations on the affected style of romances, which might put the young lady out of conceit with them, and make her turn the course of her reading another way ; as I shall mention in its place.

I answer'd, that I had been meditating upon the misfortune of a fine young lady, who had been seduced and betrayed by a man she loved, and who, notwithstanding, had the grace to stop short (indeed, later than were to be wished), and to abandon friends, country, lover, in order to avoid any further intercourse with him ; and that GOD has blessed her penitence and resolution, and she was now very happy in a distant nation.

A fine subject ! said Miss Stapylton.—Was the gentleman a man of wit, madam ? Was the lady a woman of taste ?

The gentleman, Miss Stapylton, was all that was desirable in man, had he been virtuous : the lady, all that was excellent in woman, had she been more circumspect. But it was a first love on both sides ; and little did she think he could have taken advantage of her innocence, and her affection for him !

A sad, sad story ! said Miss Cope : but, pray, madam, did their friends approve of their visits ? For danger sometimes, as I have heard, arises from the cruelty of friends, who force lovers upon private and clandestine meetings ; when, perhaps, there can be no material objection why the gentleman and lady may not marry.

Very well, Miss Cope ! thought I : how we are for making every case applicable to our own, when our hearts are fixed upon a point.

It cannot be called *cruelty* in friends, Miss Cope, replied I, when their cautions, or even *prohibitions*, are justified by the event, as in the case I was meditating upon.

How happy it is, said Miss Towers, in her usual lively way, for a young woman to suffer herself to be convinced, that those who have lived *forty* years in the world, may probably know as much of that world as she can possibly know at *twenty* ! And let me say, that if they do not *twice* as much, they must be supposed to be very ignorant ; she, very knowing.

But, Miss Cope, proceeded I, the lady whose hard case I was considering *hoped* too much and *feared* too little ; that was her fault ; which made her give opportunities to the gentleman which prudence could not justify her in. She had not the discretion, poor lady ! in this one great point of all, that any of the young ladies I have in my eye, I dare say, would have had in her case.

I beg pardon, said Miss Cope, and blush'd. I know not the case, and ought to have been silent.

And so you would, Miss Cope, thought I, had not you thought yourself more affected by it than it were to be wished you were.

I think, said Miss Shafton, the lady was the less to be pitied, as she must know what her character required of her ; and that men will generally deceive, when they are trusted. There are very few of them who *pretend* to be virtuous ; and it is allowed to be *their* privilege to ask, as it is the woman's to deny.

So, Miss Shafton, said Miss Towers, you are supposing a continual state of war between the two sexes ; one offensive, the other defensive. Indeed, I think that notion not altogether amiss ; for a lady will assuredly be less in danger when she rather *fears* an *enemy* in the acquaintance she has of that sex than *hopes* a *friend* ; especially as so much depends upon the issue, either of her doubt or of her confidence.

I don't know *neither*, madam, replied Miss Shafton, very briskly, whe-

ther the men should be set out to us as such bugbears, as they generally are. It is making them too considerable : it is a kind of reflection upon the discretion and virtue of our sex, and supposes us weak indeed ! The late Czar, I have read, continued she, took a better method with the Swedes, who had often beat him ; when, after a great victory, he made his captives march in procession thro' the streets of his principal city, to familiarize them to the Russians, and shew them they were *but* men.

Well observed, Miss Shafton, replied Miss Towers : but then, did you not say that this was thought necessary to be done, because the Russians had been often *defeated* by the Swedes, and thought *too highly* of them ; and when the Swedes, taking advantage of that prepossession, had the *greater contempt* of the Russians ?

She seemed a little disconcerted ; and being silent, Miss Towers looking at me, I am very far, Miss Shafton, said I, from thinking the generality of men very formidable, if our sex do justice to themselves, and to what their characters require of them. Nevertheless, give me leave to say that the men I thought contemptible I would not think worth of my company, nor give it to them when I could avoid it.

Allow me, however, to observe, said I, with regard to the most contemptible of men, fops, coxcombs, and pretty fellows, that many a *good* general has been defeated, when, trusting to his strength and skill, he has despised a *truly weak* enemy.

I believe, madam, returned she, your observation is very just. I have read of such instances. But, permit me to ask, whether we speak not too generally, when we condemn every man who dresses well, and is not a sloven, as a fop or a coxcomb ?

No doubt, we do, when this is the case. But permit me to observe, Miss Shafton, that you hardly ever saw a man who was *very* nice about his person and dress that had any thing he thought of *greater* consequence to regard.

It is natural it should be so, said the dean ; for will not the man of *body* take the greatest care to set out and adorn the part for which he thinks himself most valuable ? And will not the man of *mind* bestow his principal care in improving that mind ? Perhaps, to the neglect of dress, and outward appearance ; which is a fault. But, surely, there is a middle-way to be observed, in these, as in most other cases.

True, said Miss Towers ; a man need not shew an utter disregard to dress, nor yet think it his first and chief concern ; be ready to quarrel with the wind for discomposing his peruke, or fear to put on his hat, lest he should depress his foretop ; more dislike a spot upon his cloaths, than in his reputation ; be a self-admirer, and always at the glass, which he would perhaps never look into, could it shew him the deformity of his mind, as well as the finery of his person ; who laughs at men of sense (the more excusably perhaps in revenge because they laugh at him) : who calls learning pedantry ; and looks upon the knowledge of the fashions, as the only useful science to a fine gentleman. Such a man as this, proceeded Miss Towers, ought to be shunned by every prudent young woman, since an egregious self-admirer will too probably be very little complaisant to his wife, and if he retains not his niceness after marriage, will as probably sink into the opposite extreme, and become disgustingly careless ; and in short, ladies, an arrant sloven. What say you, Mrs. B. ?

Very probably, madam. One extreme is naturally, as you say, productive of its contrary extreme.

Miss Towers seasonably reliev'd us, saying, but, dear Mrs. B., will you favour us with the result of your meditation, if you have committed it to writing, on the unhappy case you mention'd?

I was rather, madam, exercising my fancy than my judgment, such as it is, upon the occasion. I was aiming at a kind of allegorical or metaphorical stile, I know not which to call it; and it is not fit to be read before such judges.

O pray, dear madam, said Miss Stapylton, favour us with it to *choose*; for I am a great admirer of that stile.

I have a curiosity, said Mrs. Arthur, both from the *subject* and the *stile*, to hear what you have written: and I beg you will oblige us all.

It is short and unfinish'd. It was written for the sake of a friend, who is fond of such a stile; and what I shall add to it, will be principally some slight observations upon this way of writing. But, let the performance be ever so censurable, I should be *more* so, if I made any difficulties, after such a general request.

So, taking it out of my letter-case, I read as follows:

“While the *banks of discretion* keep the *proud waves of passion* within their natural channel, all calm and serene, glides along the silver current, enlivening the adjacent meadows, as it passes, with a brighter and more flower'y verdure. But if the *torrents of sensual love* are permitted to descend from the *hills of credulous hope*, they may so swell the gentle stream, as to make it difficult, if not impossible, to be retain'd within its usual bounds. What then will be the consequence?—Why, the *trees of resolution*, and the *shrubs of cautious fear*, which grew upon the frail mound, and whose intertwining roots had contributed to support it, being loosen'd from their hold, *they* and all that would swim of the *bank* itself, will be seen floating on the surface of the triumphant waters.

“But here, a young lady, having unhappily failed, is enabled to set her *foot* in the *new-made* breach, while yet it is *possible* to stop it, and to say, with little variation, in the language of that power, which only could enable her to say it, *Neither, ye proud waves of dissolute love, altho' you HAVE come, yet no farther SHALL ye come*; is such an instance of magnanimous resolution and self-conquest, as is very rarely to be met with.”

Miss Stapylton seem'd pleas'd (as I expected) with what I read, and told me, That she should take it for a high favour, if I would permit her, if it were not improper, to see the whole letter when I had finish'd it.

I said, I would oblige her with all my heart. But you must not expect, Miss Stapylton, that altho' I have written what I have read to you, I shall approve of it in my observations upon it when I come to make them; for I am convinc'd, that no stile can be commendable, which is not plain, simple, easy, natural, and unaffected.

She was sure, she was pleas'd to say, that whatever should be my observations, they would be equally just and instructive, and hoped she should be allowed to see them when written.

I too, said the dean, will answer for their being instructive. By what Mrs. B. just now said, I am sure, she will distinguish properly between the stile, (and the *matter* too) which captivates the imagination, and that which informs the judgment.

Our conversation, after this, took a more general turn, as to the air of it, if I may say so; which I thought right, lest the young ladies should imagine it was a preconcerted design against them: but yet it was such, that

every one of them found her character and taste, little or much, concern'd in it; and all seem'd, as Miss Towers afterwards observ'd to me, by their silence and attention, to be busy'd in private applications.

The dean began it, with a high compliment to me; having a view, no doubt, by his kind praises, to make my observations have the greater weight upon the young ladies. He was pleas'd to say, that it was matter of great surprize to him, that, my youth consider'd, I should be capable of making those reflections, by which persons of twice my age and experience might be instructed.

I have had such advantages, sir, reply'd I, from the observations and cautions of my late excellent lady, that did you but know half of them, you would rather wonder I had made *no greater* improvement, than that I have made *so much*. She used to think me *sightly*, and not ill-temper'd, and *of course*, not incredulous, where I conceiv'd a good opinion; and was always arming me on that side, as believing I might be the object of wicked attempts, and the rather, as my low degree subjected me to danger. For, had I been born to rank and fortune, as these young ladies were, I should have had reason to think of *myself*, as justly, as, no doubt, *they do*, of *themselves*; and, of consequence, superior to the attempts of any vile intriguer.

Miss Shafton made me a very fine compliment here, on the improvements I had made of the opportunities given me. I answer'd, that I was much oblig'd to her for her good opinion: and that I had always observ'd, that the person who admir'd any good qualities in another, gave a kind of *natural* demonstration, that she had the same in an eminent degree herself.

The dean, in order to bring us back again to the subject of *credulity*, repeated Miss Towers's remark, that it was safer, in cases where so much depended upon the issue, as a lady's honour and reputation, to *fear* an *enemy*, than to *hope* a *friend*; and praised my observation, that even a *weak* enemy is not to be too much despised.

I said, I had very high notions of the honour and value of my own sex, and very mean ones of the gay and frothy part of the other; insomuch that I thought they could have no strength, but what was founded in our weakness: the difference of education, I owned, must give men advantages, even where the genius was naturally equal: besides, said I, they have generally more hardness of heart, than we women, which makes us, when we meet not with men of honour, engage with that sex upon very unequal terms; for it is so customary with them to make vows and promises, and to set light by them, *when made*, that an innocent heart cannot guard too watchfully against them; and, in my opinion, should believe nothing they say, or even *vow*, but what carries demonstration with it.

I remember, continu'd I, my lady used often to observe, that there is a time of life with all young persons, that may properly be called, *the romantic*, which is a very dangerous period, and requires therefore a great guard of prudence: that the risque is not a little augmented by reading novels and romances; and that the poetical tribe have much to answer for on this head, by reason of their heighten'd and inflaming descriptions, which do much hurt to thoughtless minds, and lively imaginations. For to those, she would have it, are principally owing, the rashness and indiscretion of *soft* and *tender* dispositions; which, in breach of their duty, and even to the disgrace of their sex, too frequently set them upon enterprizes, like those they have read in those pernicious writings, which not seldom make

them fall a sacrifice to the base designs of some vile intriguer ; and even in cases where their precipitation ends the best, that is to say, in *marriage*, they too frequently (in direct opposition to the cautions and commands of their *try'd*, their *experienc'd*, and *unquestionable* friends) throw themselves upon an *almost stranger*, who, had he been worthy of them, would not, nor *needed* to have taken indirect methods to obtain them in marriage.

The misfortune is, continu'd I, the most innocent are generally the most credulous. Such a one would do no harm to others, and cannot think others would do her any. And with regard to the particular person who has obtain'd, perhaps, a share in her confidence, *he* cannot, surely, she thinks, be so *ungrateful*, as to return irreparable mischief for her goodwill to him. Were all the men in the world, besides, to prove false, the *beloved* person cannot. It would be unjust to *her own merit*, as well as to *his vows*, to suppose it : and so *design* on his side, and *credulity* and *self-opinion* on hers, at last inroll the unhappy believer in the list of the too-late repenters.

And what, madam, said the dean, has not that wretch to answer for, who makes sport of destroying a virtuous character, whose love for him, and confidence in him, was all her crime? And who otherwise might have made a worthy figure at the head of some reputable family, and so have been a useful member of the commonwealth, propagating good examples, instead of ruin and infamy, to numbers? To say nothing of, what is still worse, the dreadful crime of occasioning the loss of a soul ; since final impentence too generally follows the first sacrifice which the poor wretch is seduced to make of her honour?

There are several gentlemen in our neighbourhood, said Mrs. Brooks, who might be benefited by this touching reflection, if it were represented in the same strong lights from the pulpit. And permit me to say, Mr. Dean, that, I think, you should give us a sermon upon this subject, for the sake of both sexes ; one for caution, the other for reformation.

I will think of it, reply'd he. But I am sorry to say, that we have too many among our younger gentry, who would think themselves pointed at, were I to touch this subject ever so cautiously.

I am sure, said Miss Towers, there cannot well be a more useful one ; and the very reason the dean gives, is a convincing proof of it to me.

When I have had the pleasure of hearing the further sentiments of such an assembly as this, upon the delicate subject, reply'd this polite divine, I shall be better enabled to treat it. And, pray, ladies, proceed ; for it is from your conversation, that I must take my hints.

You have nothing to do then, said Miss Towers, but to engage Mrs. B. to speak ; and you may be sure, we will all be as attentive to *her*, as we shall be to *you*, when we shall have the pleasure to hear so fine a genius improving upon her hints, from the pulpit.

I beg then, madam, said Mrs. Brooks, you will *open the cause*, be the subject what it will. And I could almost wish, that we had as many gentlemen here as ladies, who would have reason to be asham'd of the liberties they take in censuring the conversations of the tea-table ; since the pulpit, as the worthy dean gives us reason to hope, may be beholden to that of Mrs. B.

Nor is it much wonder, reply'd I ; when the dean himself is with us, and it is grac'd by such a circle.

If many of our young gentlemen were here, said Miss Towers, they might improve themselves in all the graces of polite and sincere com-

plaisance. But, compar'd to this, I have generally heard such trite and coarse stuff from our race of wou'd-be-wits, that what they say, may be compar'd to the fawnings and salutations of the ass in the fable, who emulating the lap-dog, have merited a cudgel rather than encouragement. But, Mrs. B., continu'd she, begin, I beg you, to *open* and *proceed* in the cause ; for there will be no counsel employ'd but you, I can tell you.

Then give me a subject, that will suit me, ladies, and you shall see how my obedience to your commands will make me run on.

Will you, madam, said the dean, give us a few cautions and instructions on a theme of Miss Towers's, that a young lady should rather *fear* too much, than *hope* too much ? A necessary doctrine perhaps ; but a difficult one to be practised by a young lady, who supposes all truth and honour in the object of her favour.

Hope, sir, said I, in my opinion, should never be unaccompany'd by *fear* ; and the more reason will a young woman ever have to fear, and to suspect herself, and doubt her lover, when she once begins to find in her own breast an inclination to him. For then her danger is doubled, since she has *herself* to guard against (perhaps, the more dangerous enemy of the two,) as well as *him*.

She may secretly wish the best indeed ; but what *has been* the fate of others, *may be* her own ; and tho' she thinks it not *probable* from such a faithful protester, as he appears to her to be, yet while it is *possible*, she should never be off her guard : nor will a prudent woman trust to his mercy or honour, but to her own discretion ; and the rather, because, if he mean well, he *himself* will value her the more for her caution, since every man desires to have a virtuous and prudent wife ; if not well, she will detect him the sooner ; and so, by her prudence, frustrate all his base designs.

The ladies seeming, by their silence, to approve what I said, I proceeded :

But let me, my dear ladies, ask, what that passion is, which generally we dignify by the name of *love* ; and which, when *so* dignify'd, puts its votaries upon a thousand extravagancies ? I believe, if it were to be examin'd into, it would be found too generally to owe its being to *ungovern'd fancy* ; and were we to judge of it by the consequences that usually attend it, it ought rather to be called *rashness*, *inconsideration*, *weakness* ; any thing but *love* ; for, very seldom, I doubt, is the *solid judgment* so much concern'd in it, as the *airy fancy*. But when once we dignify the wild misleader with the name of *love*, all the absurdities, which we read in novels and romances, take place, and we are induc'd to follow examples that seldom end happily but in story.

Miss Stapylton expressed her approbation of what I had said, and declared that when she came home, she would recollect as much of this conversation as she could, and write it down in her common-place book, where it would make a better figure than any thing she had there.

I suppose, my dear, said Miss Towers, your chief collections are flowers of rhetoric, pick'd up from the *French* and *English* poets, and novel-writers. I would give something for the pleasure of having it two hours in my possession.

How, madam, reply'd the young lady, a little abash'd, can you expose your cousin thus, before the dean and Mrs. B. ?

Miss Towers, rejoined I, only says this, Miss Stapylton, to provoke you to shew your collections. I wish I had the pleasure of seeing them. I doubt not but your common-place book is a store-house of wisdom.

There is nothing bad in it, I hope, reply'd she ; but I would not, that

Mrs. B. should see it, for the world. Let me, however, tell you, madam, (to Miss Towers) there are many beautiful things, and good instructions, to be collected from novels, and plays, and romances; and from the poetical writers particularly, light as you are pleased to make of them. Pray, madam, (to me) have you ever been at all conversant in such writers?

Not a great deal in the former, said I; there were very few novels and romances, that my lady would permit me to read; and those I did, gave me no great pleasure; for either they dealt so much in the *marvellous* and *improbable*, or were so full of *love* and *intrigue*, that hardly any of them but seem'd calculated to *fire* the *imagination*, rather than to *inform* the *judgment*. Tilts and tournaments, breaking spears in honour of a mistress; swimming over rivers, engaging with monsters; rambling in search of adventures, making unnatural difficulties, in order to shew the knight-errant's prowess in overcoming them, is all that is requir'd to constitute the *hero* in such pieces. And what principally distinguishes the character of the *heroine*, is, when she is taught to consider her father's house as an enchanted castle, and her lover as the hero who is to dissolve the charm, and to set her at liberty from one confinement, in order to put her into another, and, too probably, a much worse: to instruct her how to climb walls, drop from windows, leap precipices, and do twenty other extravagant things, in order to shew the strength of a mad passion of which she ought to be asham'd: to make parents and guardians pass for tyrants, and the voice of reason to be drown'd in that of indiscreet love, which exalts the other sex, and debases her own. And what is the instruction, that can be gather'd from such pieces, for the conduct of common life?

Then have I been ready to quarrel with these writers for another reason: and that is, the dangerous notion, which they hardly ever fail to propagate, of a *first-sight love*. For there is such a susceptibility supposed on both sides, as however it may pass in a man, very little becomes a woman's delicacy, that they are smitten with a glance; the fictitious blind god is made a *real* divinity: and too often prudence and discretion are the first offerings at his shrine.

I believe, madam, said Miss Stapylton, blushing, and playing with her fan, there have been many instances of peoples loving at first sight, which have ended very happily.

No doubt of it, reply'd I. But there are three chances to one, that so precipitate a liking does not. For where can be the room for caution, for enquiry, for the display of merit, and sincerity, and even the assurance of a *grateful return*, to a young woman who thus suffers herself to be prepossess'd? Is it not a random shot? Is it not a proof of weakness? Is it not giving up the negative voice, which belongs to the sex, even while she doubts to meet the affirmative one from him she wishes for?

Indeed, ladies, continued I, I cannot help concluding, (and I am the less afraid of speaking my mind, because of the opinion I have of the prudence of every lady that hears me) that where this weakness is found, it is no way favourable to a woman's character, nor to that discretion which ought to distinguish it. It looks to me, as if a woman's *heart* were too much in the power of her *eye*, and that she had permitted her *fancy* to be much more busy than her *judgment*.

Miss Stapylton blush'd, and look'd around her.

But I have observ'd, Mrs. B., said Miss Towers, that when you censure any indiscretion, you seldom fail to give cautions how to avoid it: and pray let us know *what* is to be done in this case? that is to say, How a young

woman ought to guard against and overcome the first favourable impressions?

What I imagine, reply'd I, a young woman ought to do, on any the *least* favourable impressions of this kind, of a man to whose character and merit she is a stranger, is immediately to *withdraw into herself*, as one may say ; to reflect upon what she owes to her parents, to her family, to her character, and to her sex ; and to resolve to check in time, such a random prepossession, which may much more probably, as I hinted, make her a prey to the designing, than the wife of a worthy man ; as there are so many undeserving men to one of real merit.

We are talking of the ladies only, added I, (for I saw Miss Stapylton was become grave) ; but I believe first-sight love often operates too powerfully in both sexes : and where it does so, it will be very lucky, if either man or woman find reason, on cool reflection, to approve a choice, which they were so ready to make without a thought.

It is allow'd, my dear Mrs. B., said Miss Towers, that rash and precipitate love may operate pretty much alike in the rash and precipitate of both sexes ; and which-soever loves, generally exalts the person beloved, above his or her merits : but I am desirous, for the sake of us single women, since it is a science in which you are so great an adept, to have your advice, how we should watch and guard against its first incroachments ; and that you will tell us what you apprehend gives the men most advantage over us. For my own part, continued she, I never was in love yet, nor, I believe, were any of these young ladies—(Miss Cope looked a little silly upon this—) And who can better instruct us to guard *our hearts*, than one who has so well defended *her own* ?

Why then, madam, if I must speak, I think, what gives the other sex the greatest advantage, over even many of the most deserving of ours, is, that dangerous foible, the *love of praise*, and the desire to be *flatter'd* and *admir'd*, a passion that I have observ'd to predominate, more or less, from sixteen to sixty, in most of our sex. We are too generally delighted with the company of those who extol us for the graces either of person or mind ; for, will not a *grateful* woman study hard to return a *few* compliments to a man who makes her so *many* ? She is concern'd to *prove* him a man of distinguishing sense (or a polite man, at least) in regard to what she *thinks* of herself ; and so the flatterer shall be prefer'd to the sincere and worthy, who cannot say what they do not think.

Then, I think, nothing gives men so much advantage over our sex, as to see how readily even a virtuous woman can forgive the capital faults of the most abandon'd of the other ; and that sad, that inconsiderate notion, *that a reform'd rake makes the best husband* ; a notion that has done more hurt, and discredit too, to our sex (as it has given encouragement to profligate men, and discouragement to those of the best character), than can be easily imagin'd. A fine thing indeed ! as if the wretch, who had run thro' a course of iniquity, to the endangering of soul and body, were to be deem'd the best companion for life, to an innocent and virtuous young woman, who is to owe the kindness of his treatment to her, to his having never before accompany'd with a modest woman ; nor, till his interest on one hand (to which his extravagance, perhaps, compels him to attend), and his impair'd constitution, on the other, oblige him to it, so much as *wish'd* to accompany with one ; and who always made a jest of the marry'd state, and, perhaps, of every thing serious and sacred !

You observe very well, my dear Mrs. B., said Miss Towers ; but people

will be apt to think, that you have less reason than any of our sex to be severe against the notion you speak of : for who was a greater rake than a certain gentleman, and who makes a better husband ?

The gentleman you mean, reply'd I, never was a common town-rake : he is a man of sense, and fine understanding ; and his reformation, *secondarily*, as I may say, has been the natural effect of those extraordinary qualities. But, besides, madam, I will presume to say, that that gentleman, as he has not many equals in the nobleness of his nature, so is not likely, I doubt, to have many followers, in a reformation begun in the bloom of youth, in full health, upon *self-conviction*, and, altogether, humanly speaking, *spontaneous*. Those young ladies, who would plead his example, in support of this pernicious notion, should find out the same generous qualities in the man, before they trust to it : and it will then do less harm : tho' even then, I could not wish it to be generally entertained.

It is really unaccountable, said Miss Towers, after all, as Mrs. B., I remember, said, on another occasion, that our sex should not as much insist upon virtue and sobriety, in the character of a man, as the man, be he ever such a rake, does in that of a woman. It is certainly a great encouragement to libertinism, that a worn-out debauchee shall think himself at any time good enough for a husband, and have the confidence to imagine, that a modest woman will accept of his address preferably to that of a virtuous man.

I can account for it but one way, said the dean ; and that is, that a modest woman is apt to be *diffident* of her own merit and understanding, and she thinks this diffidence an imperfection. A rake *never is* : he has therefore in perfection a quality she thinks she wants ; and knowing *too little* of the world, imagines she mends the matter by accepting of one who knows *too much*.

That's well observ'd, Mr. Dean, said Miss Towers : but there is another fault in our sex, which Mrs. B. has but just touch'd upon : and that is, the foolish vanity some women have in the hopes of reforming a wild fellow ; and that they shall be able to do more than any of their sex before them could do : a vanity that often costs them dear ; a I know in more than one instance.

I observe, sir, said Miss Lucas, from the faults the ladies have so justly imputed to some of our sex, that the advantage the men *chiefly* have over us, is from our own weakness ; and that it behoves a prudent woman to guard against *first impressions*, since she will think herself oblig'd, in compliment to *her own* judgment, to find reasons, if possible, to confirm them.

But I would be glad to know, ladies, added she, if there be any way that a young woman can judge, whether a man means honourably or not, in his address to her ?

Mrs. B. can best inform you of that, Miss Lucas, said Miss Towers ; what say you Mrs. B. ?

There are a few signs, answer'd I, easy to be known, and, I think, almost infallible.

Pray let's have 'em, said Mrs. Arthur.

I lay it down as undoubted truth, said I, that real love strikes with awe and reverence the mind of the man, who boasts its impression. It is chaste and pure in word and deed, and cannot bear to have the least indecency mingle with it.

If therefore a man, be his quality and fortune what it will (the higher

the worse) presume to wound a lady's ears with indecent words : if he endeavour, in his expressions or sentiments, to convey gross or impure ideas to her mind : if he is continually pressing for *her confidence* in *his* honour : if he can be regardless of his behaviour to her, or before her : (Here poor Miss Cope, by her blushes, bore witness to her case) : if he avoids *speaking of marriage*, when he has a *fair opportunity* of doing it (here Miss Lucas look'd down) or leaves it but *once* to his mistress to wonder that he does not—In any of these cases, he is to be suspected, and a young woman can have but little hope of such a person ; nor, as I humbly apprehend, can she, consistently with honour and discretion, encourage his address.

The ladies were so kind as to approve of all I said ; and so did the dean. Miss Stapylton, and Miss Cope, and Miss Lucas, were to try to recollect it when they came home, and to write down what they could remember of the conversation : and our noble guests coming in soon after with Mr. B., the ladies would have departed ; but he prevailed upon them to pass the evening ; and Miss Lucas, who has an admirable finger on the harpsichord, as I have heretofore told you, obliged us with two or three lessons. Each of the ladies did the like, and prevail'd upon me to play a tune or two : but Miss Cope, as well as Miss Lucas, greatly surpass'd me. We all sung, too, in turns, and Mr. B. took the violin, in which he excels. Lord Davers oblig'd us on the violincello : Mr. H. play'd on the German flute, and sung us a fop's song, and perform'd it in character. So that we had an exceeding gay evening, and parted with great satisfaction on *all* sides, particularly on that of the young ladies ; for this little concert put them all into good humour, and good spirits, which enlivened the former scene, that otherwise might perhaps have closed too gravely to be efficacious.

The distance of time since this conversation passed, enables me to add what I could not do, when I wrote the account of it, which you have mislaid : and which take briefly as follows :

Miss Stapylton, upon her return home, was as good as her word, and wrote down all she could recollect of the conversation ; and I having sent her the letter she had desir'd, containing my observations upon the flighty stile she so much admir'd, she suffered it to have such an affect upon her, as to turn the course of her reading to weightier and more solid subjects ; and, avoiding the man she had begun to favour, gave way to her parents' recommendation ; and is happily marry'd to Sir Jonathan Barnes.

Miss Cope came to me a week after this, with the leave of both her parents, and staid with me three days ; in which time she open'd all her heart to me ; and return'd in such a disposition, and with such resolutions, that she never would see her peer again ; nor receive letters from him, which she own'd to me she had clandestinely done before : and she is now the happy lady of Sir Michael Beaumont, who makes her the best of husbands, and permits her to follow her charitable inclinations, according to a scheme, which she prevail'd upon me to give her.

Miss Lucas, by the dean's indulgent prudence and discretion, has escaped her artful rake ; and, upon the discovery of an intrigue he was carrying on with another, conceived a just abhorrence of him ; and is since marry'd to Dr. Jenkins, as you know, with whom she lives very happily.

Miss Shafton is not quite so well off, as the three former : tho' not altogether unhappy neither, in her way. She could not indeed conquer her

love of dress and tinsel ; and so became the wife of Colonel Wilson : and they are thus far easy in the marriage state, that, being seldom together, in all probability they save a multitude of misunderstandings ; for the Colonel loves gaming, in which he is generally a winner ; and so passes his time mostly in town. His lady has her pleasures, neither laudable nor criminal ones, which she pursues in the country. And now-and-then a letter passes on both sides, by the inscription and superscription of which, they remind one another, that they have been *once* in their lives at *one* church together.

And what now, my dear Lady Greresby, have I to add to this tedious letter, but that I am, with the greatest affection and esteem, Your true Friend and Servant,

P. B.

LETTER CXXXIV.

MY DEAR LADY GRERESBY, — You desire me to send you a little specimen of my *nursery tales* and *stories*, with which, as Miss Forbes told you, on her return to Lincolnshire, I entertain my Miss Goodwin, and my little boys. But you make me too high a compliment, when you tell me, it is for *your own* instruction and example. Yet you know, my dear, be your motives what they will, that I must obey you. I will begin therefore, without any further apology ; and, as near as I can, give you those very stories with which Miss Forbes was so pleased, and of which she has made so favourable a report.

Let me acquaint you then, that my method is, to give characters of persons I have known in one part or other of my life, in feigned names, whose conduct may serve for imitation or warning to my attentive Miss Goodwin, and sometimes I give instances of good boys and naughty boys, for the sake of my Billy, and my Davers ; and they are continually coming about me, dear madam, a pretty story, now, cries Miss : and, dear mamma, tell me of good boys, and of naughty boys, cries Billy.

Miss Goodwin is very familiar with many of the best characters in the Spectators : and having a smattering of Latin, and more than a smattering of Italian, and being a perfect mistress of French, is seldom at a loss for the derivation of such words, as are not of English original. And so I shall give you a story in feigned names, with which she is so delighted, that she has written it down. But I will first trespass on your patience with one of my childish tales.

Every day once or twice, if I am not hinder'd, I cause Miss Goodwin, who plays and sings very prettily, to give a tune or two to me, and my Billy and Davers, who, as well as my Pamela, love and learn to touch the keys, young as the latter is ; and she will have a sweet singer, I can see that ; and a charming ear ; and her voice is musick itself ! — O the fond, fond mother ! I know you will say, on reading this.

Then, madam, we all proceed hand-in-hand together to the nursery, to my Charley and Jemmy : and in this happy retirement, so much my delight in the absence of Mr. B., imagine you see me seated, surrounded with my present blessings and future hopes.

Miss Goodwin imagine you see, on my right hand, sitting on a velvet stool, because she is the eldest, and a Miss : Billy on my left, in a little cane elbow-chair, because he is the eldest, and a good boy : my Davers, and my sparkling-ey'd Pamela, with my Charles between them, on little silken cushions at my feet, hand-in-hand, their pleased eyes looking up to my more delighted ones, and my sweet-natur'd promising Jemmy in my

lap ; the nurses and the cradle just behind us, and the nursery maids delightfully pursuing some useful needle-work, for the charmers of my heart — All as hush and as still, as silence itself, as they generally are, when their little watchful eyes see my lips begin to open : for they take great notice already, of my rule of two ears to one tongue, insomuch that if Billy or Davers are either of them for breaking the mum, as they call it, they are immediately hush, at any time, if I put my finger to my lip, or if Miss points hers to her ears, even to the breaking of a word in two, as it were : and yet all my boys are as lively as so many birds ; while my Pamela is cheerful, easy, soft, gentle, always smiling, but modest and harmless as a dove.

I began with the story of two little boys, and two little girls, the children of a fine gentleman and a fine lady, who lov'd them dearly : that they were all *so* good, and loved one another *so* well, that every body who saw them, admir'd them, and talk'd of them far and near : that they would part with any thing to one another : loved the poor : spoke kindly to the servants : did every thing they were bid to do ; were not proud ; and knew no strife, but who should learn their books best, and be the best scholar : that the servants loved them, and would do any thing they desired ; that they were not proud of fine cloaths ; let not their heads run upon their play-things, when they should mind their books ; said grace before they eat ; their prayers before they went to bed, and as soon as they rose : were always clean and neat ; would not tell a fib for the world, and were above doing any thing that requir'd one : that GOD blessed them more and more, and blessed their papa and mamma, and their uncles and aunts, and cousins, for their sakes. And *there* was a happy family, my dear loves ! No one idle ; all prettily employ'd ; the little masters at their books ; the little misses at their books too, or their needles ; except at their play-hours, when they were never rude, nor noisy, nor mischievous, nor quarrelsome : and no such word was ever heard from their mouths, as, “why may not I have this or that, as well as Billy or Bobby ?” — Or, “why should Sally have this or that, any more than I ?” — But it was, “as my mamma pleases ; my mamma knows best ;” and a bow and a smile, and no suriiness, or scowling brow to be seen, if they were deny'd any thing : for well did they know, that their papa and mamma loved them *so* dearly, that they would refuse them nothing that was for their good ; and they were sure, when they *were* refused, they asked for something that would have done them hurt, had it been granted. Never were such good boys and girls as these ! And they grew up, and the masters became fine scholars, and fine gentlemen, and every body honour'd them ; and the misses became fine ladies, and fine housewives ; and *this* gentleman, when they grew to be women, sought to marry one of the misses, and *that* gentleman the other ; and happy was he who could be admitted into their companies !

There, my dear loves, were happy sons and daughters ! for good masters seldom fail to make good men ; and good misses, good women ; and GOD blesses them with as good children as they were to *their* parents ; and so the blessing goes round ! — Who would not but be good ?

Well, but, mamma, we will all be good : won't we, my dear Davers, cries my Billy. — Yes, brother Billy. — Then they kiss one another, and if they have playthings, or any thing they like, exchange with each other, to shew the effect my lessons have upon them. But what will become of the *naughty* boys ? Tell us, mamma, about the *naughty* boys !

Why, there was a poor, poor widow woman, who had *three* naughty

sons, and *one* naughty daughter : and they would do nothing that their mother bid them do ; they were always quarrelling, scratching, and fighting ; they would not say their prayers ; they would not learn their book ; so that the little boys used to laugh at them, and point at them, as they went along, for dunces ; and nobody loved them, or took notice of them, except to beat them for their naughty ways, and their undutifulness to their poor mother, who worked hard to maintain them. As they grew up, they grew worse and worse, and more and more stupid and ignorant, so that they impoverished their poor mother, and at last broke her heart, poor, poor widow woman !—And her neighbours join'd together to bury the poor widow woman ! for these sad ungracious children made away with what little she had left, while she was ill, before her heart was quite broken : and this helped to break it the sooner ; for had she lived, she saw she must have wanted bread, and had no comfort from such wicked children.

Poor, poor widow woman ! said my Billy, with tears. My little dove shed tears ; Davers was moved ; and Miss Goodwin wiped her fine eyes.

But what *became* of the naughty boys, and the naughty girl, mamma ? —Became of them ! Why one son was forced to go to sea, and there he was drowned : another turned thief (for he would not work), and he came to an untimely end : the third was idle, and ignorant, and nobody, who knew how he had used his poor mother, would employ him ; and he was forced to go into a far country, and beg his bread. And the naughty girl, having never loved work, pined away in sloth and dirt, and at last broke her arm, and died of a fever, lamenting too late, that she had been so wicked a daughter to so good a mother !—And there was a sad end of all the four ungracious children, who never would mind what their poor mother said to them : GOD Almighty therefore punished their naughtiness, as you see !—While the good children I mentioned before, were the glory of their family, and the delight of every body that knew them. Who would not be good ? was the inference : and the repetition from Billy, with his hands clapt together, poor, poor widow woman ! gave me much pleasure.

My childish story ended here, with a kiss of each pretty dear, and their thanks for it : and then came on Miss Goodwin's request for a *woman's* story, as she called it. I dismissed my babies to their play in the apartment allotted for that purpose ; and taking her hand, she standing before me, all attention, began in a more womanly strain to *her* ; for she is very fond of being thought a woman ; and indeed is prudent, and sensible, and comprehends any thing instantly, and makes very pretty reflections upon what she hears or reads, as you will observe in what follows :

There is nothing, my dear Miss Goodwin, that young ladies should be so watchful over, as their reputation. It is a tender flower, that the least frost will nip, the least cold wind will blast ; and when once blasted, it will never flourish again, but wither to the very root. But this I have told you so often, that I am sure I need not repeat what I have said. So to my story.

There were four pretty ladies lived in one genteel neighbourhood, the daughters of four several families ; but all companions, and visitors ; and yet all of very different inclinations. Coquetilla we will call one, Prudiana another, Profusiana the third, and Prudentia the fourth ; their several names denoting their respective qualities.

Coquetilla was the only daughter of a worthy baronet, by a lady very

gay, but rather indiscreet than criminal; who took not the requisite care of her daughter's education, but let her be over-run with the love of fashions, dress, and equipage; and when in London, balls, operas, plays, the park, the ring, the drawing-room, took up her whole attention. She admired nobody but herself, fluttered about, laughing at and despising a crowd of men-followers, whom she attracted by gay, thoughtless freedoms of behaviour, too nearly treading on the skirts of immodesty: yet made she not one worthy conquest; exciting, on the contrary, in all sober minds that contempt for herself which she so profusely would be thought to pour down upon the rest of the world. After she had several years fluttered about the dangerous light, like some silly fly, she at last singed the wings of her reputation; for, being despised by every worthy heart, she became too easy and cheap a prey to a man, the most unworthy of all her followers, who had resolution and confidence enough to break thro' those few cobweb reserves in which she had incircled her precarious virtue; and which were no longer of force to preserve her honour, when she met with a man more bold and more enterprising than herself, and who was as designing as she was thoughtless. Coquetilla finding herself shunned by all, was forced to pass over to Ireland, where nobody knew her, and to bury herself in a dull obscurity; to go by another name; and at last, unable to support a life so unsuitable to the natural gaiety of her temper, she pined herself into a consumption, and died unpity'd and unlamented, among strangers, having not one disinterested friend.

Poor Coquetilla! said Miss Goodwin; what a sad thing it is, to have a wrong education! And how happy am I, who have so good an aunt to supply the place of a dear distant mamma!—But be pleased, madam, to proceed to the next.

Prudiana, my dear, was the daughter of a gentleman who was a widower, and had, while the young lady was an infant, buried her mamma. He was a good sort of man, but had but one lesson to teach to Prudiana, and that was, to avoid all manner of conversation with the men; but never gave her the right turn of mind, nor instilled into it that sense of her religious duties which would have been her best guard in all temptations. For, provided she kept out of the sight and conversation of the men, and avoided the company of those women who more freely conversed with the other sex, it was all her father desired of her. This gave her a haughty, sullen, and reserved turn; made her stiff, formal, and affected. She had sense enough to discover early the faults of Coquetilla, and, in dislike of them, fell the more easily into that contrary extreme, which her reclude education, and her father's indiscriminate cautions, naturally led her into. So that pride, reserve, affectation, and censoriousness made up the essentials of her character, and she became more unamiable even than Coquetilla; and as the other was too accessible, Prudiana was quite unapproachable by gentlemen, and unfit for any conversation but that of her servants; being also deserted by those of her own sex, by whom she might have improved, on account of her censorious disposition. And what was the consequence? Every worthy person of both sexes despising her, and she being used to see nobody but servants, at last threw herself upon one of that class: in an evil hour she found something that was agreeable to her low taste in the person of her father's valet, a wretch so infinitely beneath her (but a gay coxcomb of a servant), that every body attributed to her the scandal of making the first advances; for, otherwise, it was presumed, he durst not have looked up to his master's daughter. Here ended

all her pride! All her reserves came to this! Her censoriousness of others redoubled people's contempts, and nobody pitied her. She was, finally, turned out of doors, without a penny of fortune: the fellow was forced to set up a barber's shop in a country town; for all he knew was to shave, and dress a peruke; and her father would never look upon her more: so that Prudiana became the outcast of her family, and the scorn of all that knew her; and was forced to mingle in conversation and company with the wretches of her husband's degree!

Poor, miserable Prudiana! said Miss Goodwin; what a sad, sad fall was hers! And all owing to the want of a proper education too! And to the loss of such a mamma as I have an aunt; and so wise a papa as I have an uncle! How *could* her papa, I wonder, restrain her person as he did, like a poor nun, and make her unacquainted with the generous restraints of the mind?

You are young yet, my love, and must always doubt your own strength; and pray to GOD, more and more, as your years advance, to give you more and more prudence and watchfulness over your conduct.

But yet, my dear, you must think *justly* of yourself too; for let the young gentlemen be ever so learned, and discreet, your education intitles you to think as well of yourself as of them: for, don't you see, the ladies who are so kind to visit us, that have not been abroad, as you have been, when they were young, yet make as good figures in conversation, say as good things, as any of the gentlemen? For, my dear, all that the gentlemen know more than the ladies, except here and there such a one as your uncle, with all their learned education, is only, that they have been *disciplined* perhaps into an observation of a few inaccuracies in speech, which, if they know no more, rather distinguish the *padant* than the *gentleman*: such as the avoiding of a false concord, as they call it, and which you know how to do as well as the best; not to put a *was* for a *were*, an *are* for an *is*, and to be able to speak in mood and tense: so that, my dear, you can have no reason to look upon that sex in so high a light as to depreciate your own: and yet you must not be proud nor conceited neither; but make this one rule your guide:

In your *maiden state*, think yourself *above* the men, and they will think you so too, and address you with reverence, if they see there be neither pride nor arrogance in your behaviour, but a consciousness of merit, a true dignity, such as becomes virgin modesty, an untainted purity of mind and manners, like that of an angel among men; for so young ladies should look upon themselves to be, and will then be treated as such by the other sex.

In your *married state*, which is a kind of state of humiliation for a woman, you must think yourself subordinate to your husband; for so it has pleased GOD to make the wife. You must have no will of your own, in *petty* things: and if you marry a man of sense and honour, he will look upon you as his equal; and will exalt you the more, for your abasing yourself.—In short, my dear, he will act by you just as your uncle does by me: and then, what a happy creature will you be!

So I shall, madam! To be sure I shall! But I know I shall be happy whenever I marry, because I have such wise directors, and such an example before me: and, if it please GOD, I will never think of any man (in pursuance of your constant advice to young ladies at the tea-table) who is not a man of sense, and a virtuous man. But now, dear madam, for your next character. There are two more yet to come, that's my pleasure! I wish there were ten!

The next was Profusiana, you remember, my love. Profusiana took another course to *her* ruin. She fell into some of Coquetilla's foibles, but pursued them for another end, and in another manner. Struck with the grandeur and magnificence of what weak people call the *upper life*, she gave herself up to balls, to operas, to masquerades, and assemblées; affected to shine at the head of all companies, at Tunbridge, at Bath, and every place of publick resort; played high, was always receiving and paying visits, giving balls, and making treats and entertainments; and was so much *above* the conduct which mostly recommends a young lady to the esteem of the deserving of the other sex, that no man who preferred solid happiness in a married state, could think of addressing her, tho' she was a fine person, and had many outward graces of behaviour. She became the favourite toast of the places she frequented; plumed herself upon that distinction; gave the fashion, and delighted in the pride that she could make apes of imitation whenever she pleased: but yet, endeavouring to avoid being thought proud, she made herself cheap, and was the subject of the attempts of every coxcomb of eminence, and with difficulty preserved her virtue, tho' not her character.

What, all this while, was poor Profusiana doing? She would have been glad, perhaps, of a suitable proposal, and to have given up some of her gaieties and extravagancies; for Profusiana had sense, and was not totally destitute of prudence, when she suffered herself to think. But her conduct procured her not one solid friendship; and she had not in a twelve-month, among a thousand professions of service, one devoir that she could attend to, or a friend that she could depend upon. All the women she saw, if she excelled them, hated her: the gay part of the men, with whom she accompanied most, were all in a plot against her honour. Even the men whose conduct in general is governed by principles of virtue, come down to these public places to partake of the innocent freedoms allowed there, and oftentimes give themselves airs of gallantry, and never have it in their thoughts to commence a treaty of marriage, with an acquaintance begun upon that gay spot. From what solid friendships and satisfactions then was Profusiana excluded?

Her name indeed was written in every public window, and prostituted, as I may call it, at the pleasure of every profligate, or sot, who wore a diamond to engrave it; and that, it may be, with vile and barbarous imputations, and freedoms of words, added by rakes, who very probably never exchanged a syllable with her. The trees were also wounded with the initials of her name, linked, not unlikely, and widening as they grew, with those of a scoundrel. But all this while she made not the least impression upon one noble heart: and at last, having run on to the end of an uninterrupted race of follies, she was cheated into the arms of a vile fortune-hunter; who quickly lavished away the remains of that estate which her extravagance had left; and then, after the worst usage, abandoning her with contempt, she sank into an obscurity that cut short the thread of her life, and left no remembrance, but on the brittle glass, and more faithful bark, that ever she had a being.

Alas, alas! what a butterfly of a day, said Miss Goodwin, (an expression she remember'd of Miss Towers's) was poor Profusiana! What a sad thing to be *so* dazzled by worldly grandeur, and to have *so* many admirers, and not one real friend!

Very true, my dear; and how carefully ought a person of a gay and lively temper to watch over it! And what a rock may public places be to

a woman's reputation, if she be not doubly vigilant in her conduct, when she is exposed to the censures and observations of malignant crowds of people ; many of the worst of whom spare the least, those who are most unlike themselves !

But, madam, said Miss Goodwin, in some surprise, would Profusiana venture to *play* at public places ? Will *ladies* game, madam ? I have heard you say, that lords, and sharpers but just out of liveries, in gaming, are upon a foot in every thing, save that one has nothing to lose, and the other much, besides his reputation : and will *ladies* so disgrace their characters, and their sex, as to pursue this pernicious diversion in publick ?

Yes, my dear, they will too often. And do not you remember, when we were at Bath, in what a hurry I once passed by some knots of genteel people, and you asked, what those were doing ? I told you, whisperingly, they were gaming ; and loth I was, that my Miss Goodwin should stop to see some sights, to which, till she arrived at years of discretion, it was not proper to familiarise her eye ; in some sort acting like the ancient Romans, who would not assign punishments to certain atrocious crimes, because they would not suppose human nature capable of committing them : so I was not for having *you*, while a little girl, see those things, which I knew would give no credit to our sex, and which I thought, when you grew older, should be new and shocking to you : but now you are so much a woman in discretion, I may tell you any thing.

She kissed my hand, and made me a fine courtesy. And now, said she, I long to hear of Prudentia's conduct. *Her* name, madam, promises better things, than those of her three companions ; and so it had need ; for how sad it is to think, that out of four ladies of distinction, three of them should be naughty, and, *of course*, unhappy——These two words, *of course*, my dear, said I, were very prettily put in : let me kiss you for them : since every one that is naughty, first or last, must be *certainly* unhappy.

Far otherwise than what I have related, was it with the amiable Prudentia. Like the industrious bee, she made up her honey-hoard from every flower, bitter as well as sweet ; for every character was of use to her, by which she could improve her own. She had the happiness of an aunt who loved her, as I do you ; and of an uncle, who doted on her, as yours does : for, alas ! poor Prudentia lost her papa and mamma almost in her infancy, in one week : but was so happy in her uncle and aunt's care, as not to miss them in her education, and but just to remember their persons. By reading and observation, she daily added new advantages to those which her education gave her. She saw, and pitied, the fluttering freedoms, and dangerous slights, of Coquetilla. The sullen pride, the affectation, and stiff reserves, which Prudiana assum'd, she penetrated, and made it her study to avoid them. And the gay behaviour, extravagant temper, and love of tinsell'd grandeur, which were the blemishes of Profusiana's character, she dreaded and shunn'd.

That noble frankness of disposition, that sweet and unaffected openness and simplicity, which shone out in all her actions and behaviour, commended her to the esteem and reverence of all mankind ; as her humility, and affability, and a temper uncensorious, and ever making the best of what was said of the absent person, of either sex, did to the love of every lady. Her name indeed was not prostituted on windows, nor carved on the bark of trees in public places ; but it dwelt on every tongue, and was engraved on every heart. She met with no address but from men of honour and probity : the fluttering coxcomb, the inveigling parasite, the

insidious deceiver, the mercenary fortune-hunter, dared not to spread snares for a heart guarded by discretion and prudence, as hers was. They saw that all her amiable virtues were the happy result of an uniform judgment, and the effects of her own wisdom, founded in an education to which she did the highest credit. And at last, after several worthy offers, enough to perplex any one's choice, she blessed one happy man, more distinguish'd than the rest for learning, good sense, and *true politeness*; *politeness* which is but another word for *virtue* and *honour*; and shone to her last hour, in all the duties of domestic life, as an excellent wife, mother, mistress, friend, and Christian; and so confirmed all the expectations of which her maiden life had given such strong, and such edifying presages.

Then folding my dear Miss Goodwin in my arms, and kissing her, tears of pleasure standing in her eyes, who would not, said I, shun the examples of the COQUETILLA'S, the PRUDIANA'S and the PROFUSIANA'S of this world, and chuse to imitate the character of PRUDENTIA!—the happy, and the happy-making PRUDENTIA!

O madam! madam! said the dear creature, almost smothering me with her kisses, PRUDENTIA is YOU!—Is YOU indeed!—It *can* be nobody else!—O teach me, good Heaven! to follow *your* example, and I shall be a SECOND PRUDENTIA!

God send you may, my beloved Miss Goodwin! And may He bless you more, if possible, than PRUDENTIA was blessed!

Here, my dear Lady Greresby, you have some of my nursery tales; with which, relying on your kind allowance and friendship, I conclude myself, Your ever-affectionate, your ever-faithful,
P. B.

CONCLUSION.

THE Editor thinks proper to conclude with this letter. But in order to complete the story, is advised to subjoin briefly the following facts.

Mr. B. (after the threatening affair which took rise at the masquerade, and which was so happily concluded) continued to be one of the best and most exemplary of men, an honour to his country, both in his public and private capacity. Having, at the instances of some of his friends in power, accepted of an honourable employment abroad in the service of the state; he discharged it, in such a manner as might be expected from his qualifications, and knowledge of the world. On his return, after an absence of three years, resisting all the temptations of ambition, he devoted himself to his private duties, and joined with his excellent wife, in every pious wish of her heart; adorning the married life with all the warmth of an elegant tenderness. He was beloved by his tenants, respected by his neighbours, rever'd by his children, and almost ador'd by the poor, in every county where his estates lay, as well for his own bountiful temper, as for the charities which he permitted to be dispensed, with so liberal a hand, by his lady.

She made him the father of seven fine children, five sons, and two daughters, all adorned and accomplished by nature to be the joy and delight of such parents; being educated, in every respect, by the rules of their inimitable mother, laid down in that book; which she mentions to have been written by her for her comfort to revise and correct.

Miss Goodwin, at the age of twenty, was married to a young gentleman of sobriety and virtue. Both she and her husband, in every material part of their conduct, and in their behaviour to each other, emulated the examples set them by Mr. and Mrs. B.

Lord Davers dying two years before this marriage, his lady went to reside at the hall in Lincolnshire, the place of her birth, that she might enjoy the company and conversation of her excellent sister; who, for conveniency of the chapel, and advantage of room and situation, had prevail'd upon Mr. B. to make that the chief place of his residence; and there the noble lady lived long (in the strictest friendship with the happy pair) an honourable relict of her affectionate lord.

The worthy Mr. Andrews, and his wife, lived together, in the sweet tranquillity, which is set forth in their letters, for the space of twelve years, at the Kentish farm; the good old, gentlewoman died full of years and comfort, her dutiful daughter performing the last pious offices to so beloved and so loving a parent. Her husband survived her about a year only.

Lady Greerby, after a happy marriage of several years, died in childbed of her fourth child; to the inexpressible concern of her affectionate consort, and of her dear friend, Mrs. B.

Lord H., after having suffered great dishonour by the ill courses of his wife, and great devastations in his estate, through her former debts, and continued extravagance, (intimidated and dispirited by her perpetual insults, and those of her gaming brother, who with his bullying friends, terrify'd him into all their measures) threw himself upon the protection of Mr. B., who, by his spirit and prudence, saved him from utter ruin, punish'd his wife's accomplices, and oblig'd her to accept of a separate maintenance; and then, Mr. B., taking the affairs of the weak man into his own management, in due course of time entirely re-establish'd them: and after some years, his wife dying, he became wiser by his past sufferings, and at the recommendation of Lady Davers, married a second, who, by her prudence, made him happy for the remainder of his days.

Mr. Longman lived to a great age in the worthy family, much esteemed by every one.

This faithful steward, dying rich, out of his great love and gratitude to the family, in whose service he had acquired most of his fortune, and in disgust to his nearest relations, who had perversely disobliged him, bequeathed to three of them one hundred pounds apiece, and left all the rest to Mr. B. His generous patron was then abroad: but when he came to know what the over-grateful man had done, he directed his lady to call together the relations of the deceased; and, after touching them to the heart with a just reproof, for having offended so honest and worthy a man, divided the whole, which had been left Mr. B., among them in proportion, as they were more or less nearly related to him; an action worthy of so generous and ennobled a spirit; and which procured him the prayers and blessings not only of the benefitted, who expressed their sorrow for their past misbehaviour; but of all who heard it. For it is easy to imagine, how chearfully, and how gracefully, his benevolent lady discharged a command so well suited to her natural generosity.

FINIS.

NOVELS AT TWO SHILLINGS.

Postage 4d.

By LORD LYTTON.

Night and Morning.	The Disowned.	My Novel. 2 vols.
Ernest Maltravers.	Leila, and Pilgrims of	Lucretia.
Last of the Barons.	the Rhine. 1 vol.	Harold.
The Caxtons.	Paul Clifford.	Zanoni.
Rienzi.	Alice.	A Strange Story.
Pelham.	Devereux.	What will he Do with It.
Last Days of Pompeii.	Eugene Aram.	2 vols.
	Godolphin.	

By ALBERT SMITH.

The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury.	Christopher Tadpole.
The Scattergood Family.	The Pottleton Legacy.

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

Peter Simple.	The Phantom Ship.	Newton Forster.
The Dog Fiend.	Frank Mildmay.	Japhet in Search of a
Mr. Midshipman Easy.	The King's Own.	Father.
The Poacher.	The Pacha of Many	Percival Keene.
Jacob Faithful.	Tales.	Rattlin the Reefer.

By JAMES GRANT.

The Romance of War; or, The	Harry Ogilvie; or, The Black Dra-
Highlanders in Spain.	goons.
The Aide-de-Camp.	Laura Everingham; or, The High-
The Scottish Cavalier.	landers of Glenora.
Bothwell.	The Captain of the Guard.
Jane Seton; or, The Queen's Advo-	Letty Hyde's Lovers.
cate.	Cavaliers of Fortune.
Philip Rollo.	Second to None; or, The Scots Greys.
Legends of the Black Watch.	The Constable of France.
Mary of Lorraine.	The Phantom Regiment.
Oliver Ellis; or, The Fusiliers.	The King's Own Borderers.
Lucy Arden; or, Hollywood Hall.	The White Cockade.
Frank Hilton; or, The Queen's Own.	Dick Rodney.
The Yellow Frigate.	First Love and Last Love.
Arthur Blane.	The Girl he Married.

By HENRY COCKTON.

Valentine Vox.	Stanley Thorn.	George Julian.
----------------	----------------	----------------

LONDON. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

NOVELS AT TWO SHILLINGS (*continued*).

By J. F. COOPER.

The Spy.	Homeward Bound.	The Pioneers.
Afloat and Ashore.	The Last of the Mohicans.	The Prairie.
The Bravo.	Lionel Lincoln.	The Red Rover.
The Deerslayer.	Miles Wallingford.	The Waterwitch.
The Headsman.	The Pathfinder.	Wyandotté.
The Heidenmauer.	The Pilot.	The Borderers.

By FIELDING AND SMOLLETT.

FIELDING.	SMOLLETT.
Tom Jones.	Roderick Random.
Joseph Andrews.	Humphrey Clinker.
Amelia.	Peregrine Pickle.

By VARIOUS AUTHORS.

The Night Side of Naturc.	<i>Mrs. Crowe.</i>	Outward Bound.	<i>Author of</i>
Scottish Chiefs.	<i>Jane Porter.</i>	The Widow and the Marquess.	<i>"Rattlin the Reefer."</i>
Rory O'More.	<i>Samuel Lover.</i>		<i>Theodore Hook.</i>
Soldier of Lyons.	<i>Mrs. Gore.</i>	Emily Chester	
Who is to Have it?		Waltham.	
Iron Cousin.	<i>Mrs. C. Clark.</i>	Phincas Quiddy.	
Each for Himself.	<i>Gerstäcker.</i>	Lewell Pastures.	
The Young Curate.		Zohrab the Hostage.	
Matrimonial Shipwrecks.	<i>Mrs. Maillard.</i>	Gilderoy.	
The Two Baronets.	<i>Lady Charlotte Bury.</i>	Black and Gold.	<i>Capt. Patten Saunders.</i>
Hector O'Halloran.	<i>Maxwell.</i>	The Flying Dutchman.	
Handy Andy.	<i>Lover.</i>	Clarissa Harlowe.	<i>Richardson.</i>
Lamplighter.	<i>Miss Cummins.</i>	Clives of Burcot.	<i>Hesba Stretton.</i>
Ben Brace.	<i>Captain Chamier.</i>	Dr. Goethe's Courtship.	
The Hussar.	<i>Gleig.</i>	Half a Million of Money.	<i>A. B. Edwards.</i>
The Parson's Daughter.	<i>Theodore Hook.</i>	The Wandering Jew.	
Guy Livingstone.		The Mysteries of Paris.	
Running the Gauntlet.	<i>Edmund Yates.</i>	Ladder of Gold.	
Kissing the Rod.		The Greatest Plague of Life.	
Sir Victor's Choice.	<i>Annie Thomas.</i>	The Tommiebeg Shootings.	
All in the Wrong.	<i>Theodore Hook.</i>	Horses and Hounds.	
		A Cruise on Wheels.	
		Con Cregan.	<i>Lever.</i>
		Arthur O'Leary.	<i>Lever.</i>

LONDON: GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS

NOVELS AT ONE SHILLING.

Postage 3d.

By CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

Peter Simple.	Newton Forster.	The Phantom Ship.
The King's Own.	Jacob Faithful.	Percival Keene.
Midshipman Easy.	Japhet in Search of a	Valerie.
Rattlin the Reefer.	Father.	Frank Mildmay.
The Pacha of Many	The Dog-Fiend.	Olla Podrida.
Tales.	The Poacher.	Monsieur Violet.

By J. FENIMORE COOPER.

The Last of the Mo-	The Waterwitch.	The Headsman.
hicans.	The Two Admirals.	Homeward Bound.
The Spy.	The Red Rover.	The Sea Lions.
Lionel Lincoln.	Afloat and Ashore.	Ned Myers.
The Deerslayer.	Wyandotte.	The Borderers.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

The Three Musketeers.	Monte Cristo. 2 vols.
Twenty Years After.	Nanon ; or, Woman's War.
Doctor Basilius.	The Two Dianas.
The Twin Captains.	The Black Tulip.
Captain Paul.	The Forty-five Guardsmen.
Memoirs of a Physician. 2 vols.	Taking the Bastille. 2 vols.
The Queen's Necklace.	Chicot the Jester.
The Chevalier de Maison Rouge.	The Conspirators.
The Countess de Charny.	Ascanio.

By W. H. AINSWORTH.

Windsor Castle.	Guy Fawkes.	Lancashire Witches.
Tower of London.	The Spendthrift.	Ovingdean Grange.
The Miser's Daughter.	James the Second.	St. James's.
Rookwood.	The Star Chamber.	Auriol.
Old St. Paul's.	The Flich of Bacon.	Jack Sheppard.
Crichton.	Mervyn Clitheroe.	

By VARIOUS AUTHORS.

Violet the Danseuse.		Pride and Prejudice.	<i>Austen.</i>
The Royal Favourite.	<i>Mrs. Gore.</i>	Sense and Sensibility.	<i>Austen.</i>
Joe Wilson's Ghost.	<i>Banim.</i>	Nicholas's Notes.	
Ambassador's Wife.	<i>Mrs. Gore.</i>	The Bab Ballads.	
The Old Commodore.		Letter-Bag of the Great Western.	<i>Sam Slick.</i>
<i>Author of "Rattlin the Reefer."</i>			
Cinq Mars.	<i>De Vigny.</i>	Stories of Waterloo.	
My Brother's Keeper.	<i>Miss Wetherell.</i>	Tom Jones.	
The Scarlet Letter.	<i>Hawthorne.</i>	Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion.	
Respectable Sinners.		Balthazar.	<i>Balzac.</i>
The House of the Seven Gables.		The Vicar of Wakefield.	
	<i>Hawthorne.</i>	Miss Tomkins' Intended.	
Nothing but Money.	<i>T. S. Arthur.</i>		<i>Arthur Sketchley.</i>
Moods.	<i>Louisa M. Alcott.</i>	The Medical Student.	<i>A. Smith.</i>
Emma.	<i>Austen.</i>	Love Tales.	<i>G. H. Kingsley.</i>
Mansfield Park.	<i>Austen.</i>	Ennui.	<i>Edgeworth.</i>

LONDON : GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,

11, BUNNARDWAY, LUDGATE.

ROUTLEDGE'S RAILWAY LIBRARY.

(From the "Times.")

Among the most surprising instances of the immense revolution which has taken place of late years in popular literature, are the cheap publications of Messrs. ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, of The Broadway. For several years they have been issuing the "RAILWAY LIBRARY," and have shown an energy and enterprise in many fields of literature almost unparalleled in this country. We believe the great success which they have met with has arisen from the universally popular character of the works which they have issued. Their books are never above and never below the standard of public taste. Looking over their list of books, we cannot but wish the "RAILWAY LIBRARY" a continuation of the immense sale which has hitherto attended it.

THIS SERIES, CONSISTING OF NEARLY 600 NOVELS,

AT 1s. AND 2s. EACH,

Contains the best Works of Fiction by the following popular Authors:—

LORD LYTTON
JAMES GRANT
ALBERT SMITH
HENRY COCKTON
T. SMOLLETT
W. H. MAXWELL
S. RICHARDSON
JANE AUSTEN
W. CARLETON
L. STERNE
MISS FERRIER
MARK TWAIN
BRET HARTE
THOMAS HOOD
CAPTAIN CHAMIER
AMELIA B. EDWARDS
GERALD GRIFFIN
W. H. G. KINGSTON
CAPTAIN MARRYAT
MISS WETHERELL
AUTHOR OF 'WHITEFRIARS'
MRS. CROWE
THEODORE HOOK
W. HARRISON AINSWORTH
MARIA EDGEWORTH
SAMUEL JOYER

EDMUND YATES
JOHN BANIM
JANE PORTEK
THE BROTHERS MAYHEW
JOHN LANG
HESBA STRETTON
EUGENE SUE
CHARLES LEVER
FRANK SMEDLEY
ALEXANDRE DUMAS
H. FIELDING
MRS. GORE
G. P. R. JAMES
J. F. COOPER
N. HAWTHORNE
MRS. TROLLOPE
FREDERICK GERSTAECKER
CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG
LADY SCOTT
BALZAC
G. R. GLEIG
JUDGE HALIBURTON
JAMES HANNAY
ANNIE THOMAS
M. M. BELL
LADY CHARLOTTE BURY

AND OTHERS.

LONDON: THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL.

NEW YORK: 416, BROOME STREET.

